B 391930

A'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

DEC 31 1952

DEC.
20c

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE

with sensational two-page color pin-up

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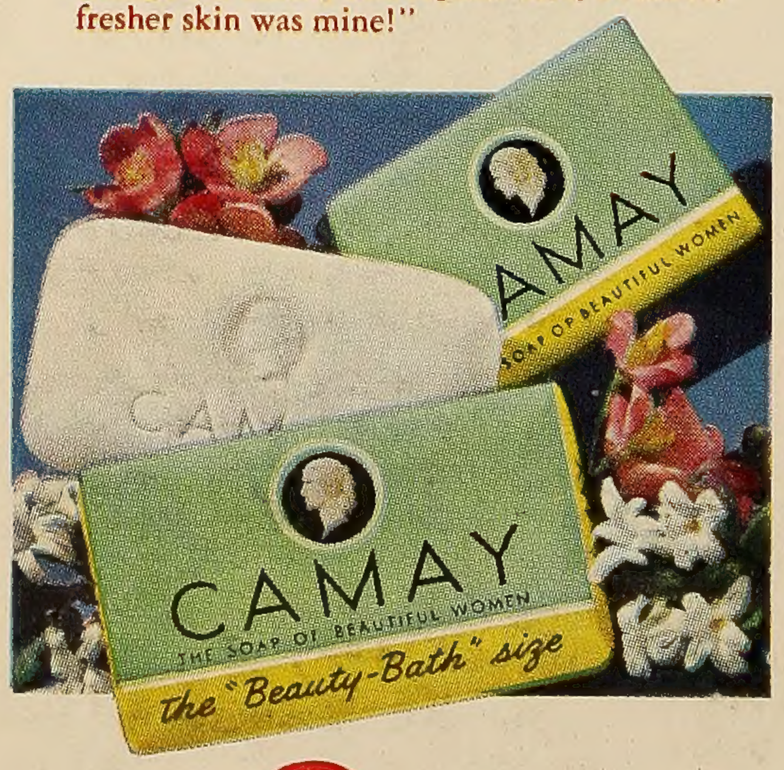
Bring your skin "Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!



MRS. JEROME JOSEPH KALMUS—a stunning Camay Bride—says: "Camay keeps my skin 'out of the shadows,' all right. As soon as I changed to Camay and regular care, a clearer, fresher skin was mine!"

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—
the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!



ROMANCE is often only a dream—marriage merely a hope—for girls with cloudy and dull complexions—skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

So why should you let shadows hide your charm? Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Your complexion will have a fresher, clearer look—be smoother to the touch, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay has such a gentle touch—and its lather is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!



Chase the shadows from all of your skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath! Bring your arms and legs and back that "beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's fragrance is so flattering, too. Buy big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more luxury!

Camay the soap of beautiful women

OCT 31 1952

B 391930

It tastes better...cleans teeth and breath better...reduces decay better...

It's the New Ipana®!

PN1993
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Special offer to introduce this completely new tooth paste!

You get all the ingredients needed for *effective mouth hygiene* — in the wonderful new Ipana.

Its two scientific purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Tests *prove* brushing with new Ipana gets teeth *cleaner, brighter.*

It not only stops mouth odor *instantly,* but stops it longer—for *hours* in most cases. And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be *delighted* with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming...delighted at how the youngsters *love* it. New Ipana was voted *far pleasanter* to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer! You'll discover a grand new tooth paste . . . and you'll get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.

ACT NOW! HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1. Buy a large (47¢) or economy-size (63¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. **2.** Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:

Ipana, Dept. R-112
Box 56
New York 46, N. Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. *(Offer good in continental limits of U.S.A. only.)*

REPLACEMENT OR ★ RETURN OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Product of Bristol-Myers

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY!

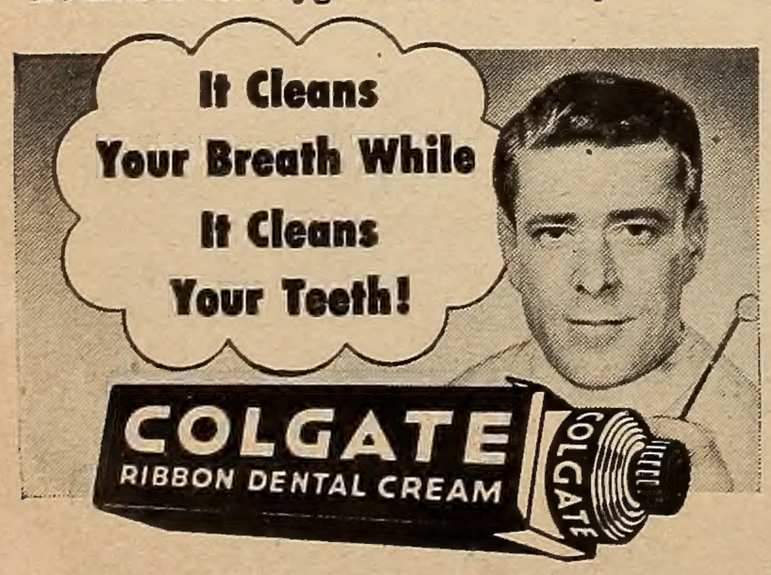
The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!



Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating makes your mouth feel cleaner *longer*—gives you a clean, fresh mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests have *proved* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. And no other toothpaste cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay *best!* Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

DECEMBER 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

stories

AMERICAN IN LONDON (Gene Kelly) ... by Beverly Linet 24
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO MARIO LANZA ... by James Carr 29
A REPORT ON LANA AND LOVE (Lana Turner) ... by Jim Henaghan 30
HEDDA HOPPER SPIKES THOSE BETTY GRABLE RUMORS ... 32
THEY CALL HIM THE QUIET MAN (Bill Holden) ... by Susan Trent 34
SHELLEY'S GREATEST SECRET (Shelley Winters) ... by Lou Pollock 36
. . . AND EVERYTHING GOES CRAZY (Curtis-Leigh) ... by Jack Wade 38
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, ESTHER? (Esther Williams) ... by Marsha Saunders 40
A NEW LOVE FOR THE QUEEN? (Barbara Stanwyck) ... by Imogene Collins 42
COWPUNCHER'S CASTLE (Gene Autry) ... by Marva Peterson 44
THE MEN IN MY LIFE ... by Piper Laurie 47
"WE'RE NOT MAD AT ANYBODY" (Simmons-Granger) ... by Jim Newton 48
THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE ... by Elyda J. Nelson 50
HAPPY TALK (Doris Day) ... by Steve Cronin 54
RETURN OF FAITH ... by David Wayne 56

features

THE INSIDE STORY ... 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS ... 6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT ... 12

departments

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ... by Corinne Calvet, star columnist for December 14
MOVIE REVIEWS ... by Jonathan Kilbourn 18
SWEET AND HOT ... by Leonard Feather 27

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Betty Grable by 20th Century-Fox
Other picture credits on page 66

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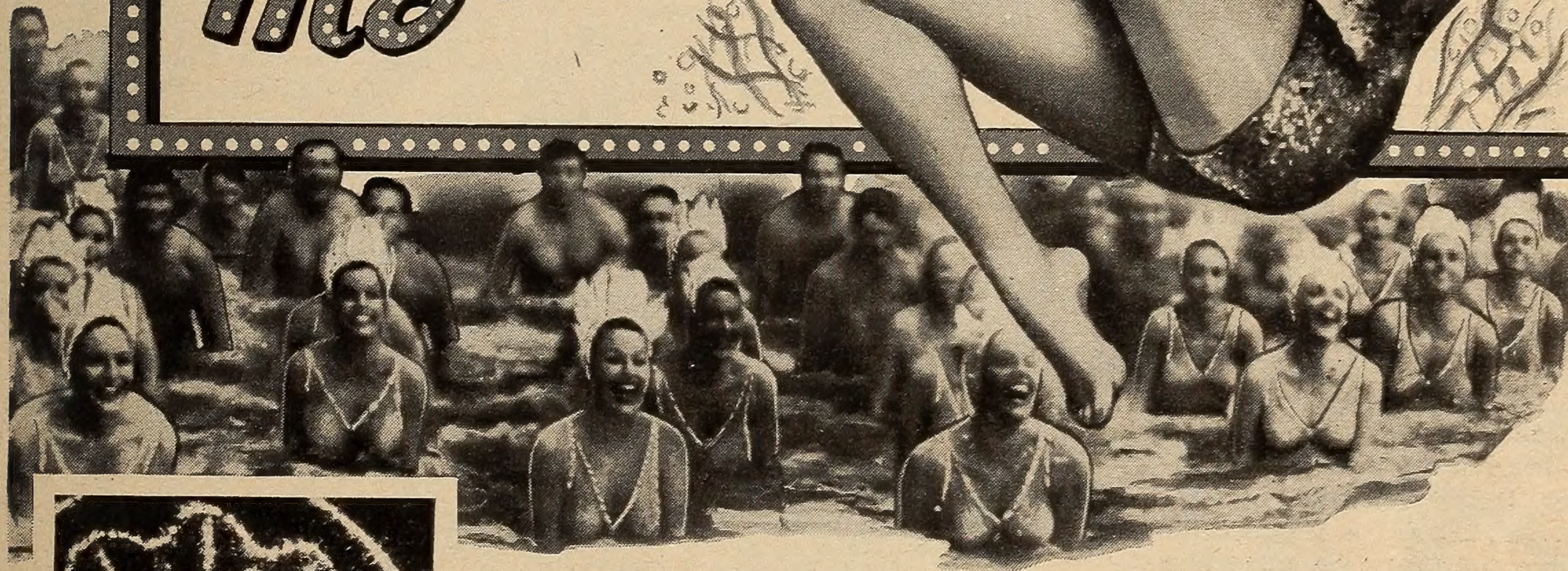
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THE MIRACLE OF M·G·M MUSICALS!

It's the most dazzling of all musical spectacles . . . with its wonderful water-revels . . . marvelous music . . . and rapturous romance . . . inspired by the true story of the queen of bathing beauties!

Million Dollar Mermaid





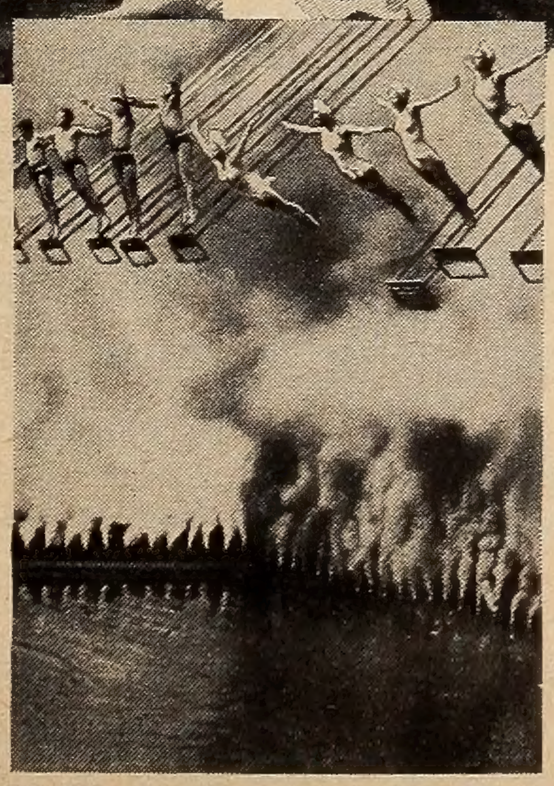


It's a hippodrome of aquatic spectacle with the loveliest mermaids that ever swam across your vision!



It's a kiss-swept love-story that rockets madly and merrily . . . from Broadway to Hollywood!

It's a pyrotechnical treat of rhythm and splendor such as you've never beheld before!





It's the story of a star-maker who sparked off the meteor-like rise to fame of a modern Venus!

It's Neptune's gorgeous daughters and daredevils living a thrilling, glamorous story of show business!

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING ESTHER **WILLIAMS**

VICTOR **MATURE**

WALTER **PIDGEON**

DAVID **BRIAN**

with DONNA **CORCORAN**

Screen Play by **EVERETT FREEMAN** · Directed by **MERVYN LE ROY** · Produced by **ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.**

AN M-G-M PICTURE

Dinner alone...again?



the woman to blame may be YOURSELF!

When a husband starts working late, more and more often, a wife naturally tortures herself with doubts. Actually, though, you may find the reason for his neglect right at home! Have you allowed yourself to grow careless about intimate feminine hygiene? Well, it's not too late to correct. You can be your own sweet, dainty self again so simply—so effectively—by douching with "Lysol." It's easier than ever today!

Gentler "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" *does* this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of yourself—and secure in your marriage!

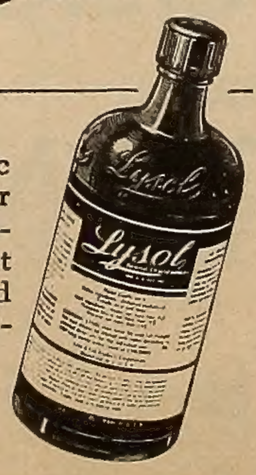
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over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene

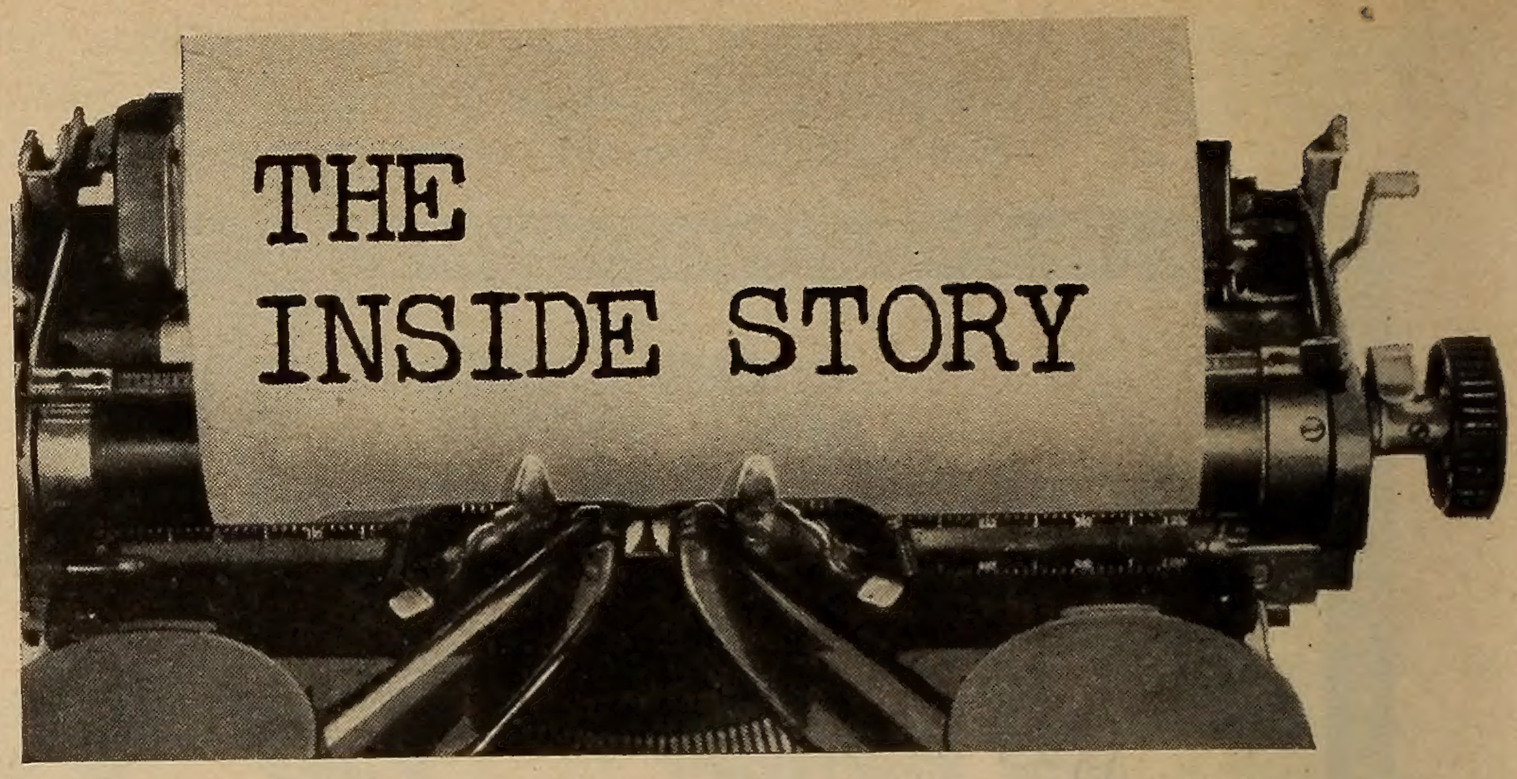
"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant was improved by the replacement of most of its cresylic acid content with orthohydroxydiphenyl.



PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy is married to a full-blooded Cherokee Indian girl? —Y. U., Dallas, Texas

A. *Mrs. Murphy is one-eighth Indian.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that Kathryn Grayson does not do her own singing in pictures. Is this true? —H. D., Danville, Va.

A. *Definitely not.*

Q. In private life does Bill Holden use the name of Holden or the name of Beedle? —G. D., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Holden.*

Q. Is Ann Miller Mexican? Has she ever been married to a Mexican? Has she ever been married? —A. S., Ames, Iowa

A. *Ann is American, has been married once to a Texan.*

Q. I understand that Leslie Caron was discovered in Paris while working in burlesque. Isn't that where Gene Kelly first saw her—C. F., New York, N. Y.

A. *Miss Caron has never worked in burlesque. She was a rising star in the Paris Ballet company when Kelly discovered her.*

Q. If Bing Crosby is Catholic and Dixie is Protestant, what are the four Crosby boys? —W. E., Denver, Col.

A. *Catholic.*

Q. Does Jeff Chandler really answer all his fan mail himself? —W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Are all those stories about Mario Lanza being out of his mind true? What is the inside story of his fight with MGM over *The Student Prince?* —E. R., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Lanza is not out of his mind; he and director Curt Bernhardt did not see eye to eye on the picture.*

Q. Aren't the Gene Kellys having marriage trouble in London?— —S. T., Bristol, Eng.

A. *No.* (*see the story on page 24*)

Q. Didn't Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra once have a torrid love affair? —E. S., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why don't Farley Granger and Shelley Winters talk to each other any longer? Is it because Shelley got married? —B. H., Deming, N. M.

A. *They are still good friends.*

Q. Isn't Lucille Ball much older than her husband Desi Arnaz? —G. R., Flagstaff, Ariz.

A. *She's only six years older.*

Q. Why did Anne Baxter leave 20th Century-Fox?—T. T., Frankfort, Ky.

A. *She prefers to free lance.*

Q. Does Nancy Sinatra date frequently in Hollywood. —V. H., Newark, N. J.

A. *Yes.*

Q. How come Teresa Wright's marriage broke up? —F. T., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Incompatibility with writer-husband Niven Busch.*

Q. When June Allyson first started in movies, is it true that Lana Turner was very cruel to her? —C. L., Hamden, Conn.

A. *Lana has never been cruel to anyone.*

Q. Aren't the Red Skeltons battling like tigers? Don't they contemplate a divorce? —M. L., Vincennes, Ind.

A. *Battling yes; divorce no.*

Q. Gordon MacRae snubbed me in Toronto. Does he usually snub girls? —E. M., Stratford, Ont.

A. *No.*

Q. Weren't Cary Grant and Mae West engaged to each other in the 1930s? —J. J., Norfolk, Va.

A. *Never.* (*Continued on page 26*)

ALL THE GLITTER, GRANDEUR AND SPECTACLE THAT WAS VENICE!...ALL THE INTRIGUE, LUST AND DANGER OF AN ERA OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE!

ROBERT HAGGIAG presents

THE THIEF OF VENICE

starring

MARIA MONTEZ
PAUL CHRISTIAN

FAYE MARLOWE · MASSIMO SERATO

Screenplay by JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • From an original story by MICHAEL PERTWEE • Music by ALESSANDRO CICOGNINI • Played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra

Released by 20th Century-Fox

ALL THIS...And More!

THE RACE of the galley slaves for Venice... under the whipmaster's lash!

THE REVOLT ... of the rabble against the Prussian mercenaries!

MEDIEVAL TORTURE! ...The Thief – broken on the rack...Tina – tortured on the wheel!

THE THIEVES ... against the might and terror of the Chief Inquisitor!

MARRIAGE PARADE... of the Doge's daughter – tens of thousands on the screen!

ANGELS ROOST ...fabulous hideaway of the cut-throats of Venice – where law ended and revelry began!

THE INNOCENTS... swinging from the gallows – for the crimes of the Masked Assassins!

PARTY OF THE MONTH: JIMMY McHUGH'S "WELCOME BACK" FOR LOUELLA PARSONS. EVERYBODY WAS THERE!



Guest of honor Louella Parsons happily links arms with the Harry Ackermans, host Jim McHugh, Rosalind Russell, and Freddie Brisson, at her party.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

I'VE never enjoyed a party more than the beautiful "get well" garden party in my honor given by songwriter Jimmy McHugh.

I was not only feeling completely well and rarin' to go, but it had been six long weeks since I had seen many of my friends, and Jimmy thoughtfully invited over 250 to the garden of his beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

The decorations were so unique I think they deserve special mention. In place of the conventional bowls of flowers, our host had ordered pink plastic poodle dogs with wide skirts of pink net decorated with real pink rosebuds. The little dolls were so different and unique.

In the swimming pool floated large bouquets of pink, orchid and white water lilies, a beautiful background to the all-white tables, chairs and umbrellas.

Among the first to arrive was Olivia de Havilland wearing a brown taffeta cocktail dress and matching hat. Livvy seems so happy these days, so contented. She's a different girl from the repressed person she was as Mrs. Marcus Goodrich.

Ann Blyth wore a white feathered turban with a blue cocktail suit. Ann said that after years of never wearing a hat she's suddenly gone crazy about the smart, chic chapeaux of

. . . JUDY GARLAND PROMISES NOT TO DIET . . . JOSE FERRER SINGS "COME ON A MY HOUSE" TO ROSEMARY . . .



The Gary Merrill-Bette Davis family, all present and accounted for as they disembark in New York, where Bette will soon appear in a play. The three children, Barbara, Margo and Mike, loved the airplane trip.



Bing Crosby takes time out from the shooting of his new movie, *Little Boy Lost,* being made in France, to chat with three of his young co-workers. This scene takes place in the Tuileries Garden in Paris.

this season so she's stocked up on them.

Rosalind Russell, who ALWAYS wears a hat, came hatless wearing a white dress trimmed in green and looking as pretty and fresh as an apple blossom.

Jack Benny, just back from Europe, had much to tell us of his experiences—and when Jack tells it, everything is funny.

Jeanne Crain wore a bright green jacket over a green and white print dress and someone remarked that there's no handsomer couple in Hollywood than Jeanne and her devoted Paul Brinkman.

It was a warm afternoon, but Jane Wyman looked like a fashion plate in a violet wool dress with a deeper violet velvet jacket and chiffon scarf at the throat.

Looking like the happiest bride and groom in the world Ginny Simms never let go the arm of Bob Calhoun. And, then, just ten days later, they were SEPARATED!

Ginny refused to move into the house Bob had bought for her. Instead, she took a smaller place, moved in with her two sons by her marriage to Hyatt Dehn, and Calhoun didn't know anything about her plans until he read my "scoop" in the papers!

Break-ups in Hollywood marriages frequently come suddenly. But this one was so REALLY out of the blue that even one of the principals didn't know it was over.

MOST couples in love spend their time trying to escape relatives of all people!

That's why it seems so amusing to me that whenever Marilyn Monroe and the love of her life, Joe DiMaggio, get a spare moment together they hie themselves to San Francisco to visit Joe's uncles, aunts and young cousins.

As an Italian, DiMaggio is naturally a family man. And Marilyn, an orphan who has never known real family life, just loves it!

Instead of haunting the nightclubs and gay spots, Marilyn and Joe spend most of their time at Uncle Louie DiMaggio's cooking spaghetti dinners and watching shows and sports events on TV.

The DiMaggio cousins bring their teen-age girl friends home and Marilyn shows them how to make up, set their hair, do their nails, etc. Joe calls Marilyn "baby." The kids call her "doll."

One night, Marilyn and Joe hosted a party for 16 teen-agers in Chinatown feasting on chop suey, rice and tea and dancing to juke box music.

When Marilyn is with the kids she dresses just as they do—sweaters and skirts and NO publicity-type, low cut gowns, thank you.

If you ask me, one of the nicest things Joe has brought into the life of the lonely girl who is the "hottest" property in Hollywood today, is sharing his family life with her. All the fame and fortune in the world couldn't bring this happiness to Marilyn.

THE figures in the John Waynes' property settlement sound like telephone numbers. According to Mrs. Wayne's attorney, John and Chata spent $13,000 monthly during their marriage; John made $500,000 last year and he is many times a millionaire.

I've talked with John—and I know he has his dander up. This promises to be one of the most bitterly fought divorces in years.

SHELLEY Winters Gassmann is the funniest expectant mother of all time.

"I got morning sickness," quoth Shell, "and afternoon sickness, and evening sickness. I'm nauseous all the time. And the things I wantta eat! Pickles and eggs! I've always hated bananas—and now I gotta have 'em. The other day, after I'd HAD luncheon, I stopped by a drive-in and had a peanut-butter sandwich and a root-beer float.

"Before we got pregnant, Vittorio was the

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Hostess Joan Crawford makes sure mother-to-be Nancy Davis Reagan has everything she wants, while father-to-be Ronald Reagan looks on beamingly. Joan and William Haines, the silent screen star, gave the party for Ann Windfohr from Texas.



Guests Diana Lynn and Angela Green chat with a newspaper columnist during the party, which was held in Joan's garden. The decorations were very striking: a bright red tent covered half the garden, and red and white candles outlined the pool.



Joan gave Judy Garland, another expectant mother, a big hug when she arrived. Much later on, after most of the guests had gone home, Judy sang and sang.

one who could not sleep at night. He's the nervous type and was always pacing around thinking of his role the next day.

"Now he sleeps like he was hit over the head—and I'm the one getting up all the time. The other night I was so restless I got the car out and went for a two-hour drive—and when I came back he didn't even know I'd been gone!

"He's sweet though, bless him. He doesn't get angry with me no matter what I do. Of course, I can still start a battle, but it's one sided. He just says, 'Mama, you're upset because the bambino is coming.'

"I'll be glad when the baby is born and he'll yell back at me like he used to.

"How long does this nauseous business last, I want to know? How long will it be before I start looking like all those pretty pictures of expectant mothers in women's magazines?"

HOLLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT: The first thing Arlene Dahl did after separating from Lex Barker was to change the color scheme of the bedroom they WERE to have occupied together from beige and green to three shades of pink. . . .

Before Marilyn Morrison Ray (Mrs. Johnnie Ray) left the Chicago hospital after losing their expected baby, Johnnie showed up with a big square cut diamond to take the place of that little-bitty engagement ring so many columnists ridiculed at the time of their marriage. . . .

Ursula Thiess doesn't like Robert Taylor's mustache. You can expect it to go any time now. . . .

Dale Robertson has turned thumbs down on 20th's idea to "glamorize" his publicity, soft-pedaling his home life, for instance. "I'm a home boy and a cowhand," said Dale, "and you can't change me. There's no sense trying to get me to list the ten sexiest actresses in



The day of the shame



The rifle that made all the difference



The rope, the rage, the sweet revenge



The lips of the lonely girl

When they said that Kearny had disgraced his woman

...THAT'S WHEN HE

REACHED FOR HIS RIFLE!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

GARY COOPER

the right man for the right gun

"SPRINGFIELD RIFLE"

IN COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR

ALSO STARRING PHYLLIS THAXTER · DAVID BRIAN WITH PAUL KELLY

SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN & FRANK DAVIS · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY ANDRE DeTOTH · PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

TERRY MOORE IN GERMANY or LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

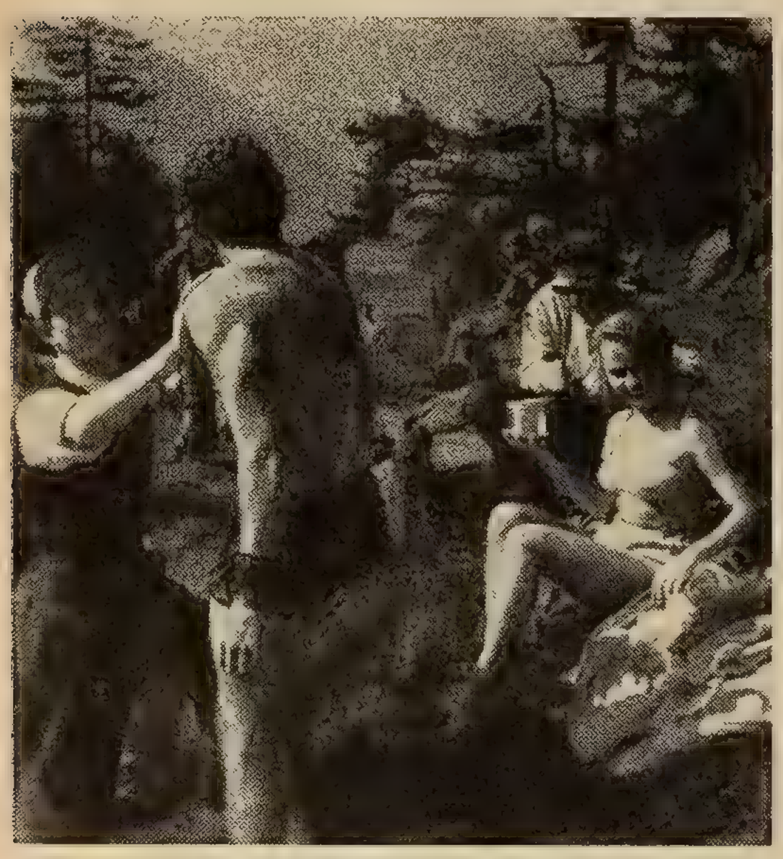
Most mothers would yell for the Life Guards if their daughter persisted in making mad love to a bare-chested fellow in the middle of an icy whirlpool. Not so Mrs. Helen Koford. She hung her Terry's clothes on the nearest hickory limb, and grabbed her Brownie. Here is her personal record of Terry and Cameron Mitchell shivering with melted snow and melting passion on location in Germany for 20th Century-Fox's Man On A Tightrope. *She's added this comforting note: "Terry feels fine—the Germans certainly admire her courage." So do we, ma'am. So do we.*



On the banks of the famous Isar River where the water is made of melted snow, Terry (with bathing suit under clothes) rests on Cameron.



The love scene will be shot in a whirlpool, so Terry pins up her hair before being covered with grease to help her keep warm in the water.



Terry gets greased down while a makeup man does the same for Cameron. Note in the background the Bavarian Alps of Southern Germany.



In water over their heads, Terry and Cameron play the love scene. They worked in this swift current off and on from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.



Between takes, Pat Hening serves them hot soup from his oil burner. Terry and Cameron also sat against a reflector with hot lights.



Shivering under their robes, they await the next take. Terry's mother says later it took six soapings to get the grease out of her hair.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hollywood—because I don't know who they are, or care. . . ."

No star from Broadway has so completely enchanted her co-workers in a movie as Ethel Merman making *Call Me Madam*. Around the 20th Century-Fox lot, they're calling Madam —doll. . . .

Nicky Hilton may be "completely over" Elizabeth Taylor—as he says. But his new honey, Sheila Connolly, is a deadringer for Liz. . . .

Fernando Lamas wants to adopt Lana Turner's little daughter, Cheryl, after he and Lana are married.

WHEN I asked Rosemary Clooney if she was going to marry Jose Ferrer she said, "Louella, I love Jose. But I don't want anyone to be hurt."

I knew she was referring to Phyllis Hill, Jose's wife, from whom he has been separated just five months. From what I have been reading about Mrs. Ferrer's dates in New York with an attractive young man, I doubt that she has any intentions of hanging onto Jose.

No young personality in years has come up as fast as Rosemary, the young singer who first attracted attention last year with her "Come On A My House" record.

When Paramount signed her for *The Stars Are Singing* it's no secret they thought she might be just a "one shot" star, an attraction to the jive kids who loved her records.

So what happens? Rosemary comes across with such a wallop she's now being touted as the girl to step into Betty Hutton's shoes in Paramount pictures.

I've come to know her very well during the short time she has been in Hollywood and I can tell you that she is a very honest and sincere person.

Jose Ferrer will be a lucky man when and if Rosemary says, "Yes"—and I'm sure she will.

WHEN Joan Crawford and William Haines, the decorator who used to be a silent screen star, decided to give a party for Mrs. Ann Windfohr, a Texas friend, they really did things up red and white.

Joan used her garden, covering over half of it with a bright lipstick red tent in which white and red balloons floated against the tent top. Red and white candles outlined the swimming pool, their flames flickering slightly.

There were 120 guests for dinner and dancing and without any doubt the most startling couple were Kirk Douglas and youthful, Italian beauty Pier Angeli. The sophisticated Kirk was really something to watch being very, very boyish and utterly gallant to the wide-eyed Pier who would have looked like a child in her flowing gray chiffon if the neckline had not been cut so low!

The infanticipating girls, Judy Garland, Eleanor Parker and Nancy Davis Reagan were present with their respective husbands, each wearing a different type of maternity gown. Incidentally, Nancy and Ronnie Reagan held hands all evening under the table not caring whether anyone watched them or not.

It never seems to bother Ronnie and his ex-wife, Jane Wyman, when they meet at parties. They are always very cordial and seem to have much to talk about.

About four o'clock in the morning, after most of the guests had left, Judy Garland

From THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.

* * *

What happens to them could only happen to *them!* They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but *everything!*

* * *

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.

* * *

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?

* * *

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish,colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.

* * *

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage"?) "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.

* * *

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too . . . but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

(with Roger Edens playing for her) started to sing as only Judy can.

At that late hour, in such a beautiful setting, it seemed to everyone that Judy had never sounded so thrilling and her listeners were torn between tears, laughter and applause.

SPEAKING of Judy, a few days later, I ran into her shopping in Beverly Hills. It was the day I had run the "lead" story in my column about her new contract to make movies for Warner Brothers.

"Are you going to diet strenuously for your screen come-back?" I asked her.

"I'm going to diet a little, Louella," she told me. "But I'm not going to ruin my health by peeling down to the size of a banana. Look what happened to Mario Lanza. Look what happened to me before in the last stages of my MGM contract when I nearly wrecked myself striving to be a sliver.

"No ma'am," she said emphatically, "they're going to get Garland back plump and HEALTHY."

Parents of teen-age girls averse to youthful marriages can no longer point to Mitzi Gaynor and her lawyer fiance, Richard Coyle, as wise and perfect examples of "looking before you leap."

Touted as the ideal engaged couple, Mitzi and Richard were officially engaged for three years, supposedly the happiest lovebirds in the world just waiting for her to become 21 before saying their "I do's."

So what happens? Three weeks after Mitzi reached the 21 goal line, she and Richard decided the whole thing had been a "mistake" and called off all wedding plans.

Well, it's better to find out, even after three years, that a mistake has been made than it would be AFTER wedding bells have rung out.

I can remember very well the words of my grandmother, witty, wise and humorous, when *I* decided to be married at 17.

"A girl of 17—and a WOMAN of 21 think very differently," she said. And this is quite as true today as it was when I was a girl, Maggie.

THE LETTER BOX: Laine Ross, Toronto, Canada, writes: "In *The Merry Widow* Lana Turner again proves that she is the star of stars and the loveliest lady on the screen. But I would have preferred to see Michael Wilding opposite her in place of Fernando Lamas." Lana wouldn't!!!

Dozens and dozens of letters asking, "What's the matter with Mario Lanza?" No one would like to know the answer to that more than his MGM bosses.

I am delighted to acknowledge the letter from Louis Jordan, President of The Male Teen-age Club of Detroit, consisting of 11 Negro boys and five whites. "We are great screen fans," writes Louis, "and our greatest favorite is Bette Davis—proving that teenagers can and do admire mature actresses. We think Ava Gardner the most beautiful—and Joan Crawford the most perennial." Glad to get your opinions, Louis, although space prohibits printing all of them.

Violet Ainsworth, Memphis, opines: "Rory Calhoun is better looking and a better actor than Tony Curtis, Farley Granger, Rock Hudson, and John Derek rolled into one." Bet you start something with that crack, Violet.

That's all this month. See you next issue.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

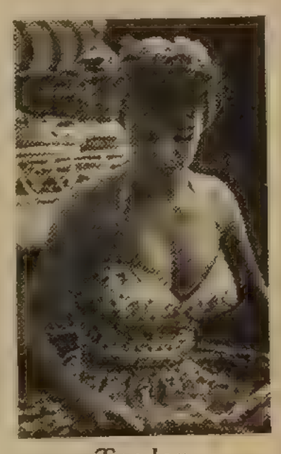
by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

TIME TABLES:

"Missy" Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker, hottest romantic combo of the season—ma-a-a-ad for each other—and don't care who knows it! Babs got up at the unheard-of hour of 5:30 one morning recently to meet his plane from New York; she goes to the fights with him and to ice shows; and she lunches with him in the MGM commissary even though she's finished working in *Jeopardy* there. So don't sell this romance any shorter than the Bob Taylor-Ursula Thiess amouring! . . . Gossips keep linking Terry Moore with this one and that one but mark it down in your book that there won't be anyone *legally* until after next April 14, when she's unhitched from Glenn Davis . . . What are we columnists going to do for juicy news items after Lana Turner marries Fernando Lamas?



Taylor

Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding plan calling their first-born Michael if a boy, Michelle if a girl . . . The Judy Garland-Sid Luft heir will be Junior too, but Amanda if a girl . . . While Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz chose Junior for "him" and Victoria for "her" . . . Strictly personal opinion: Ingrid Bergman had better make her comeback picture quick or nobody's gonna miss her! . . . One timetable that's gone awry belongs to Margaret O'Brien's mother. She's dressing her teen-age daughter like the teentsy-weentsy Margaret O'Brien we remember at MGM—and it's the silliest thing you ever saw . . . You won't recognize Marlon Brando in *Julius Caesar*. He speaks perfect English, not unlike Sir Laurence Olivier's impeccable English, plus which he reported scrubbed and spotless for work on the picture throughout its shooting schedule . . . Will Marlon marry Movita, his steady gal? But how can he unless she gets her divorce from her estranged spouse, Jack Doyle?



Brando

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

The most bloodthirsty duel between an actor and a studio in the history of Hollywood was that staged by Mario Lanza and MGM over *The Student Prince*. Some of the lowdown on the battle is amusing, some is unprintable. Sidelights on the feud: Ann Blyth, hired as Mario's leading lady, sitting by quietly and with dignity throughout the wrangling; Mario stuffing himself with Italian food again, unmindful that he was regaining weight and apparently not caring; Mario's loss of $5,200 a week every time the Coca-Cola show went on the air without him—and it *had* to because of his MGM contract stipulating such a layoff during any suspension from the studio!



Lanza

Jean Peters and Richard Widmark had to have a stand-by nurse for the first day's rehearsal on *Blaze Of Glory*. It was a "violent courtship" scene, as a result of which Jean suffered bruised lips, neck scratches, torn dress, loosened tooth and sprained ankle and Dick got a lump on the head, scratch over the right eye, bruised shins and a sprained rib! This is courtship?? . . . Jean's, incidentally, is the role Shelley Winters bowed out of because of impending motherhood and Betty Grable bypassed because she couldn't see herself doing such fiery dramatics . . . One night Evie Johnson was explaining to a reporter that every time she and Van have a quarrel he, "packs his wallet and leaves home for a double feature"; the next she and Van were out necking and holding hands at a local pub, just to help kill the nasty rumors about them . . . Ginger Clayton of the *Ice Follies* left makeup man Frank Westmore waitin' at the church! . . . Olivia DeHavilland had an argument with a still (*Continued on page 81*)



Peters

"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the producer. But come the holidays, *he's* the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'



ROSALIND RUSSELL,
starring in
"NEVER WAVE AT A WAC"
An RKO Radio Release

"I scramble around attending to all the preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens. Pure, white Jergens Lotion softens them in no time!



"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands *quickly!* See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



"apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.



"Under the mistletoe, my hands are nice for my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder the Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



Keep your hands lovely, too. Protect them from roughness and winter chapping for only pennies a day! Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Dora's DOWN



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-122, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



I am very much interested in love . . .
the love a girl has for her man . . .
not the phony sex-appeal for a camera, says
Corinne Calvet in the eighth of MODERN
SCREEN's new series on the art of
living written by Hollywood's top stars

Take my word for it

by CORINNE CALVET; star columnist for December

CALVET SATIRIZES "SEX APPEAL"



First, an eighteen-inch waist . . .



. . . next, a "come-hither" glance . . .



. . . a bit of cleavage, and you're set!

WHEN I HAVE A PROBLEM, I take off my clothes and sit on the bed and think—like a yogi. I am thinking now, of many things, yet they are all related to one. A woman may talk about color, interior decorating, perfume, clothes, people, personality, and yet there is always involved, somehow, the subject of love. For these are the ways and things of love; of finding it, of keeping it, of enhancing it when you have it. I am going to talk about color, interior decorating, clothes, people, their personalities, and also about love directly. I am very much interested in love. So are you. So is everybody. Even those who seem to deny love are merely posing and by their various attitudes (or even by the absence of any attitude) make prevaricators of themselves. They all know that life is life only with love—otherwise it is just a process of aging.

SO, TO BEGIN, COLORS. When, for instance, I say that I feel best in red, but that green is prettiest for me, yet my husband likes me best in blue, what am I saying? The way I analyze it, I am saying that in red, which is the most bright, I feel that I will attract the most attention . . . which every woman wants; that once I have this attention, however, I know that I make the best impression in green; but that there are qualities to me which my husband visualizes most satisfactorily when I wear blue. There is more to it than that, of course. We none of us can make exact patterns of our emotional personalities, but I know I am close to the truth.

Does all this make me appear a confused person? I suppose so, but confused may not be the right word. I prefer to think I am like everyone else and that the word that best describes all of us who are human is complex. Being complex makes us hard to understand . . . even to ourselves. We all know this, but it does not stop us from trying. And we find the job of trying to make sense of ourselves very fascinating. Is there anything more fascinating? Here I will surprise you, I think. My answer will be yes. It can be even more fascinating to try to know and understand another person. Now we return to the grand passion. When you find yourself putting your whole mind and heart into this job of understanding another, and realize you are willing to spend a whole lifetime at it . . . then, cherie, that is love! Nothing less than this is love. Less than this is infatuation maybe, self-protection, self-emotional-aggrandizement often . . . but not love. Yes? No? We will see.

In Paris I studied interior decorating. (There i



a lady of Hollywood who has said I am not French. In that case I must have gone through the *Beaux Arts* and the *Art Decoratif* institutions in Paris in my imagination, but I can assure everyone that the diplomas I hold for graduating after a three-year course are in real parchment. And the cancelled checks with which I paid for my course are not hay, either, but real paper once quite negotiable.) When it came time to decorate my house in Hollywood, I had the benefit of this knowledge. Did I follow it? Not exactly. Instead I answered some inner instinct that women look most pretty surrounded by coral, and that was my choice, although technically I might have gone to a number of other colors. In so doing, I recognized how I could best please my feminine guests—and not disappoint the male ones! If you follow my thinking you will see we are back to love again. We won't leave it very far behind if now I take up perfume.

PERFUME HAS BEEN IMPORTANT TO ME ever since I was a young girl. No one could give me a better gift. To receive perfume was to be recognized as a woman-to-be. I still somehow feel it is sad for a woman to have to buy her own perfume (although I often do). In my life I can remember all kinds of events and happenings involving perfume. There was the time, as a schoolgirl, when I was invited to a party and took some of my mother's perfume from her dresser. I used too much and it was too potent for me—for three-quarters of an hour I walked around the block where the house party was being held, fanning at myself with my hands, to weaken the odor before I went in. There was once, when I was 14, that a boy gave me a gift of perfume which I recognized as the kind his former girl used to use and rave about. I took it, but I was angry; he was using me to recall her! I never used it when out with him, only when I was out with other boys. There are 54 bottles of perfume on my vanity today; I use them according to my moods. My husband knows this, even knows what perfumes go with what moods. There are now those evenings when I come home and I find that he has left a message for me—this or that bottle of perfume has been pulled out in front of the others! Is that not a wonderful way to tell me something? (*Continued on next page*)





BRIGHT GREETING CARDS give your home a festive, friendly look. "Scotch" cellophane tape holds them firmly on any hard surface.

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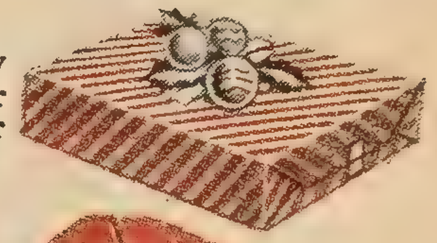


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Tape's your all-star holiday helper!

FASTEN ornaments, candy canes, tiny bells on your gifts with crystal-clear cellophane tape.



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NEW Gift Idea FOR YOUNGSTERS!



Fascinating toys to make, color, assemble... three-dimensional animals, buildings, vehicles. Look for the "Scotch" Cellophane Tape *Play Box* display at your favorite store. Only $1.25!



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FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

So often the oil glands of "young skin" suddenly become *overactive.* At the same time, the skin turns sluggish. It fails to throw off the daily accumulation of dead skin cells. Day by day, these tiny dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings. Then—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Now—the makers of famous Pond's Creams recommend a special treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It takes only one minute—*and it works!*



Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the *greaseless* Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. *Actually dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off *clean.* See how tingling fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and *clearer* it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is *sheer* flattery!

Take my word for it

continued

I will never forget how I used to stand in front of the windows of the perfumeries in Paris. To me, the perfumes thus displayed were the symbol of feminine enrichment. Those little bottles said to me, "Oh! This can be a wonderful life!" I loved them all. Maybe that is why I never then, or even now, could be content with one perfume. Then I used to change perfumes with each beau. Now I change with each mood with the same beau. Maybe in this way I am giving up the possibility of having my husband reminded of me every time he smells a certain perfume. All right then, I just have to be sure that I give him more than just the aroma of my perfume to remember me by! No, for me not one perfume, but lots. And when we had that earthquake in California last summer, I jumped out of bed and ran to the dresser to try and put my arms around every jiggling bottle!

(Do you want to know a trick with perfumed bath oil? Rub it all over after the bath. In 15 minutes the odor disappears, as the oil is absorbed into your pores. But later, when you go out, when you are dancing, when you get warm, the oil is activated again and the perfume comes out and is detectable again. Which is a good time for it, no?)

I LOVE CLOTHES. But maybe I have to say that I make a study of the clothes . . . not the price tags. By this I don't mean the price tags are not to be considered. I mean that a big price does not to me indicate that a dress is wonderful. I have gone to parties and hostesses have said to me, "What a charming gown! Where did you get it?" And many times my answer has been "Ohrbach's," or "Junior Saks," or even "Penny's." Not the dress just as it came off the rack, but after I decorated it or, sometimes, *un*decorated it. When it comes to $400 dresses I cannot tell you much about them. I can say this, that very often the designer of such a dress sets out to please himself and maintain his reputation for the unusual, but what he finishes up with is not always good for the woman.

To me a woman *is* her clothes, or should be, in a way. For instance, in *Powder River,* my latest picture, I play a gambling woman of the early West who carries a small gun. I wear beautiful gowns adorned with the big bustles of that period. When the scene was ready to be filmed, I found out I was supposed to carry my gun in a little pocket on the front of the dress, where it is smooth and tight against the body. I told the director I did not think any woman would do this . . . such an unsightly bulge. So they tried to think of other places to put it . . . from my hair to my bosom. I objected; none of these seemed right to me. Then I thought to myself, "Where would I wear a gun if I was such a woman in such a dress?"—and I knew right away. In the bustle, of course! There we sewed a little pocket and that was the place. *Voila! Le Derringer Derriere!*

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN LOVE? I asked myself one day (and a thousand before that!). The answer is . . . to be loved for yourself, of course. This is why it is so important not to be a poser . . . you endanger, you practically make impossible, the chance of being loved for yourself. From this, curiously enough, I get the reason why I both feel sorry for a snob and dislike her as well. I am sorry because she is hurting herself, and since I can't go round all day feeling sorry I gradually get to dislike her for being such a stupid nuisance. Wherever you go, people are hungry for real, not artificial, people.

I love my husband for his faults. I can appreciate his good qualities, but his faults make up the color of his personality. Sometimes he is a victim of his faults, sometimes he conquers them. I sympathize or I applaud—with my love. I hope he loves me for my faults. If he does he must love me very much because I have many. Isn't it true that often a very best friend may be someone who didn't like you to start with?

A YOUNG GIRL CANNOT RUSH LOVE. It must come by itself. This makes for great difficulty. It means she is going to be lonely till it comes to her, but it cannot be helped.

Who dwells most on love, to whom is it a more important phase of life, the young girl yearning for it or the wife who has it? Most people would say the former, I think. But I am sure this is not so. It is when a girl gets married that love can be seen in its true proportion to happiness. *Now she must keep it.*

How? Of all the answers to this, there is one which overshadows the rest. We go back to what I mentioned in the beginning of this column. To be married is to have a fantastically interesting opportunity of knowing another life as well or even better than your own. If you do not take advantage of this opportunity you are playing a game, not living a love, and your marriage will fail, I think.

THE PHILOSOPHER STUDIES his fellow-men and by so doing, no matter what his findings are, is paying them a compliment; he is showing they are worthy of his deepest and most profound thoughts. The least, the very least, any wife can do for her mate (and for herself) is to devote her fullest interest to him. And he to her, of course.

No married friend of mine has ever gotten sympathy from me with a complaint that she was bored. Bored? Listen . . . there is so much to any human heart that it is impossible to get bored trying to know it. There is so much . . . not only that you don't know about, but that *he* doesn't know about! And in the very trying to learn it, a hundred dissatisfactions in the marital relationship will either adjust themselves or become less fearsome.

Bored? Listen! In the life of any person alive today, and most certainly in the life of your mate, there is a greater, more absorbing story than any yet written—if only there existed a novelist skilled enough to write it. Every writer, every editor, every publisher knows this. Neither will you be skilled enough to write it. But there is nothing to stop you from reading it . . . in the heart and the soul and the ways of the one you love!

Corinne Calvet

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Corinne Calvet personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

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Whatever the occasion, there's no girdle like Playtex Fab-Lined! Fashioned of smooth latex, with softest fabric next to your skin, it whittles you wonderfully, hasn't a seam, stitch or bone, fits invisibly under the most figure-revealing clothes. Four new Adjust-All* garters for perfect fit.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Atomic scientist (Ray Milland) receives instructions from enemy agent (Martin Gabel) as he enters his guarded Government laboratory.



He microfilms records of his own work secrets, and of fellow scientists; starts them on their way to Russia.



By accident the FBI uncovers the theft. They are hot on Milland's trail as the spy ring engineers his escape from Washington and the U.S.



He meets mysterious Rita Gam in a New York tenement; and near death atop the Empire State building.

THE THIEF

This is the story of a traitor, a trusted and respected atomic scientist (Ray Milland) who operates out of Washington's cloistered government laboratories as finger man for the Communist spies. The story is starkly simple: You watch the spies in action from the delivery of orders to Milland, through his microfilming of the secret data, watch it as it passes through a chain of agents until the final courier takes off by trans-Atlantic plane. Suddenly the fantastic precision is broken when one of the links falls into police hands, and the FBI goes into action. Up to this point the plot roughly parallels the case of Britain's Klaus Fuchs, but to say that this is a story out of today's headlines would be trite understatement, because *The Thief* goes far beyond the headlines into the mind of the traitor himself, his split loyalties, his growing doubts, his shame and naked fear. As a thriller, this Harry M. Popkin production is unsurpassed. The undiminished tension builds from the first scene through the spine-tingling chase across the wind-whipped parapets of the Empire State tower. You know by this time that the screenplay by Clarence Green and Russell Rouse has no dialogue, no talking. The sound track is otherwise normal with a fine musical score. Occasionally you may feel that the muteness is forced (street noises should include the hum of voices) but on the whole you'll never miss the conversation. Milland handles his very difficult role with Academy-award perfection, and Martin Gabel is superb as the Communist contact man. Rita Gam, a very seductive young lady plays a very seductive young lady in a way you'll never forget. *The Thief* is a great achievement as well as an important milestone in motion picture making. You won't want to miss it. *Released through United Artists.*

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

Marge and Gower Champion, that charming and up-and-coming dancing team, are starred for the first time in *Everything I Have Is Yours*, but the film is hardly likely to advance their screen careers. For to tell the truth the picture contains almost everything in the way of a backstage plot except any originality, and the Champions are hard put to make the people they play into much more than another bickering stage pair. They are cast as a young couple about to make their Broadway debuts in a new musical. After the curtain has come down and they have scored a resounding success, Marge faints and Gower gets a resounding shock. It seems he is about to become a father. So Marge retires to have her baby, and her husband goes on to continuing stage acclaim. Gower feels that Marge should stay home and mind the baby; she does so but minds even more the attention he gets from his new partner, Monica Lewis. The story is neither much more complicated nor any more interesting than it sounds. To string it out, there are some dances that are nicely executed by the Champions, and some songs. The Champions give their all but that's not enough to save *Everything I Have Is Yours* from being something of a bore.

Cast: Marge and Gower Champion, Dennis O'Keefe, Monica Lewis.—MGM.

THE TURNING POINT

Best by far of the many melodramas inspired by the Kefauver hearings, *The Turning Point* owes its success more to a slick screenplay direction, performances and over-all production than to its over-pat plot. At that, the story is never dishonest or downright unlikely; it's just that it compresses too much into a single film, so that even if possible it does seem a little improbable. Yet even its main point of improbability gains strength by the very tragedy of it. A crime prosecutor is appointed who doesn't know his beloved father is a dishonest cop. The prosecutor and his father, impressively played by Edmond O'Brien and Tom Tully, are a team tracking down the corrupt "syndicate" controlling the largest city in a major state. The father, basically not a very bad man, is forced to pay the penalty for his past weaknesses and keep the mob informed of his son's operations. Reporter William Holden learns this and finds himself in a difficult spot, for the prosecutor's family are among his best friends and he has fallen in love with Alexis Smith, O'Brien's socialite aide. How this story is resolved may be more lurid than likely, and yet almost every single action has had its counterpart in real life. It's a pleasure, too, to note such adult direction and performances.

Cast: William Holden, Edmond O'Brien, Alexis Smith, Tom Tully.—Paramount.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

This motion-picture examination of Mario Lanza is really something for his fans. It features him in military uniform and in mufti; in operatic arias and popular tunes; in comedy, roughhouse and romance. There's no question about it being a vehicle. It is, and Mario comes off pretty well, considering. Tailored as closely to his talents as the un-G.I. uniforms he wears, it tells what at first seems to be a stale story about an opera star who is drafted. But then there's a definite twist. Tough barracks sergeant James Whitmore is a Lanza fan, and what's more, he sings himself. In addition he plays long-hair records, makes Lanza (*Continued on page 22*)

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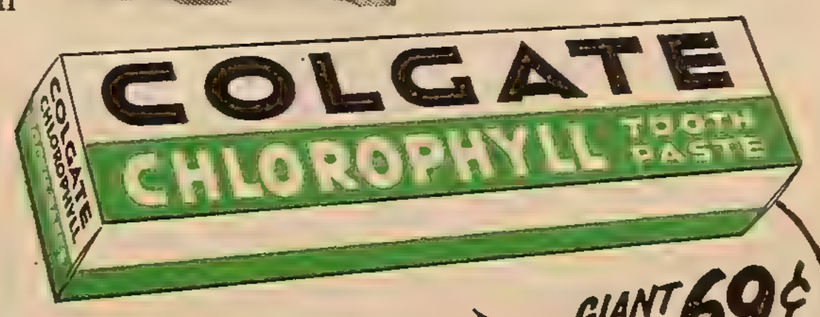
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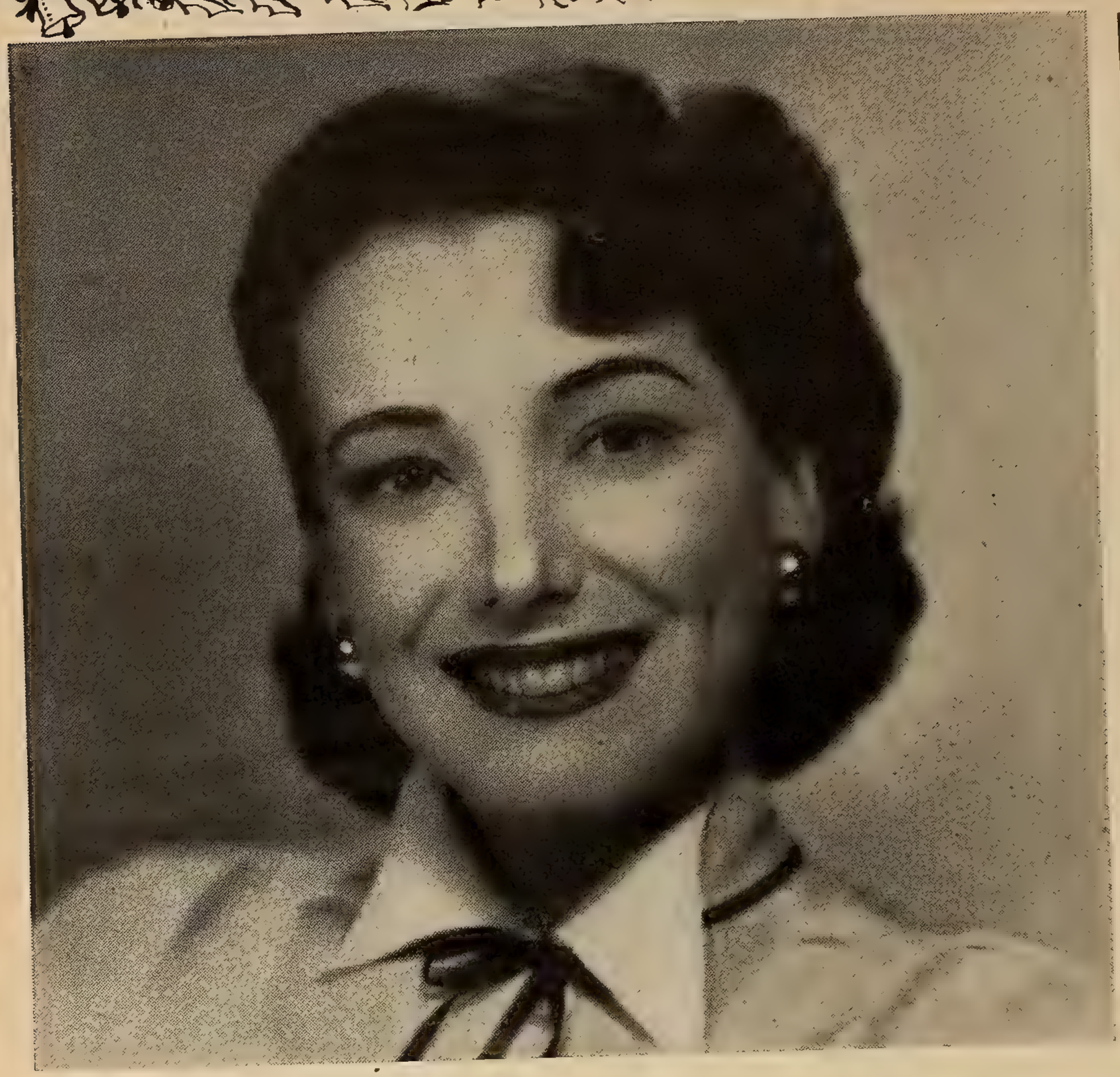
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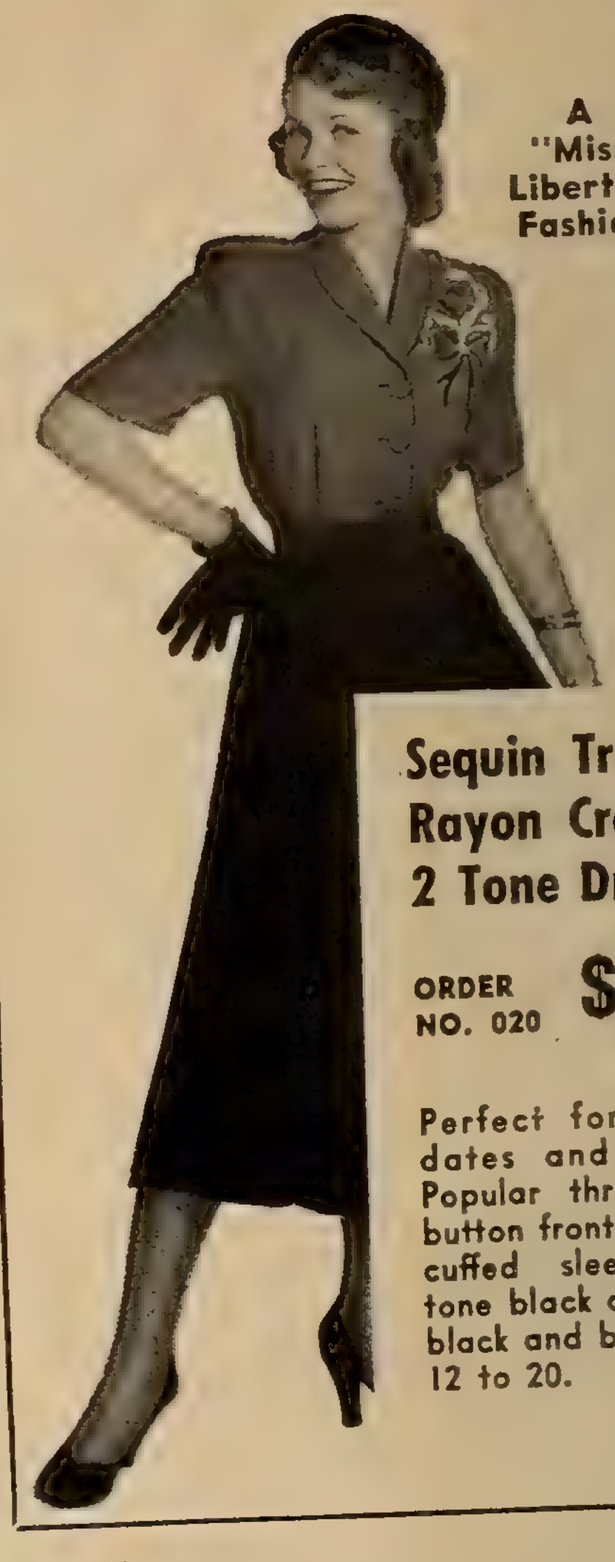


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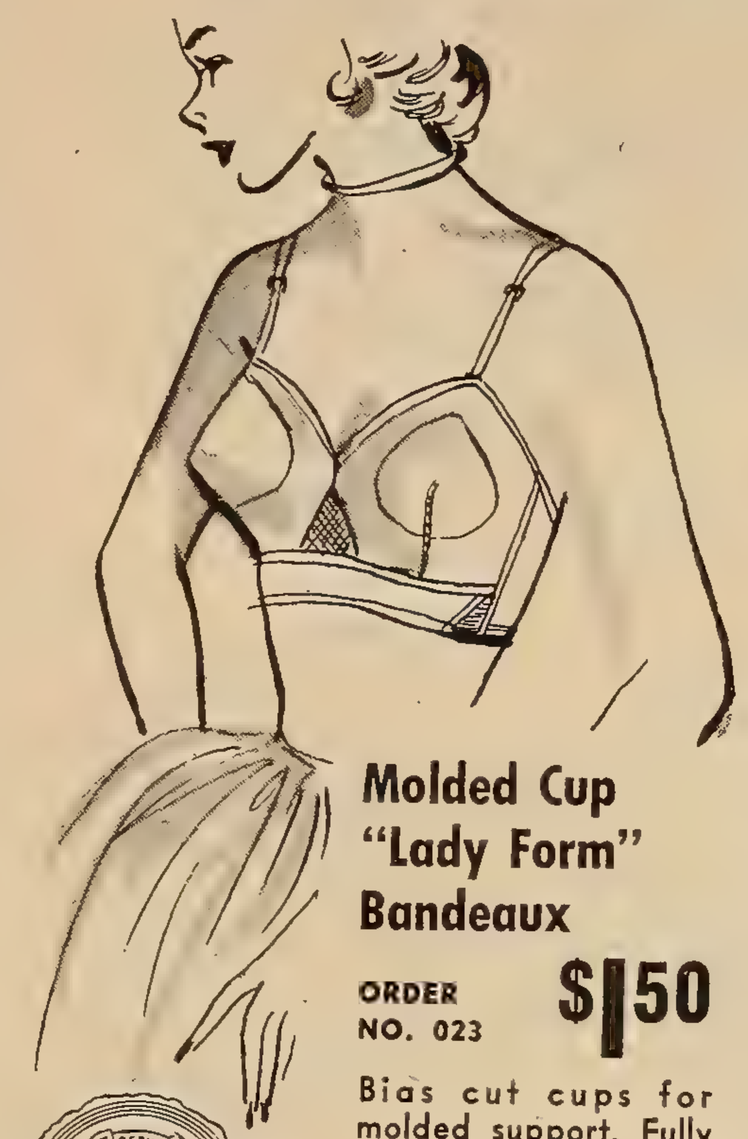
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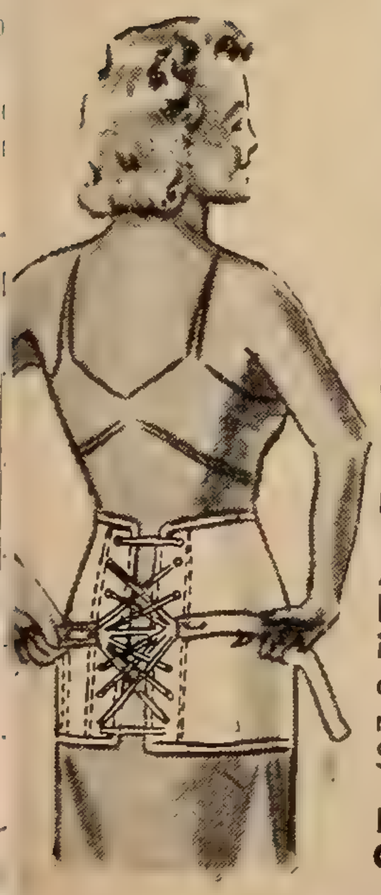
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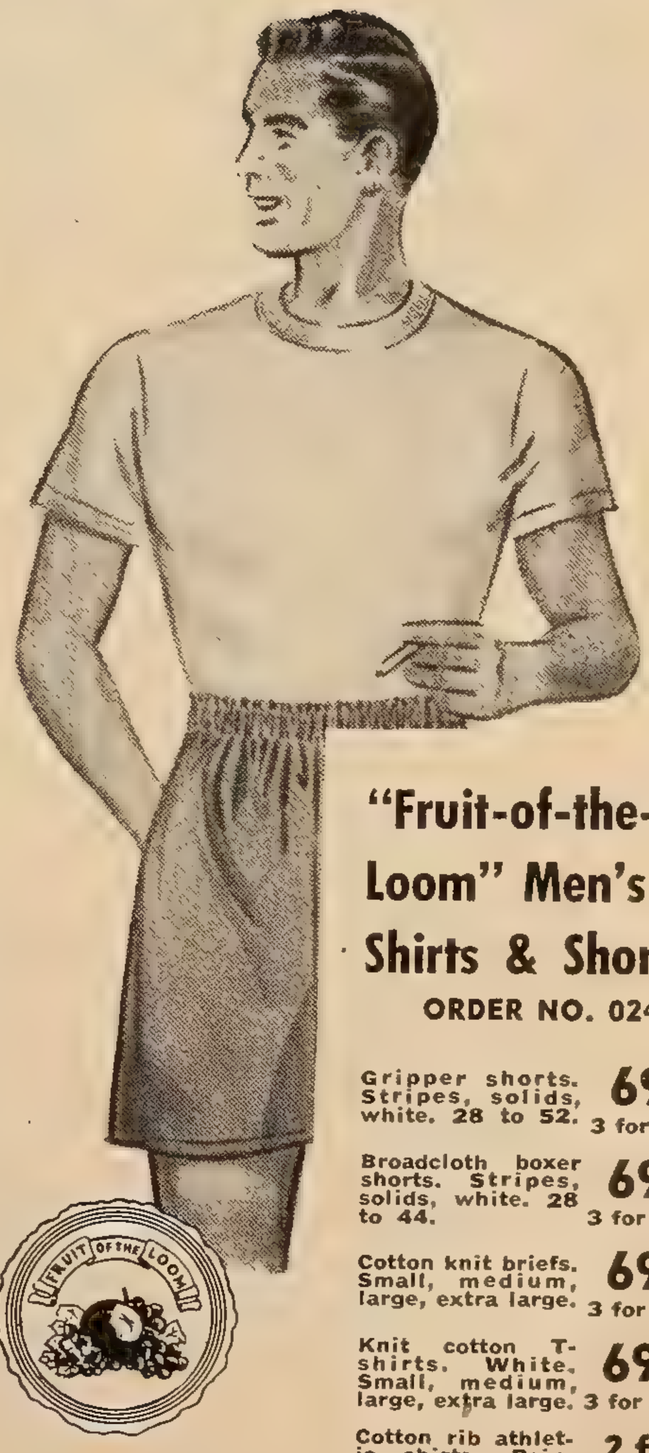
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Have you ever danced with your shoes off?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Did you ever wish on a new moon?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you blush when you find yourself flirting?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
When a recipe calls for *one* dash of bitters, do you think it's better with *two?*	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you secretly hope the next man you meet will be a psychiatrist?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you sometimes feel that other women resent you?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do sables excite you, even on other women?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you love to look *up* at a man?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you face crowded parties with panic—then wind up having a wonderful time?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Does gypsy music make you sad?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you think any man *really* understands you?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Would you streak your hair with platinum without consulting your husband?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
If tourist flights were running, would you take a trip to Mars?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐
Do you close your eyes when you're kissed?	*yes* ☐	*no* ☐

Can you honestly answer "yes" to at least eight of these questions? Then *you're* made of "Fire and Ice!" And Revlon's lush-and-passionate scarlet was made just for you—a daring projection of your *own* hidden personality! Wear it tonight. It may be the night of your lifetime!

(Turn to the back cover of this magazine—you'll see what we mean!)

movie reviews continued

sing for him and insists that the other men wait on both of them. This is funny. It's in the cards that Whitmore has a singing sister for whom he has ambitions. This is not so funny, for it means that Lanza must become infatuated with her and the screenwriters must return to more time-honored routines. Luckily the sister is Doretta Morrow, from Broadway and *The King And I*, who must have been as much of a treat for the cameramen as she was for the sound engineers.
Cast: Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, James Whitmore.—MGM.

THE SNOWS OF KILIMINJARO

Ernest Hemingway's famous short story called "The Snows Of Kiliminjaro," a modern classic, is a fable pointing to man's primary purpose as the seeking of the unobtainable. The movie of the same name, although billed as by Hemingway, owes little to his plot and less to his theme. A successful pot-boiling author (Gregory Peck) is first shown dying of blood-poisoning on the African veldt below Kiliminjaro, awaiting the arrival of a rescue party while his wealthy wife (Susan Hayward) does her best to get him well.

In flashback form, he recalls his past. These memories contain some stunning scenes, some stunning women (Ava Gardner, Helene Stanley, Ava Norring, Hildegarde Neff). But none of them make much sense or helps explain what makes him tick. Now and then there is reference to his literary output, of which he is ashamed. But the man's failure, if any, is so obviously an interior, extra-personal one, that the montage-like flashbacks are unable to show it. Considering what the screenwriter has done to Hemingway's meaning, there is little left to show.
Cast: Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner.—20th Century-Fox.

MONKEY BUSINESS

The sometimes fumbling hands of human film-writers are all too evident in this motion-picture essay on monkeyshines. As so often happens in movie farce, the original funny idea seemed too hauntingly humorous to let go of, and there's not much left to laugh about by the time the curtain comes down. But the basic premise is amusing enough to start things off hilariously. It concerns a young-to-middle-aged research worker (Cary Grant) who thinks he has discovered the secret of eternal youth. The audience knows that actually the elixir *has* been discovered, but in the dead of night and by mistake, by a chimpanzee who escapes from his cage, pours a mixture out with scientific casualness and empties it into a water-cooler. Later, the gimmick has it, Grant's own concoction proves so sour that various characters have to take to the water-cooler to cool down. Naturally they un-age. First, of course, is Grant himself, who gets himself a crew-cut, a racing car, a youthful lingo and asks Marilyn Monroe out on a date. This isn't appreciated by wife Ginger Rogers, who proceeds to pour herself a double shot (and has to take a double drink from the cooling machine). The fun by this time has stopped multiplying itself accordingly; rather the reverse. What was funny to start, gets simply dull at the end. *Monkey Business* would have been a lot better if it had some sharp satiric point.
Cast: Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Marilyn Monroe, Charles Coburn.—20th Century-Fox.

THE LUSTY MEN

Out of the bravery, brutality, cowardice and constant danger of the rodeo ring, Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna have made a fine film. The men of the title are simple individuals, as human beings go; but their motives, like all men's, are complicated ones that push them on, often against their better judgment. Jeff McCloud (Robert Mitchum), one-time national rodeo champion, has reached the end of the glory trail. He has retired from rodeo life until ambitious young Wes Merritt (Arthur Kennedy) persuades him to turn tutor so that Wes can follow in his footsteps, giving Jeff half the take. Wes' wife (Susan Hayward) fights both Jeff and the scheme, for she values her security even more than her man. The prize money, however, is a lure that is hard to resist, so the trio are soon riding the rodeo trail with Wes winning a name for himself wherever they go. When the success and money begin to be more than Wes can handle, their luck leaves; and the story reaches a logical climax. The lusty life and sudden death of rodeos provide the primary elements and the triangle tale told here is often profound in its simplicity. People talk in sentences that are realistically down-to-earth, and there is therefore sometimes a kind of earthy poetry about them. In few movies have Western scenes been so movingly photographed in all their stark and barren beauty. This is not a perfect picture, but it so often comes close to art that all its makers must be credited with the kind of creative imagination that all too seldom comes from Hollywood.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Susan Hayward, Arthur Kennedy.—RKO.

LIMELIGHT

Not a comedy but the story of a comedian, *Limelight* serves as a fitting climax to the career of the screen's great Charles Chaplin. The film is both autobiographical (it contains several allusions to his personal life) and generalized enough to serve as an autobiography for all clowns. *Limelight* is not about a Little Tramp, but about a great British music-hall performer named Calvero who plays similar parts. Calvero's one purpose in life—to make people laugh—is disappearing as the applause of his audiences declines. With the help of drink, he is dying inside. Then he gains a reprieve from time. He saves a suicide-bent young ballerina (Claire Bloom) and sets her on the road to personal happiness and public acclaim. If there is any symbolism meant, it is that when an old entertainer manages to divest himself of self-centeredness, and passes on the privileges of an artist, he regains his soul. But *Limelight* is neither an illustrated lecture nor a mawkish backstage story. It can be looked at from many levels and seen many times. It is thoroughly worth seeing, for example, for any one of Chaplin's "acts" or sketches, executed in the old music-hall tradition. One particular masterly sequence is a routine that teams Chaplin with deadpan comic Buster Keaton in an old-time pantomine bit. *Limelight* is thoroughly worth seeing, too, for Claire Bloom; for its fine ballet (performed by Melissa Hayden and André Eglevsky of the N. Y. City troupe) and for Chaplin's melodic and memorable score. Most of all it is worth seeing for a rich performance by Chaplin himself in a role that calls upon all his resources.

Cast: Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Buster Keaton, Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce.—United Artists.



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AMERICAN IN LONDON

An eye-witness account from Europe of Hollywood's triple-threat man in action, as Gene Kelly prepares to outdo himself in London

BY BEVERLY LINET

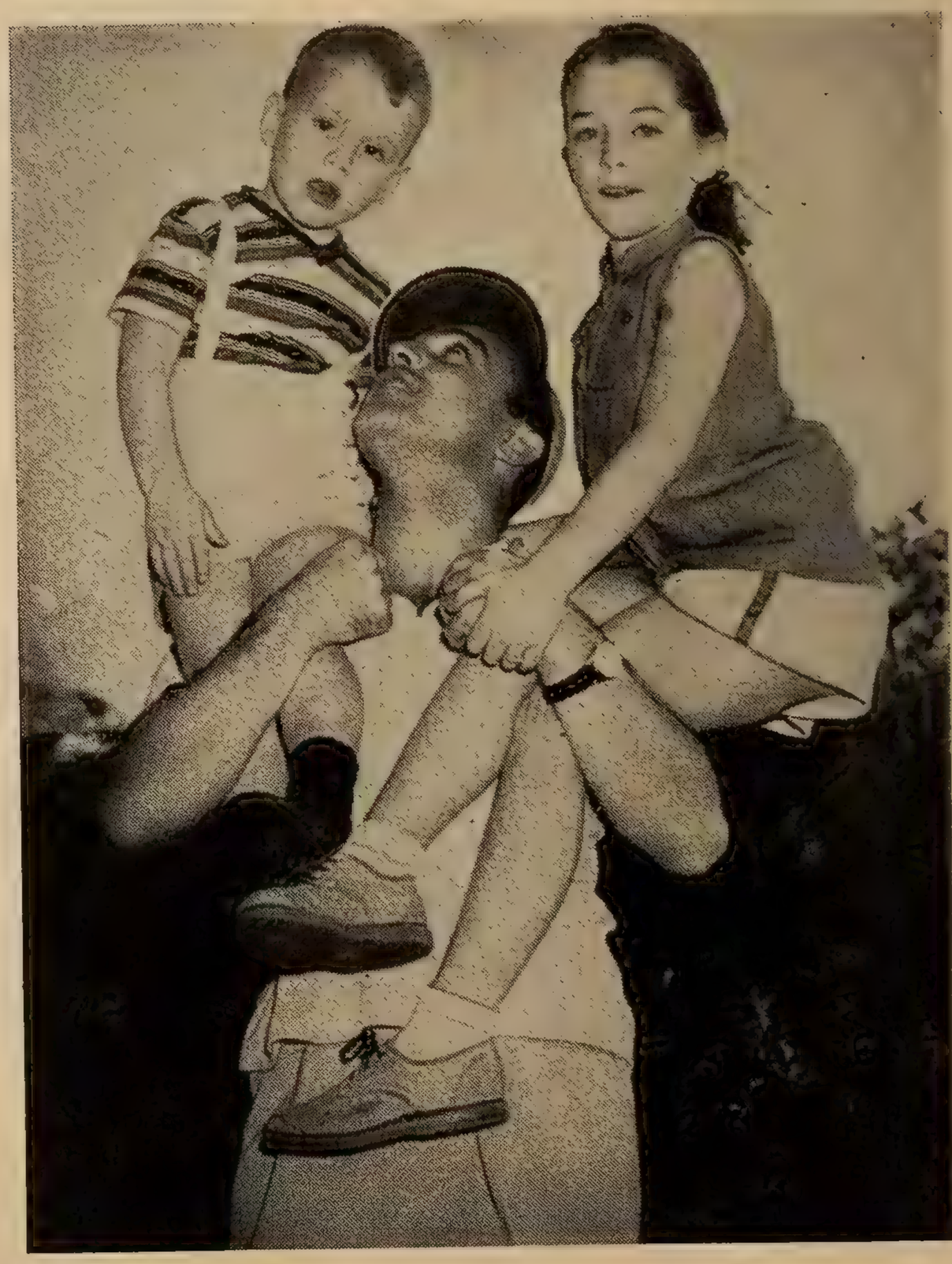
■ It's come at last! The Americans have invaded London. They've stormed Grosvenor Square, set up camp, and from all reports the head of the outfit is planning a revolutionary movement to startle the world.

What's more the British, bless their rolled-umbrellas and bowler hats, are helping them. They're conspiring like mad to keep the Kellys here as long as possible. They've shined up the Tower of London for young Kerry; leased the prettiest house in the Mews to Betsy; and are keeping strictly out of Gene's hair. All Mr. Kelly wants is to be left alone with his wonderful *Invitation To The Dance.*

This "hoofer's dream," as he calls it, is a really fantastic project. It will be a technicolored spectacle consisting of four ballet stories danced to four totally different musical moods. The plans have been two years and three continents in the dreaming. Film is rolling through the cameras, but the entire picture is not even yet planned. Kelly claims he is still working "off the cuff." In fact, impressed but incredulous visitors to the set report, "He is actually making it up as he goes along!"

Far from being haphazard or careless, this daily improvisation is carefully maintained to keep to the spirit of the project. It is an exciting new idea. There will be no dialogue . . . no continuation of story. Each narrative ballet follows a rough plot outline, but the actual performance is dictated only by great dancers' responses to great musical inspiration.

The first ballet concerns the circus. Kelly dances a clown hopelessly in love with a beautiful tightrope walker. He meets his death (*Continued on page 58*)



Gene's so busy with his new movie, *Invitation To The Dance,* he doesn't have much time for relaxing. He's a real family man though, and loves to romp with daughter Kerry, and his young nephew.

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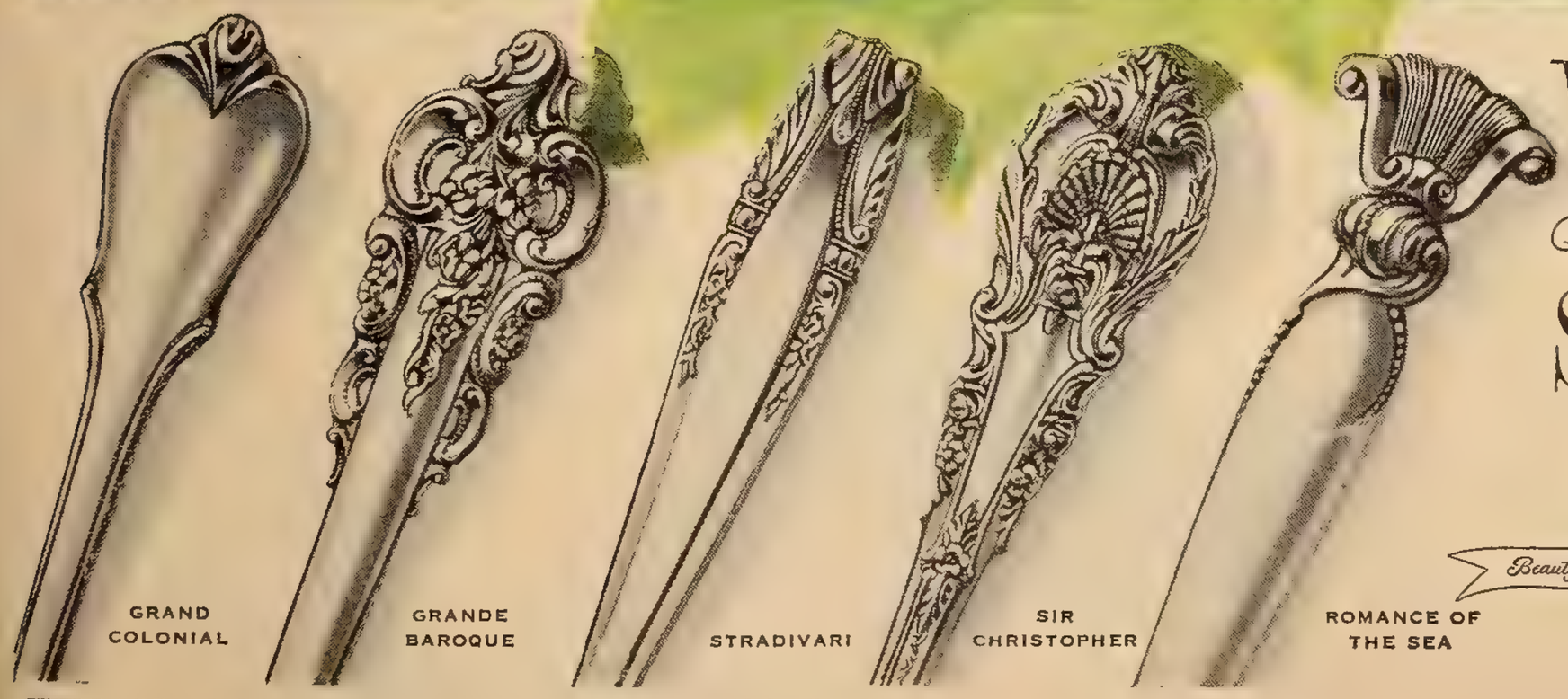


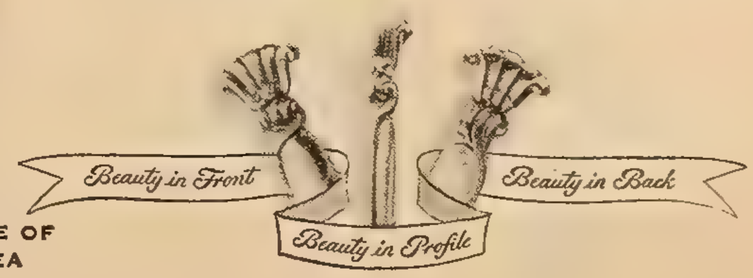
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continued from page 4

Q. I understand from a friend who works at RKO that Mona Freeman is madly infatuated with Dean Martin and vice versa. What is the truth about this? —B. Y., CALNEVA, NEV

A. *Theirs was only a fast friendship.*

Q. Is it true that a San Francisco restaurant plans to sue Judy Garland and Sid Luft for non-payment of bills? —H. Y., CHICAGO, ILL

A. *The matter has been amicably settled*

Q. Has Mario Lanza left his wife and moved in with his parents? Is he planning a divorce? —D. E., EVANSVILLE, IND

A. *No.*

Q. After all her complaints is it true that Ava Gardner has signed a new contract with MGM? —J. U., RALEIGH, N. C

A. *Her agent is working out a new deal whereby she will spend 18 tax-free months in Europe making pictures for MGM.*

Q. Isn't the reason for Clark Gable's frequent trips to Paris Joan Harrison whom he jilted to marry Sylvia Ashley? —T. R., BOISE, ID.

A. *No. Gable's weekend trips to Paris are to avoid paying British income tax. Anyone working and living in England more than 186 days is required to pay such tax.*

Q. Why is Warner Brothers re-making so many old pictures into musicals? —C. F., DENVER, CO

A. *No cost for original story material*

Q. Will Jane Wyman ever marry again or is she finished going to the altar? —V. K., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKL

A. *Jane hopes to marry again.*

Q. How much will John Wayne have to pay his wife for a financial settlement? —S. L., EL PASO, TEX

A. *Probably 20% of his future income*

Q. How many times has Fernando Lamas been married? —H. D., AMES, IOWA

A. *Twice.*

Q. How come Betty Grable is being suspended so much by her studio? Who is right in these fights? —E. R., SUTHERLAND, I

A. *Betty refuses to make non-musicals in which the script calls for her to play any kind of wicked role or "heavy*

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

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*Recommended
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FROM THE MOVIES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—*No Two People* by Danny Kaye and Jane Wyman* (Decca); Doris Day and Donald O'Connor* (Columbia); Barbara Ruick and Carleton Carpenter (MGM). *Anywhere I Wander* by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Tony Bennett (Columbia). *Wonderful Copenhagen* by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Paul Weston & Norman Luboff Choir (Columbia). *Thumbalina* by Danny Kaye (Decca).

Jane Wyman makes a fine foil for Danny on *No Two People*, but I suspect that no two people could do a more charming job on this song than Doris Day and Donald O'Connor.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Title song by Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne** (Coral). The Four Lads (Columbia).

It would be easy to fill up a whole column with lists of all the first-class versions available of the dozen or more songs revived in this picture. Among them: *Jealous* by Les Paul (Capitol). *Rose Room* by Benny Goodman Sextet* (Columbia). *Way Down Yonder In New Orleans* by Louis Armstrong* (Decca); Ray Anthony* (Capitol). *Smiles* by Jo Stafford (Capitol). *I Cried For You* by Sarah Vaughan* (Columbia), Benny Goodman* (Victor); Louis Armstrong (Decca). In addition to the many old hits, there's a new song written especially for the film—*Thanks To You*—recorded by the Four Lads.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—*The Ruby And The Pearl* by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Perry Como* (Victor); Nat Cole* (Capitol); Jeri Southern (Decca); Leroy Holmes (MGM).

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—*My Love, My Life* by Jane Froman* (Capitol); Cindy Lord (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—*Blues In The Night*** (Columbia).

ALAN DALE—*Let's Call It A Day*** (MGM).

EDDIE FISHER—*Lady Of Spain*** (Victor).

MILLS BROTHERS—*The Glow Worm** (Decca).

LEE WILEY—Vincent Youmans album** (Columbia); Irving Berlin album* (Columbia).

Rosemary, Alan and Eddie all do a good job of bringing back these old songs. *The Glow Worm* is dressed up in new lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Lee Wiley's albums prove she's still one of the warmest, mellowest voices around. She's accompanied by the piano team of Cy Walter and Stan Freeman.

JAZZ

LOU DONALDSON—*Cheek To Cheek** (Blue Note).

JOHNNY HODGES—Eight numbers* (Mercury LP). Here are two great alto sax stars; one a young modernist, the second a great veteran. An exciting study in contrasts.

BEAUTY *is my business—*

says lovely cover girl

ROXANNE





and

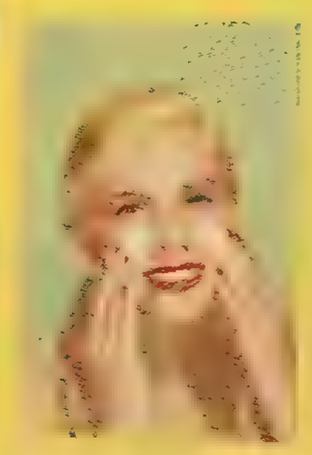
SWEETHEART

is my Beauty Soap

Roxanne says: *"As a model, I must be sure my complexion is perfect. That's why I give myself SweetHeart Facials every day. SweetHeart Care helps prevent chapping . . . leaves my skin beautifully soft and smooth, with a radiant, young look."*

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try gentle SweetHeart Soap for *your* skin! See—just one week after you change to thorough care, with pure, mild SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother!



Try this SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial!

Roxanne shows you how:

1 Every night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.

2 Always use an upward and outward motion, with particular attention to the skin around the nose and under the lips.

3 Rinse twice—first with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



The Soap that *AGREES* with Your Skin

Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry... well, why don't you see for *yourself* how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for $1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back . . . the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!



Hallmark Cards

"When you care enough to send the very best"

See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:

Grandma Moses	Herb Olsen	Winston Churchill
Norman Rockwell	Earl Bailly	Paul Gaertner
Currier & Ives	Andrew Szoeke	Steinberg

VERSES BY:

Edgar Guest

AND

The Kodachrome Box	Mr. and Mrs. Box	The Comic Box
The Shadow Box	Religious Box	The Thrifty Box
The Poodle Box	The Big Value Box	The Parchment Box

A Modern Screen Exclusive

what REALLY happened to MARIO LANZA!

BY JAMES CARR

■ They are saying in Hollywood that Mario Lanza is through, finished, washed-up. They are saying that even should he make a last-minute peace with MGM and agree to star in *The Student Prince,* an almost impossible possibility at this point—the motion picture industry wants nothing to do with him.

The problem child who once told reporters, "I'm a big baby, all singers are big babies; Caruso was a big baby, too," has not only earned the animosity of studio executives, but the hundreds of extras, supporting players, and musicians who found themselves dependent upon Mario's talent. They now regard him as a villain, a heavy, an irresponsible playboy, "a guy who has rocks in his head." As one studio official pithily put it, "the most unreasonable star I have encountered in the last 35 years—this guy should go to a good psychiatrist and get straightened out."

What is wrong with Mario Lanza? Why did he refuse to star in *The Student Prince?* Why does he refuse to give his side of the argument? Why is he willing to become the target for industry hatred? What's happening to him, anyway?

These are a few of the questions millions of his fans want answered. Explanations by the gossip columnists are inadequate and untrue, because Mario has refused to talk to them.

Hedda Hopper, for example, who shared in his discovery and helped bring him to the attention of the Hollywood bigs, tried to get Mario on the phone and print his side of the well-publicized dispute. Mario, who loves Hedda, declined to talk to her. Instead he sent her a couple of dozen roses and a card which said, "Will see you soon."

Another columnist wrote that Mario's enigmatic (*Continued on page 82*)

A report on

LANA AND LOVE



Lana made her first movie 15 years ago for Warners. Today she's starred in MGM's *The Merry Widow*

For 15 years she's loved lavishly and taken heartbreak with a smile. In this intimate story Lana reveals what she's learned and what she's going to do about it.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Lana Turner sat in a row boat and stared silently across the lake into the thick growth of trees that covered the distant bank. The water chopped busily, agitated by a playful wind, but the swell was gentle and the boat swayed easily in a restful, sedative motion. Lana leaned back, her hands flat on the seat behind her, and stretched her spine in a luxurious, cat-like movement and she looked into the sky where fat white clouds sat content against a field of bright blue. The oars rested in the water, slapping gently at the chop and creaking quietly in the oar locks. It was a day and a place for dreaming and remembering; the occasional chill in the autumn air, telling of summer's last days, was stimulating, and the whip of the wind in her hair seemed to spark thoughts in Lana Turner's mind.

This day was truly a day for meditation and for the (*Continued on page 75*)



hedda hopper spikes

THOSE BETTY GRABLE RUMORS

The big news about
Shelley isn't that she's going to
have a baby . . . but
how it's made a new person
out of her. She's soft-
spoken and dreamy-eyed now

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

SHELLEY'S GREATEST SECRET

■ Petty annoyances which before would have caused Shelley Winters to blow up and turn over applecarts all around town now find her almost mystically remote. A promised picture role withdrawn? A new apartment all awry and life gone hectic? Somebody daring to take her name in vain and spreading invidious and baseless rumors? It doesn't touch her. Under her blonde, tousled poodle cut is a mind occupied with other matters, mainly those related to the great event before her—the expected birth of her son. A son? She knows it's going to be a son? Oh, sure. She committed herself on that point to her husband, Vittorio Gassmann, right from the first.

"Will it be a boy?" he practically ordered when the doctor gave her the news and a columnist phoned him about it before she had even reached home again.

"Absolutely," she told him.

In the third month of her pregnancy, about the time she moved into the new duplex apartment building she and Vittorio bought, she still had few doubts. Talking to some friends (an executive from the studio, a writer, workmen installing a gas outlet in the fireplace, numerous callers and various deliverymen—but all friends) she did admit an outside chance of error. But only for a fleeting moment.

"A girl?" she commented. "Well, if it's a girl, she'll be beautiful. But I'm certain it will be a boy. Shelley Winters, mother of a U. S. president. Imagine! Pretty good, eh? Of course he may have some competition. Elizabeth Taylor's baby will be born three (*Continued on page 89*)





After Tony started practicing
for his *Houdini* role, Janet did nothing
but pick up decks of
cards and help him out of strait-jackets.

...AND EVERYTHING GOES CRAZY!

Tony and Janet's antics keep everybody talking . . . and guessing. Don't let their loud screams of discord fool you. These two are just looney with love

BY JACK WADE

■ One sunny autumn afternoon, Tony Curtis was stretched out on the living-room floor of his Wilshire Boulevard apartment clad only in shorts and a strait-jacket. As he puffed a cigarette held in one set of toes, and raked his curls with a comb clamped in the other—practicing up for his magician role in *Houdini* —his honey-haired wife, Janet Leigh, looked on with undisguised admiration, not unmixed with awe. She was pouring a glass of water down her husband's parched throat and mopping his beaded brow when a rap summoned her to the door.

"*Good* day, Madame!" began a beaming salesman. "You look like an intelligent young housewife. But in your humdrum duties are you keeping up with the world? Are you thinking sanely? Are you informed? I have here," he stated, "a sensational magazine subscription offer—three for the price of one. Now, if you will permit me—"

At that point in the pitch, Tony struggled to his feet, still manacled and bound, and staggered toward the door, wearing a wild look, half feigned and half natural. "Excuse me, please," said Janet.

"Now, Tony," she soothed, "it's all right. This isn't the nice man, but he's coming for you very soon, dear. It won't hurt when they take you away. Why, you'll love it there! And I'll come see you every day and bring you a cake!"

She turned back to the peddler who was already edging away. "I don't think," said Janet sadly, "that we'll (*Continued on page 69*)



There was nothing crazy about the Curtis kids the day they registered to vote.



Janet makes noises like a housewife in a very becoming manner Tony's mother says.



Mrs. Curtis boosts morale for players James, Dante, Chandler and O'Brian at a charity baseball game.





Why are so many people gunning for Esther? She's rich, she's famous and she's happy. But she's about as popular as a pound of parsnips

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

what's the trouble, esther?



Esther and Ben have been married seven years, have two sons. Still pessimists cry, "Split-up."

■ On Tuesday, November 25th of this year, Esther Williams will celebrate her seventh year of marriage to Ben Gage.

This means she will rise at 6:00 A.M., take a plunge in her heated pool at 6:15, feed the children if they're awake at 6:30, arrive at the studio by 7:00, appear on the set by 8:00, work eight or nine hours, then rush home to spend a few minutes with her Benjie and Kimmy before they're put to bed.

Should Esther and Ben decide to live it up a little and celebrate their anniversary, say by going to the Mocambo or dancing at Ciro's—incidentally, this spectacularly tall couple dance very well together which isn't too true of most Hollywood couples—you can bet even money that on the following morning at least one gossip column will carry an item to the effect that Esther's seventh wedding anniversary will probably be her last with Ben Gage.

Every year for seven years now, the columnists have been predicting —and here is a direct quotation—that "This is one marriage that can't last."

A few weeks ago, for example, a syndicated columnist who happens to be a close friend of the Gages and is usually careful about printing break-up rumors, told his readers that the domestic bickering between Esther and Ben had reached the boiling point.

When Esther was asked to comment on the item, she merely shrugged those broad, well-muscled shoulders of hers, (*Continued on page 91*)

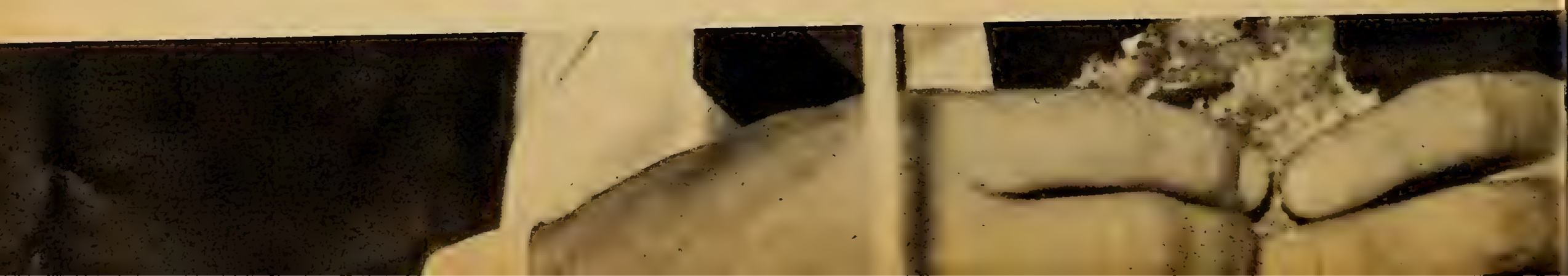


A new love for the Queen?

Barbara Stanwyck's dealt herself a

■ There was a time, not too many years ago, when every movie magazine photographer in Hollywood knew exactly where to go on Friday nights.

There was only one place—The Hollywood Legion Stadium. Each Friday at about 9:00 P.M. the stars would begin to arrive—Barbara Stanwyck with her then-





The muted color scheme in the living room was stolen directly from the foliage surrounding the house. The grey-green rug is the color of oak leaves, the red chair is a bright geranium shade. Furniture is English traditional.



Gene had only one request. He wanted to be able to stand in the center of the house and see all the downstairs rooms. The architect said he'd do it, and he did. This is the central spot.



The only Western decor in the Autry home is a three-dimensional mural in the butternut-panelled library. Created by artist Andy Anderson, it's a comic study of cowhands betting on who lasts longest on a bucking bronc.



Most of the Autrys' furniture, including the bed in their master bedroom, was designed especially for them. Their bedroom doubles as an upstairs parlor; the windows open on a balcony.

K

ıst

SLICK ENOUGH FOR THE MOST PERSNICKITY DUDE!

castle

by Marva Peterson

■ "Don't you trouble yourself anymore, young lady. I think I'll take my own plane."

The warm, soft voice spoke good-naturedly, but the little redhead at the telephone desk of American Airlines was far from soothed.

"How do you like that, Mildred!" she sputtered to the girl beside her. "Here I am knocking myself out, trying to get Gene Autry one seat to Houston and he tells me to skip it. He'll fly his own plane."

Mildred grinned. "That's what a cowboy's gotta do nowadays to compete with the Space Patrollers."

She may be right as far as some cowboys are concerned. But Gene's explanation is quite different, and thoroughly Autry.

"Frankly speaking," he says, "I don't know what I'd do without my (*Continued on next page*)

MORE ➤



Under Gene's portrait by Howard Chandler Christy, the Autrys survey their English traditional living room. This house is more formal than their ranch home.



The Autrys' efficient and sunny kitchen features an extra "island" sink which comes in handy when they have parties. Here two people can work together.



cowpuncher's castle continued

plane. I'm a small-town boy myself (born in Tioga, Texas and raised in Ravia, Oklahoma) and I can't resist playing rural communities where hardly any of the big stars ever drop in. The plane gets me there, and it gets me back home. Lots more often, too."

When Gene mentions home, a soft, small grin forms on his lips and his blue eyes light up. To him home means being with his wife Ina and having a few friends in for a barbecue in North Hollywood. It's as simple as that.

Ten years ago home was a Toluca Lake showplace. When it burned down in 1941 Gene joined the Air Force, and Ina camped out on their "Melody Ranch" in San Fernando.

Three years ago, Gene and his wife decided to build another "in town" house to replace the old one. By this time the Autry coffers were pretty well filled with loot so that the singing cowboy and his wife could have bought or built practically any kind of home they wanted.

This is a pretty enviable position to occupy. Put yourself in it for one dreamy, ecstatic moment. Suppose you had one or two or three million dollars. What sort of house would you get for yourself? Would you buy or would you build? Would you choose something modern or something traditional? Would you want an estate or just a home?

This is what the Autrys did. Sensible by nature they bought four acres in a wooded canyon, quiet and country-like, but very near the studios. Then they waited for the restrictions on home construction to lift. During this interval they thought out every detail of their post-war house. When it came to the actual task of transmitting ideas to blueprints, Mrs. Autry was able to tell her architect, her contractor, and her decorator exactly what she and Gene wanted.

A typical husband, Gene says, "I left all that to Ina. After all, I knew she'd live in the house more than I would."

Ina says, "I didn't go on tour with Gene that season, because it took one whole year to get our house finished. It was quite a job but I loved every minute of it."

The type of home the Autrys (*Continued on page 80*)

the men in my life

by Piper Laurie

I don't know why it is, but as soon as time takes a girl out of her teens and into her 20's, people begin wondering why she doesn't get married. I won't be 21 until January, yet already people are looking at the naked third finger of my left hand and leering ever so slightly.

I wish they'd give me time. I want to get married some day, sure. When I was little I had plush daydreams about growing up and falling in love and walking down the aisle. But it isn't quite that simple, I find. I have a supreme advantage in that I like men. I like them, as a rule, much better than women. I think they're more interesting and that they play the game more fairly. But that doesn't mean it's easy to find somebody I like who also likes me. It's usually been the case that when I set eyes on some tall and likely-looking male specimen, he either looked the other way or stepped on my foot and didn't bother to apologize. I guess you could sum the whole thing up that way; either he couldn't see me for dust, or if he could, he turned out (*Continued on page 72*)



"WE'RE NOT MAD AT ANYBODY"

He beats her . . . at checkers. She weeps . . . for joy. The Grangers are making Hollywood gossips eat their lies

BY JIM NEWTON

■ "Go ahead," invited the big bruiser, "hit me!"

The little lady measured him carefully with her hazel eyes. Then she uncorked a sizzling right with all her 108 pounds behind it and connected—right on the button. The big guy staggered back and fell into the rose bushes. He bounced up right away, surprised but enchanted.

"Try it again," he urged. "That was beautiful!"

She tried it. Same result.

Jack Dempsey hauled himself to his feet again and extended the knobby paw which had once rocked the world's toughest sluggers to sleep.

"You're the champ," he told doll-faced Jean Simmons. "Guess I gave those boxing gloves to the wrong member of the family."

Now, that fistic upset never reached the sporting pages. It took place, not in Madison Square Garden, but beside the swimming pool at the Stewart Grangers' Bel-Air home. For another, the beautiful battler's husband was a little embarrassed about the whole thing. All his life Jack Dempsey had been Stewart's particular hero and here, just after the great ex-champ had actually visited him and given him a pair of autographed mitts, his wife employed an unladylike skill he had taught her back when she was a defenseless teen-ager—and dumped his idol right on his tail! But now that the incident has come to light, you might reasonably (*Continued on page 65*)



Out-of-doors he-man thrills are Stewart's stock in trade. Jeannie, far from being a shrinking violet, matches him in sporting blood. Her dad was a gym teacher.



Stewart loves it that Jean can be mature and sophisticated, or mischievous and playful. Here he watches her with the poodle, Bess.



The ice-cream bar reflects Stewart's passion for Africa. He exhibits no caution when it comes to hobbies.


for the first time!
the true life story of
MARILYN MONROE
by elyda nelson marilyn's ex-sister-in-law

■ Probably at no time in the history of movies have so many men been in love with one woman. Soldiers, sailors, marines, Hollywood executives, not to speak of baseball players! And, while Marilyn Monroe is still single (if she still is at this reading), any one of them may by some miraculous chance become her future husband.

But no matter what man marries Marilyn, he will be haunted by the first and perhaps greatest love of her life. It may be at the hour just before dawn as Marilyn stirs restlessly in her sleep, her thoughts completely ruled by her subconscious. Suddenly she may sit bolt upright in bed, and her husband, abruptly wakened from deep sleep, will ask, "Sweetheart—what's the trouble?"

"Nothing, nothing," she may murmur. "Just a (*Continued on page 61*)

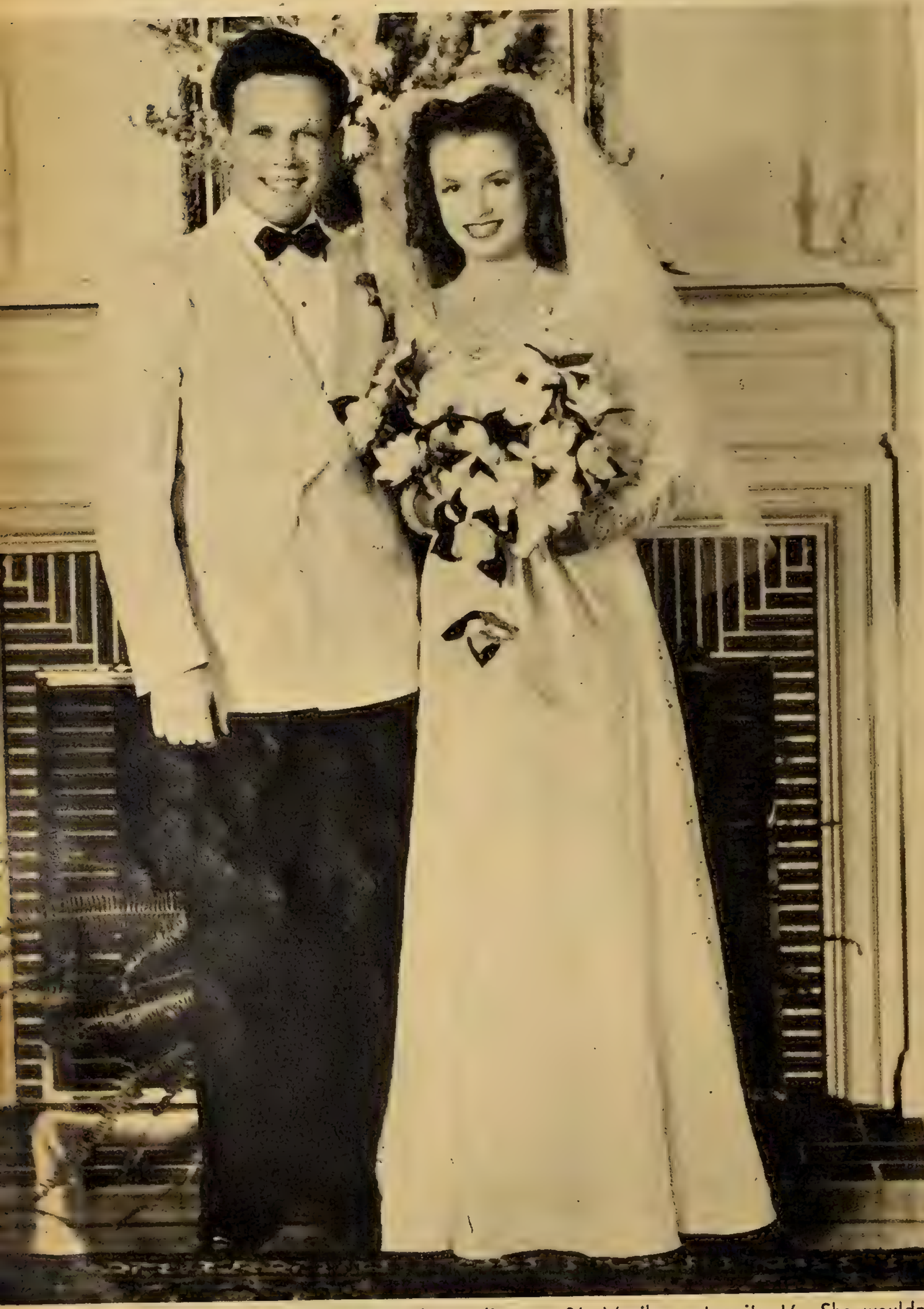
MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGES ▸

MARILYN MONROE continued

These pictures chronicle the unhappy story of Marilyn Monroe's first romance. They come from the family scrapbook of a woman who knew her intimately, Elyda Nelson, the sister of the man Marilyn met, married and left behind long ago.



1 This is how Marilyn looked at 14, the first time her husband, Jim Dougherty, met her. He fell for her right away.



2 They married two years later; Jim was 21, Marilyn not quite 16. She wouldn't accept the engagement ring he selected, insisted on a less expensive one. Although her mother couldn't attend, several of her "foster mothers" were present.



3 There was no time for a wedding trip, but, a yea later, Jim enlisted in the service, was sent to Cata lina. They loved it there, called it a honeymoon



8 Modeling for ads, magazine covers, like this or took a lot of time. Jim didn't mind until it beg interfering with his seeing her. The split came soo

Jim was a simple man, content to lead the useful, but obscure life of a policeman. Marilyn wasn't made for domesticity . . . a dazzling career was her goal. Her success is a legend, now, but does she have what she really wants, at last?



4 Marilyn shared this first letter, and the ones that followed, with Jim's mother, after her husband was shipped overseas.



5 "To the most wonderful hubby in the whole wide world, love, Norma Jeane," was how Marilyn inscribed this picture she had taken to send to him.



6 This is the house Marilyn (*left*) rented when she worked at Radio Plane while Jim was away at war.



7 Co-workers chose Marilyn (*second from right*) Queen. The publicity brought modeling jobs.



8 A policeman's life appealed to Jim (*left*), who joined the force when he got out of service, but Marilyn longed for a career.



10 After they were divorced in 1946, Marilyn continued modeling. Fashion shots like this led to movie nibbles. Her first part was in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda*



11 It was a small part; but even then Colleen Townsend, director F. Hugh Herbert, knew she was on her way up.

HAPPY TALK

Doris Day keeps talking that happy talk of hers and making dreams come true. Hollywood just sits and marvels at its best-adjusted actress

BY STEVE CRONIN



Years of dance band traveling and being on her own made Doris self-reliant. She can still take care of herself, but now has manager-hubby Marty Melcher's help



He approves her "buys" as he approves most everything his girl does. They married after a casual courtship in May, 1951.



Two of Hollywood's least complicated people become very much a pair when doing something important to both of them, like hunting antiques.



Whether they're buying furniture or selecting drapes, Doris and Marty work hard and have fun doing it—together.

■ During the recent shooting of one of the big Doris Day musicals at Warner Brothers' Studio, some out-of-town visitors dropped in on the set. It was in the middle of a very complicated musical number in which Doris and a couple of the other principals were required to interrupt their singing and dancing to put across a plot point. This is at best a harrowing procedure, for it involves cues for the actors, cameramen and technicians that must be hit right on the button. The timing, in other words, must be exact to the finest degree.

Nobody ever shoots a scene like this right the first time. As a matter of fact, 10 or 20 times is sometimes required before the scene is satisfactory to both the director and the cameraman. This shot, however, was a real toughie and it was shot again and again and again. As the hours wore on the visitors sat and waited, just, maybe, to see what would finally happen. The director was a nervous wreck. The leading man looked like a lunatic wanting to burst from his cage. The photographer seemed about to go right through the roof at any moment. But Doris Day just smiled and tried again every time she was asked to. She did each take with a smile, the same sort of smile she wore the first time. Finally one of the visitors turned to their guide.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked. "Hasn't she got any nerves? Doesn't she ever explode?"

The guide looked puzzled for a moment. "No," he said. "I guess she doesn't. Say, that's kind of funny."

You're doggone right it's kind of funny. It's just about as odd as a star working for nothing. It's something that has seldom been seen on a sound stage before. But it is no miracle. It is just that Doris Day is happy. She's found a peace, an ability to live with herself and others that is superior. There are those who say she has found religion, but that is only part of it. She has learned the secret of patience, and it is one of the main reasons why she is a star today. It is one of the main reasons she will go on and on while other stars fall or become victims of bad habits, greed and self-adulation

It was a gradual process. When Doris Day first came to the movies she was as anxious as most newcomers who break into pictures are. She had been a band singer for years. A girl who had made a living by moving from one town to another every day of the year. A girl who had dressed in washrooms, slept for weeks in the back seat of a bus, and who had to get before a milling throng of strangers at each stop and sing warmly about love, or whip herself into a tizzie with a jump song she'd sung a thousand times. In other words, she was a fake by profession. A performer, but never actually in the mood she pretended to be.

When she first came to Hollywood, Doris was pretty bitter about life. She was married to a young fellow who was a musician with one of the bands she had sung with and they were broke. Instead of staying at a swank hotel, as most performers dream (*Continued on page 84*)

Return to Faith

by David Wayne



The Wayne children, twins Melinda and Susan, and son Timothy, are being brought up to *think* religion, as well as just *feel* it.

No one preached faith to me. It just came. I found it part of love, when love came to me

■ When I was seven and the minister of our Baptist Church in Bloomingdale, Michigan, thundered forth the phrase, "And the fiery wrath of God shall descend upon you!" I misunderstood him. I had never heard the word "wrath" until this Sunday morning. I thought he had said, "And the fiery *raft* of God shall descend upon you!"

I knew what a raft was. And I had a sneaking suspicion that I must be a sinner. All the shuddering way home I could see those flaming logs falling on me.

What made it worse was that up to that time I did not picture man as in God's image; the best I could do was picture God as in man's image. The man I felt He must most look like was my grandfather David McMeeking—a towering patriarch with a long, flowing, white beard. Grandfather was to me all-powerful. He could swing me high aloft with one arm. He would also give me dimes and pat my head. I loved him . . . why would he want to throw burning logs on me? It dismayed me and perplexed him because I (*Continued on next page*)

stayed away from him for days. Finally I came to the conclusion that he would never think of doing such a terrible thing. There was only one other answer. The minister must have been telling a lie. There was no such God . . . perhaps there was no God at all!

It was a pretty early age to embrace agnosticism, but there it was.

My subsequent childhood contacts with the church didn't help to remove any seeds of suspicion thus sown. In Sunday School the teacher made a lasting impression on me—and not a good one. She told her open-mouthed pupils that they all had a rope within them, and that every time they told a lie another knot formed itself in the rope. I had told my quota of lies, and at that moment I became conscious of a bellyful of kinks. Every time thereafter when I would catch myself fibbing, my hand would clap itself over my stomach automatically and I would be overcome by a wretched feeling of misery. To this day I can't see a rope without a sensation of discomfort.

It began to become plain to me that by the tenets of our church I was a lost soul. Since no one gives himself up without a fight, I refused to accept this. It was easier and more pleasant to take another tack—disbelieve the church. And I did.

I made my foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hodgman, who still live in Bloomingdale, pretty unhappy with my attitude. I would question their most cherished beliefs. I remember, when I was about 14, attending the Methodist Church one Sunday and then coming home and telling my foster father I saw no difference at all between Methodism and our own Baptist faith. "Besides, there weren't any more people at the service than come to our services," I added. "Hardly a third of the church filled. If they are the same, why don't they just have the one church and save on ministers and buildings?"

He argued that there was a difference, but the only one he could name was the form of baptismal; the Baptists believed in total immersion while the Methodists just sprinkled. I saw this as just a variation in symbolism and was not convinced.

I PERSISTED as a skeptic, though not a hard-bitten one, well into adulthood. I would waver during boyhood crises. For instance, once I was forbidden to drive our Model T and took it out anyway. It got stuck in a ditch. I was desperate to get it out and back in the garage before my foster parents, who were away, would arrive back home. When the wheels spun uselessly and all my heaving failed to budge the car, I decided to give Divine Intervention a chance . . . I prayed. Almost immediaitely—and it was a bit frightening as well as a relief—a farmer came along with a team of horses, and pulled me out. But my old attitude soon returned. What I needed was a much more believable God, not one so disconcerting—at least He was disconcerting as originally presented to me.

When I was 17 I left home to study at Western Michigan College at Kalamazoo. There was a good bit of religious activity around the campus, and I attended a few rallies held to foster faith among the students. The theme of the talks was always "Go to your church," but neither the people who presented them nor the way they went about it convinced me. There was always a sort of "save yourself" motivation to their appeals, and this seemed to me (and still does) a selfish basis for sparking a man's faith. Roughly, I think I felt that church should represent a chance to serve others, and thus God; rather than serve God, and thus yourself. There was one other way in which I felt that the church was improperly regarded. When I would come home during vacations and show no particular desire to attend services, my folks were hurt. To go to church was a family custom. Not to go was not only to exhibit lack of faith but reflect on the family. I felt all sorts of weight on me to go. I felt that I was regarded as being smart-alecky for not going. But custom is something one does from habit, without thought, and I could not help feel that such mechanical piety was not in reality true religious observance. Still I went, to please my folks, and felt that if there was a God he should resent my being there.

I think that, though I was a young man by this time, I was still conscious of God as a being; to some extent He was still a man who resembled Grandfather McMeeking but was not personally as nice as Grandfather. No great change in my views was going to occur until I would come to think of God as an idea, a conception of that phase of our existence which cannot be touched, weighed, or even located, which is called the soul, and which gives us the thought and emotion which characterizes the human animal from the other animals. And I know I was seeking this idea without being aware of the fact that I was on such a search. When I left college to work in Cleveland, no one there urged me to go to church . . . and there I did go. I went most often those days to the Unitarian Church where, it appeared to me, there was more of a discussion of the significance of God than a constant exhortation in His name.

IN this way I grew up, without faith, you might say; and yet today I am a man of faith. It isn't a formalized faith, yet it is a deep and true one. No one preached it to me, no one opened my eyes to it—it just came . . . and it is still coming. I found it part of love, when love came to me. I found it part of the immensity of the sky when, all alone, I lay in a slit-trench underneath it. I found it the only explanation for the wonder of the birth of my children, my own flesh and blood. I find it now in a growing consciousness of something above and beyond the words and the deeds of everyday life. I know that it comes to others this way, too.

On January 1, 1942, I sailed for the war front as a field service volunteer ambulance driver. I was attached to the British 8th Army in Libya and Egypt for 18 months, eight months of this time under fire in the Tobruk and El Alamein campaigns. Not to believe in God there, in the awesome flatness of the desert under the vault of the heavens, was an impossibility. Here came my conversion to faith, not once, but again and again. The sweep of God's hand, evident in the vast distances everywhere before my eyes, was conducive to the swelling of the soul . . . and it swelled, I knew, for and about Him.

I was not far from the Holy Land those days, and now when when Christmas comes and my children ask for the story of Bethlehem, I am considered the most authoritative source. I try to do a good job but it is a little disconcerting when my audience, composed of my twin six-year-olds, Melinda and Susan, reveal that their curiosity extends only to the presents the Christ Child got. "Were His as nice as ours?" they want to know.

On the other hand I disappoint them at times, particularly in the matter of prayers. Prayers, it seems to me, are truly learned in childhood or never. I have since committed the popular prayers to memory, but they don't stick. Once, after a six months' tour away from home, I started to lead Susan in bedtime prayer as usual. I got as far as "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." and couldn't think of the rest. She waited a moment then burst into tears.

Actually, I make no attempt to instruct my children in religion; rather I try to answer their questions as clearly as I can. When the twins wanted to go to Sunday School, my wife and I sent them. I think I would like the twins, and two-year-old Timothy, when he gets old enough, to go to church—not only the Protestant church, but the Catholic and Jewish churches as well. I think it will not harm them to know all the ways in which God is sought. I know it will set them to thinking, and if they can *think* their way to faith, as well as feel their way, the bond will be that much stronger.

MY closest friends are of all faiths . . . and I know no better people. When the United States entered the war, I returned from abroad and joined the American army in which I was assigned to officers' training school at Camp Lee, Virginia. A fellow student who graduated from school with me was Andy Levine, an old Jewish friend from Kalamazoo. Andy was my best man when I got married in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. He fell so in love with the ceremony that when he wanted to get married he asked me to see if he, too, couldn't get married there.

I talked to Dr. Randolph Roy, the Episcopalian minister of the church, and at first he could not see how this could be accomplished. The tenets of the church expressly forbade such a marriage at its own altar. But from the start of the war there had been established a Victory altar in the chapel, and it was there that Andy was married. I have seen Dr. Roy many times since then, most often at the Lambs Club in New York, and he always makes the same inquiry: "How are my friends, the Levines?"

When I left for Africa as an ambulance driver, I carried with me not only Andy's good wishes but a Catholic prayer book given me by the mother of another boy friend. She came to me at a farewell party held for me and thrust it into my hand. "This will bring you through," she said. "Keep it with you always."

At that time my faith was not what it is today. Yet I kept the book on me, in a side coat pocket, always. I never read it but, after a few close calls in battle, it began to mean something. When I got back to the United States, I heard one day that this Catholic boy was in the army and about to sail for Europe. It suddenly became most important that I get his mother's book to him. There was no question in my mind but that he would come through, as I did, if he took it along. I made a trip to New York to present it to him. He came back unscathed.

THIS may seem an odd mixing of the faiths and the symbols which denote them: a Jewish boy married by a Protestant minister; a Protestant boy finding protection in a Catholic prayer book; a Catholic mother who extends the good words of her belief beyond her faith. But I feel it is eminently right. Whatever else the way of God, it must be boundless. I used to think that I had traveled to the outskirts of His domain before at last I turned to face inwards and retrace my steps again. But did I? Couldn't I have gone much further and still not go beyond Him when once belief came to me?

I was married hardly more than a year when I first went to war. I wrote many letters back to my wife, Jane, from North Africa. But the one I recall best had the following line in it: "I have come to believe again in a God."

I have.

END

(David Wayne will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Tonight We Sing.)

(*Continued from page 24*) trying to impress her. Episode number two is as brilliantly sophisticated as the first is tragic. A diamond bracelet passes from husband to wife, to gigolo, to hatcheck girl, round and round till it gets back to the husband. The third section will follow some modern music. Gene hasn't yet decided what composer will do the job . . . and consequently hasn't a glimmer of what form the ballet will take. And those in the know are hinting that the fourth sequence will pattern somewhat after the wonderful cartoon dance in *Anchors Aweigh*.

Completely honest with himself, Gene Kelly knows that a movie of nothing but ballet is a tremendous gamble. Many of his gravest doubts were erased, however, the day he received a special Oscar for *An American In Paris*. In spite of anything he may have said before, or even at the time, he was thrilled to receive it. As a matter of fact, he didn't quite believe the BBC broadcaster who announced it. It took a recording from Hollywood, and a playback of those familiar voices in the actual ceremony to convince him. It was almost too good to be true. It meant more than personal acclaim. It meant that the public had accepted his ideas; that it was eager to receive the best he could give. It also meant that he could count on all the studio backing he needed.

Although the famous Kelly feet will star in only the "Clown" and "Modern" dances (he may do a "bit" in the jewel sequence) *Invitation* is really his baby. His heart and imagination will be in every downbeat, in every gesture. He is acting, dancing, choreographing, directing, and inspiring every foot of film.

Naturally, this kind of hard work means that Gene is not overly eager for gaiety and nightlife after studio hours. Much as he loves people, he has no time for parties, clubbing, or even the theater. He just wants to go home, relax, maybe dream up some new ideas.

COUNTRY living, though ideal, was out of the question considering Gene's hectic schedule. No more such idyllic spots as the darling old mill they'd lived in in France. There the great wheels had long since stopped churning water, and were covered with the kind of ivy that only grows on the handsome estates just outside of Chartres. The Moulin de La Roche, 40 kilometers from Paris, was fine while Gene was in the planning stages, but now, with things rolling, the Kellys had to live in the center of bustling London town.

It was no easy job to find a place. Many British homes, no matter how beautiful, look stiff and formal to American eyes. They looked absolutely forbidding to Betsy, remembering her casual California home.

The Kelly family was almost in despair the day they were sent off to somewhere called "the Mews." The agent, of course, knew it meant a row of coach houses around a "yard." But Betsy and Gene were delightfully surprised to step into a wide alleyway, with the mews branching off it. There are three soft old brick houses, all identical, on one side of the yard. Three exactly like them are primly mirrored on the other side.

They knew "their" house on sight. It is typically English, but seems to have a touch of California about it. The two upper floors have two bedrooms and a bath each; the first floor has a tavern-type dining room adjoining a spacious living room. The house seemed just tailor-made for an actor.

As a matter of fact, it is. After they'd settled the deal, the agent told them that it is Robert Donat's town house. Gene noticed at the time that Betsy seemed strangely affected by this news. He thought no more about it, however, until Mr. Donat called on the telephone.

It seems that Donat had left a silver baby spoon in the house, and wondered if Mrs. Kelly would be good enough to find and send it on to him. Mrs. Kelly began blushing like a school-girl.

"Yes, Mr. Donat. Of course, Mr. Donat. I'll look, Mr. Donat," she stammered between giggles.

Gene couldn't believe his ears. When she hung up he accused her of sounding like a teen-aged fan, and did a creditable imitation of her to prove it. It was then that she admitted the awful truth. Long before she was a teen-ager she developed a hopeless love for Robert Donat. She was his A No. 1 fan. And still is.

The second time, she called him. She wanted permission to repaint the dining nook. Mr. Donat was out, but would call back. The living room was filled with friends celebrating Gene's birthday on August 23rd when the call came. He had alerted them all to the reaction his lovely wife underwent, and Betsy was determined to thwart them. She would maintain womanly poise and dignity. But when her idol's voice came over the phone, she reverted to type. She giggled and carried on. Gene has never stopped teasing her. And what is worse, she's afraid they'll be evicted, on good evidence, as unstable tenants.

This of course, is sheer nonsense. Even the energetic English are impressed by the "'ard worker" her husband is. And her daughter, fresh from school in France, is their idea of the perfect visitor.

In *The Student Prince*, Mario Lanza was slated for 26 songs, leaving exactly 30 minutes for the story.

Kerry Kelly is a delightful child, according to any standard. She is that appealing creature, a shy, well-mannered little girl who is interested in others. Londoners often see Kerry and her mother at London Bridge, the Tower, Westminster or other points of local pride. Kerry looks into all of them. Then she writes full and interesting letters to her many friends at home in California, and her Parisian schoolmates. She learned to speak and write French beautifully last year. It was her first experience with a private school. At home she attends the neighborhood public school. This year she will again attend private school in England, but the exact one hasn't yet been chosen.

This switching around educationally is pretty hard for a little girl. First there's the language problem, but she overcame that wonderfully in Paris. This year, in England, of course, it will be smooth sailing. Then, Kerry sometimes gets a little homesick for her chums in Hollywood.

Betsy suspects that she sometimes gets a little homesick for Dublin, Ireland, too, although Kerry Kelly has been there only once. Here's how it happened.

AFTER Gene finished making *Devil Makes Three* in Münich he was ready for a short breather. He and Betsy decided on a week's holiday in North Africa. They rented a car in Casablanca, and spent a wonderful, non-spectacular seven days casually visiting all the little towns in the French Moroccan area. At least it was non-spectacular for the Kellys. French Morocco may never be the same. They are great movie fans there, which rather surprised Gene. But very respectful ones, standing quietly at a good distance, just looking. (In Germany, it is quite the reverse. Stars are followed around everywhere.)

The vacation was fine, except for one thing. Kerry was in school, and couldn't come. So her Daddy promised to make it up to her as soon as they got together.

On the very first Bank Holiday after they arrived in London, all the Kellys headed for Dublin. From the moment they started, Gene and Kerry were like nine-year-olds. For what Donat does to Betsy, Dublin does for her husband and daughter. The mere name of the place thrills them. They prowled the countryside for hours. They haunted ancient castles. Long before the too short holiday was ended, Gene had instilled the love of Ireland in Kerry. And it looks as if it will remain a life-long romance.

Back in Engand again, the Kellys set right to work. Gene on the picture. Betsy and Kerry on Operation Birthday. Gene's birthday falls on August 23rd, and the ladies in the family determined to make a "thing" of it. Kerry became engrossed in a "secret project." Secret from everyone but her mother, that is. She has fine artistic talent, which has developed wonderfully this past year. She turned out an amazingly good painting for her father's birthday present. Meantime, she kept encouraging her mother to bake a home-made cake.

Betsy Kelly is an artist in the kitchen. In their early years in Hollywood she did every scrap of her own housekeeping. But baking a cake in London was more of a problem than she'd bargained for.

It wasn't a matter of getting the ingredients, Great Britain is, of course, on an Austerity Program. But for proper ration coupons, or for visitors, shop-keepers can supply any need. The trouble was mathematics. The English figure recipes in teacups, not the standard American measuring cup. Betsy was as busy with pencil and paper as with egg-beater and flour-sifter. But higher education and a light hand with the pastry were triumphant. The cake was a masterpiece.

So was the party that went with it. The Kellys invited many friends for the occasion. It was a special event indeed, the first major entertainment held by this popular couple.

LONDON finds the Kellys rather unusual. Ordinarily American film stars dash around, seeing and being seen in all the smartest restaurants and elegant salons. The Kellys haunt quite different places. Betsy, for instance, is a familiar figure in the home-furnishing shops. She is personally buying everything for the house, from superb linen and silver to the most humble pot or pan. (Contrary to American custom, English houses have only furniture when let. The renter must outfit it for living.)

Inhabitants of the Mews are accustomed to seeing Kerry at the post-box. Or running down the street to meet a trim young man who walks with athletic stride, deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. Then she and her father walk to the house together, exchanging news of home happenings, or studio goings-on.

Sundays, the whole family is at home together. Betsy caring for her house and family; Kerry painting; and Gene, notebook in hand, dashing down ideas and sketches for the next day's work. Or noting an idea for *Brigadoon* which he will make in Scotland next spring. Or perhaps outlining a completely new scheme. This man is brimming over with ideas which the world will applaud in time, because he has the personal genuis to create them and a family to back him with love and cooperation.

These happy, work-a-day Kellys may be a disappointment to a few autograph-hunting fans in Piccadilly. But the majority of Londoners couldn't be more charmed with them. For when they invaded the English capital, they invaded British hearts. And they'll never leave them, no matter where they go from here. END

a new love for the queen

(*Continued from page 43*) of her consistently trim figure—for years Barbara has never weighed more than 110 and never in her life has she ever had to wear a girdle. I used to watch her and envy her clothes, her looks, her career, even her hubby, Bob Taylor.

But then the war came and Barbara's husband became a flight instructor in the Navy. When the war was over, Taylor was overcome by wanderlust. He bought a plane, hired a co-pilot, started flying all over the country. He made pictures in England and Rome, content with only occasional visits from Barbara who remained working in Hollywood. After 12 years of marriage, a divorce solved their mutual problems, and Barbara stopped going to the Friday night fights at the Legion.

I guess she didn't go for more than a year—but a few weeks ago Barbara Stanwyck returned to the old stand, this time accompanied by a tall (6-foot-1), blond, blue-eyed young actor who was born Ralph Rathgeber but who is known in Hollywood as Ralph Meeker.

You've probably seen Ralph in *Teresa, Four In A Jeep, Somebody Loves Me,* or *Glory Alley.* His latest film, *Jeopardy,* in which he co-stars with Stanwyck, has yet to be released.

Ralph Meeker and Barbara Stanwyck came down to the Legion Stadium on a Friday night, and as soon as Barbara was recognized—this isn't too easy since she is one movie star who seems to melt into a crowd rather than stand out from it—many of the female tongues in the fight arena began wagging.

"Who's that man with her?" "Is that the Ralph Meeker she's been coupled with in the gossip columns? Looks a little younger than Barbara." "How long have they been going together?" "Is it true he still carries a torch for Robert Taylor?" "I hear she and Meeker are engaged. They say he's a strange one, very moody, very sensitive."

The above is fair sample of the dialogue aroused by Barbara's appearance at the fights with her new beau.

A similar flow of verbal curiosity undoubtedly accompanied their presence at the Ice Follies. Certainly the gossip columns of late have been filled with Stanwyck-Meeker items, the implication being that these two are more than casually interested in each other.

When I asked Barbara how she felt about Ralph Meeker she said flatly, "I've only known Mr. Meeker a little more than a month. He's a very talented actor and a very fine gentleman. He has a good sense of humor and is extremely versatile. In addition to his acting, I think he plays a half-dozen different musical instruments; he's certainly a very fine pianist. I look forward to his developing into one of the finest actors in motion pictures. It's just a question of whether or not he's cast in the right part.

"Where did I meet him? Over at the studio. We played in *Jeopardy* together. Anything serious between us? Well, I told you. I've only known him for a month or so which isn't very long to know a man. I think he's a fine person, but there's certainly nothing serious between us. We've been out a few times together, and I enjoy his company.

"What else? There's nothing else except that as a colleague of Mr. Meeker's I can tell you that he's very conscientious, very industrious. He has an extensive background in the theater, and well, that's just about all I know."

BARBARA Stanwyck is without a doubt the smartest, shrewdest, canniest, most honest, hard-working actress in Hollywood—but the above quotation, uttered with great care and deliberation, is the kind of quotation which reflects absolutely nothing of her true and inner feelings regarding this young man who has recently entered her life.

It says nothing, for example, about the morning a few weeks ago when Ralph Meeker was flying in from New York. John Van Druten, the playwright, had asked Ralph to fly east, to read for the lead in his new play, *I've Got Sixpence.* Ralph, who took Marlon Brando's place in the New York company of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and has acted in some 70 different plays, didn't particularly like the part in Van Druten's new opus and bowed out. He caught the first midnight plane for Hollywood and when he arrived at 7:30 the following morning, there was Barbara Stanwyck waiting eagerly to throw her arms around him.

As Ralph disembarked from the DC-6, Barbara ran to him crying, "How are you, Ralph?" They hugged each other tightly. The words, "Mr. Meeker" were conspicuous by their absence in Barbara's demonstrative greeting. It was strictly "Ralph" all the way.

Barbara drove Ralph in her car to his home in the Hollywood hills. Cai Fryendahl, Ralph's Danish jack-of-all trades, had a warm and appetizing breakfast ready. Then Barbara drove home. No matter what she may say, no actress is going to get up at 5:30 A.M. and race out to the Los Angeles Municipal Airport to meet a handsome young man if that handsome young man is just another actor who doesn't mean anything to her. Nor will she accompany him to the Ice Follies, the boxing matches, the movies, entertain for him at her home, dine with him at his, and see him more often than she has seen any other man in the past six months.

Thus on the basis of the available evidence, Barbara Stanwyck is more than fond of Ralph Meeker. Now, whether this interest will lead to love or more particularly to matrimony, no one can say.

MEEKER, according to people who know him best, is a moody, enigmatic sensitive individual who belongs to the slightly Bohemian or Marlon Brando school of actors. Press agents who have tried to work with him report that while he is not uncooperative, he certainly is not to be called communicative.

A reporter who asked him about his friendship and repeated meetings with Barbara Stanwyck was told, "There's not supposed to be any publicity about that."

"Who made that ruling?" asked the newsman.

"I did," Meeker reportedly answered.

On another occasion, the young actor was asked, "How do you feel about Barbara Stanwyck?"

"A good friend," was all he would say.

A year or so ago when Meeker was living with Kurt Kaszner, an Austrian beer barrel of a man who is also under contract to MGM as a character actor, he would frequently say, "I'm never going to get married." But that was before he made *Jeopardy* with Barbara Stanwyck.

Barbara, in case you don't know it, has for years been regarded by the men who work with her as the swellest person in the movie colony. When it was learned, for example, that it was Robert Taylor who wanted the divorce and not she, one of the chief electricians at the studio pretty much reflected the general Hollywood masculine opinion when he said, "Robert Taylor must have rocks in his head. I don't care where or how long he looks, he ain't never gonna find a nicer dame than Stanwyck."

Men consider Barbara well-nigh irresistible, largely because she seems devoid of such feminine traits as indecision, pettiness, and vindictiveness. When Barbara has something to say, she says it. When she hasn't, she remains quiet. When a makeup man finishes with her, she never tries to improve on his work. Unlike dozens of other actresses, all less talented than she, Stanwyck never insists upon directing her director, outwriting her writer, or out-producing her producer.

Fritz Lang, for example, who has fought with a good many stars, and who directed Barbara in *Clash By Night,* says, "She is an angel. Directing her is a genuine pleasure."

Fred MacMurray who acted opposite Stanwyck in one of her best films, *Double*

Tall in the Saddle

When, as a part of Greg Peck's role in Duel in the Sun, *he was told, "You'll have to jump over a horse's rear end and land in the saddle while it's in full gallop," he took himself to a riding stable and rode for three solid weeks. Not content with learning to ride, he mastered roping and wore cowboy costumes from dawn until dusk to get used to the feel of levis, a close-hugging shirt, and high, cowpoke heels. The only flaw was the fact that his hips were so narrow his gun belt showed a tendency to slip down around his ankles.*

PETE MARTIN

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1952.
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Indemnity, for which she received an Academy nomination, says, "The wonderful thing about working with Stanwyck is that she makes you try and reach her level which is pretty darn high. She is letter perfect in her lines, and if you fluff yours, she's always patient, helpful, and understanding. She's what you might call a dream-girl."

Jack Benny, who uses her on his radio and TV shows as frequently as she will permit, says, "Barbara Stanwyck is one of the three greatest performers I've ever met." The other two, in his opinion, are Ingrid Bergman and Ethel Merman.

STANWYCK, who is 45 and doesn't hide the fact—actually she looks no more than 33—is particularly helpful when it comes to young actors. This is probably one reason why Ralph Meeker finds her tops.

I remember when Bill Holden was first breaking into motion pictures. He was playing the lead in *Golden Boy* and not finding it too easy. Each day a group of well-wishers would go to Harry Cohn, studio chief, and say, "This kid was great at the Pasadena Playhouse. Why didn't we send him back?"

It was Stanwyck, however, who knocked herself out at the front office with pleas that Holden be kept on the job. She worked with him after hours, rehearsing and teaching; today Holden's gratitude knows no bounds.

Similarly, Barbara was of great help to Meeker in *Jeopardy.* In this one she plays the wife of a man (Barry Sullivan) who's trapped on a sandbar by a fallen jetty. Trying to obtain help for her husband, she is held by an escaped convict (Ralph Meeker) who plans to take her and her car to Mexico and leave the husband behind to drown.

In the production of this picture, Barbara saw to it that Meeker came off well. She was in a position to demand close-ups, favored camera angles, more lines, more scenes. Instead she insisted upon sharing the spotlight with Meeker, seeing to it that his part was given major attention.

Certainly Stanwyck took infinitely more pains with Ralph than Betty Hutton did when they both made *Somebody Loves Me* at Paramount. Meeker sings fairly well but not well enough for *Somebody Loves Me,* and Pat Morgan's singing voice had to be dubbed in for his. Also his relationship with Hutton was rather strained—so strained in fact that one morning when Betty saw Meeker getting off a plane at the airport—it was the same plane Stanwyck met—she avoided running into Ralph.

Ralph Meeker is 32 years old, the only child of a broken home. He was born in Minneapolis, raised by aunts in Chicago, and attended Northwestern University where he starred in drama club plays along with two young student actresses, Patricia Neal and Jean Hagen.

He worked his way through college playing a variety of musical instruments from piano to vibraphone. In 1943 he finally landed a small part in the Broadway production of *Doughgirls.*

WHETHER it was the ceaseless struggle on Broadway to make good, with relatively few funds, or whether it was his unhappy youth, perhaps it was a combination of both these factors—the truth is that Ralph Meeker today is regarded as a talented young actor who doesn't have many friends, one who is inordinately sensitive, one who believes in going his own way, one who is reluctant to praise what others consider outstanding.

A friend who knew him on Broadway says, "He came up the hard way, and he's afraid of people—not exactly afraid but wary. He's had to work hard for everything he ever got, and he's learned to be self-sufficient. Getting a break on Broadway, you know, is really a dog's life. Why, Ralph has done everything, USO shows, stock companies, the subway circuit, anything you can think of he's played. It was Josh Logan who got him his first decent break. Josh gave him a part in *Mr. Roberts* and when Marlon Brando left *A Streetcar Named Desire,* Josh ran into Irene Mayer Selznick—she was the producer of *Streetcar*—and said, 'I think I've got the fellow to take Brando's place.'

"Ralph read the part and worked for more than a month before they gave him the job. He stayed with the play for a year and took it on the road. It was Irene Selznick who talked Fred Zinnemann (who was going to direct *Teresa* in Italy) into giving Meeker a chance in motion pictures.

"Fred signed Ralph for the role of the sergeant and took him to Italy. When *Teresa* was finished, Zinnemann recommended him for *Four In A Jeep* which was shot in Austria. After that, Meeker came home and flew to Hollywood where Metro signed him to a term contract."

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Friends of Barbara Stanwyck insist that her relationship with Meeker is platonic. "Let's face it," one of them says. "Barbara is 45. This Meeker chap is 32. Barbara has always loved helping people. Here's a struggling young actor trying to fight his way to the top. Barbara's helped dozens of them. She's helping this one, too.

"Maybe he takes her out a couple of times a week. What of it? He's a bachelor and she doesn't have a husband, and she's much too beautiful and witty to sit home alone and just hibernate. She's a girl who likes to live. Unfortunately so many activities in Hollywood, so many activities anywhere, call for a male escort.

"How many male escorts are there in Hollywood? Cesar Romero, Farley Granger, Lon McCallister, Scott Brady, maybe one or two more. A couple of months ago Farley Granger called for Barbara, took her to some party. Next day it was in all the columns, a brand new love affair. Heck, Barbara's adopted son, who's in the Navy now—he's almost as old as Granger.

"I'm not saying that Stanwyck isn't in the market for another husband—every unmarried woman is. But certainly she's much too smart to pick on a youngster like Meeker. She married Robert Taylor, and he was only a few years younger than she. Look what happened to that one. She's much too smart to make the same mistake twice.

"Besides she's accustomed to running things, to being a little dominant, and so is Meeker. Stanwyck, as I said before, is a woman men admire. She isn't the kind to lead a manless life. Sure she goes up to Meeker's house off Sunset Plaza and dines with him and looks down on the city lights while he softly plays the piano. Sure the whole setup spells romance—only Barbara isn't a little girl who can be swept off her feet.

"Here's a woman with a basic sense of values, who sizes up the situation and the man involved. When and if she marries again it will be a mature man of accomplishment, a guy in his forties.

"There's a great unrequited streak of the maternal in Stanwyck's makeup. For my money, Ralph Meeker brings it out. In her I'm sure he sees a combination of mother-sweetheart-wife-and-sister which is probably an ideal relationship for a long and endearing friendship, but certainly not one for a marriage."

EVER since her divorce from Robert Taylor other friends of Stanwyck's say that the one reason she has worked so consistently is that she wants no spare time in which to mull over her past; that in a way she is using Meeker as an anodyne for the hurt Taylor caused her. There may be a modicum of truth in this supposition but not more. Stanwyck doesn't mope and mourn. When she drops a man she seems to lock a door in her heart.

I remember when she divorced Frank Fay. Frank was difficult to live with as the divorce proceedings well brought out, so that perhaps this was an atypical case. But there was a time when Barbara was so headlong in love with Fay that it hurt. That was back in 1920 when Fay was the emcee at Texas Guinan's supper club. Barbara had just been graduated from the chorus line to the legitimate stage and Fay was her idea of perfection. When Fay sent her a telegram from St. Louis one night offering to marry her, she grabbed the first express train out of New York—much to her later sorrow.

With Bob Taylor it was a little different. The Marx Brothers invited her to their home for dinner one night explaining that they wanted her to meet a Mr. Artigue, which was their favorite name for Robert Taylor. Stanwyck didn't know this and spent all evening explaining to Mr. Taylor that she was really supposed to have a date with a Mr. Artigue. Taylor finally spoiled the gag by pointing out that his initials were R.T. and that according to the queer Marx system of spelling these two initials spelled "Artigue".

Barbara Stanwyck was ecstatic with joy when she finally got rid of Frank Fay. Her heart was filled with sorrow when she lost Bob Taylor—not only because she loved Bob dearly but because it is a sad thing for any woman to find herself at the age of 43 without a husband and with the necessity of winning another.

Stanwyck has enough money to spend the rest of her days in idleness, although she is constitutionally incapable of doing so. But all her wealth will not obtain for her the kind of mature, accomplished loving husband she needs.

UNTIL such a man comes along, actors like Ralph Meeker and Jean Pierre Aumont—and there will undoubtedly be others—these young men must be looked upon as stopgaps in the interlude of loneliness. EN

(*Continued from page 51*) little nightmare."

And Marilyn herself, in the morning will hardly remember the incident, or the fact that she was really aroused by the alarming wail of a distant police prowl car. She would deny, even to herself, that in half wakefulness a split-second question passed in her mind: "I wonder if that's Jim?"

Jim, the dark-haired handsome football star, the boy she loved and the man who, rightly or wrongly, rejected her love by persistently thwarting her ambitions. Jim, the ex-husband, and police rookie who came to her side when she needed him, after their divorce, but who still could not be moved by the tears of the loveliest, sexiest girl in Hollywood.

Amazing? Yes, when we think of Marilyn Monroe as the most sought after girl in Hollywood. But no—no, the situation is not so startling when we remember that for all of us the first big love in our lives is the one we always keep for a secret place in our hearts.

I know whereof I speak, for the Jim in Marilyn Monroe's life is my brother, and as Marilyn Monroe's ex-sister-in-law, I have decided that the time has come to tell the real truth about the girl for whom I once wept, cheered, frequently despaired of as a member of the family. And whom I still love as though divorce and fame had not again made us the strangers we were before our first meeting.

My mother was living on a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and just behind the house my folks lived in was a small house occupied by a most charming woman by the name of Grace Goddard. As they chatted over the back fence, Grace frequently mentioned her lovely foster daughter who was living with her "Aunt Anna" in Santa Monica.

"She sounds like exactly the sort of girl Jim would like," Mother told me, the day I first met the girl who is known today as Marilyn Monroe. Not quite 15, she was the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen. Not only did she have beauty, but everything else it takes to make a lady. I loved her from the beginning. I told Mother, "You know how Jim is, so stubborn, sometimes. She's just the girl for him, but if he thinks we want them to start going together nothing will happen."

So we contrived for the two of them to meet, and I was right.

Honest and forthright, Marilyn (I'll call her that, but her name was Norma then) told Jim right off how old she was. He liked her, but he thought she was much too young to date. Mother and I made no comment, and just like a man Jim fell and fell hard on their second meeting. At the time, I lived in Ventura County. It was only a short distance to beautiful Lake Sherwood, and on Sundays Jim always brought Marilyn to spend the day. They went fishing, rowing, or just went hiking.

My brother Jim always needed a little explaining. He was as handsome as they come, but he was always the gentleman, and never the wise guy. His father used to say, "Jim ain't got no smart," but he didn't mean it unkindly. He meant that Jim was unmercifully honest and old-fashioned. We were all proud of him for it.

As for Marilyn, little by little on these Sundays I came to know her and the facts about her early life. They were not pleasant. No wonder that to the present day she has wanted to keep them secret. She is learning, but cannot seem to realize, that the best thing to do is to cheerfully admit your background. Then no one will dig it up as a big "scoop" later on. Betty Hutton felt the same way Marilyn did for awhile. Then, after a writer revealed the fact that she used to sing for pennies and nickels outside saloons in Detroit when she was little, Betty became proud of her tough beginnings, as well she should.

Marilyn talked to me many times about her childhood. It is quite true that she was "kicked around" a lot, and "farmed out" to various families, because her mother was taken ill and couldn't care for her. But there is a significant fact about this situation. Marilyn was such a wonderful child that she completely captivated the two most outstanding families she lived with. They were comparatively poor people with children of their own, but they loved and cared for Marilyn in a way that couldn't have been bettered by any millionaire whose name you'd find in the social register.

There was one very religious family (Marilyn herself turned to Christian Science) that loved her dearly, but had to give her up because they just couldn't afford another mouth to feed. Still, the mother of the family was invited to her wedding at Marilyn's insistence. A docile and subdued little person, her pride and devotion cast a glow of warmth over the whole event.

Then there was another family. They were maladjusted to life. They drank a good deal, and Marilyn prayed for them. She was only about seven years old at the time, and told me that her only dolls were empty whiskey bottles. "Day after day," she said, "I'd dress the 'dead soldiers' in little wisps of cloth and call them 'my babies.' And when I grew up, I could understand one thing a lot of parents couldn't. They'd give beautiful dolls to their children who in turn would ignore them and play with little beaten up characters made of rubber with the painted eyes gone. To me, those whiskey bottles were real dolls, and I think that most parents should pay more attention to what's in a child's mind than they do to the pretty things they can buy to influence that mind."

It happened when George Oppenheimer was writing the screen play for a Joan Crawford movie which was directed by Vincent Sherman. George and Sherman didn't get along well and the director rewrote the script on the set. After the picture came out—and it wasn't a hit—Oppenheimer always referred to it as "Sherman's march through George."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

I am certain that people laugh, today, when they read what some reporter has to say about Marilyn's intelligence. I don't. She learned about life and psychology in the school that has produced not only our greatest actors, but our statesmen and educators as well. That was a hard school, and let's face it, the forbidden question of sex comes to girls at a much earlier age than most parents will admit. Girls who come from the wealthiest and finest of families suffer from want of understanding in this respect. Marilyn didn't. Her mother, born under an ill-fated star, was unable to give Marilyn the constant companionship she needed, but she did give her a great love, and it was returned by her daughter. Unfortunately, her mother's illness prevented her from giving Marilyn all the attention she needed at this age, but other women gave Marilyn her attitude and intelligence toward the opposite sex with the result that she was a thoroughly "good girl."

That's why, today, you'll find hardboiled reporters speaking with such utter amazement about Marilyn's fine qualities. She may look like the greatest movie siren since Jean Harlow, but, like Jean, this is all window dressing. I've never known a man who really got to know Marilyn who didn't look at her with as much respect as they would accord to their own sisters.

I am not an expert writer. If I were, I might try to break your heart with the account of the occasions on which, driving with Marilyn through Hollywood to our place in the country, she'd point out a beautiful white house high in the hills. "I lived there once," she'd say, "before mother was ill. It was beautiful. The most wonderful furniture you can imagine. A baby grand piano, and a room of my own. It all seems like a dream."

No wonder her memory clung to those days, for despite the kindness of the people with whom she lived, Marilyn's beauty could readily have turned her into a tough, cynical teen-ager. For instance, at one time there was a young smart alec about 16 years of age who habitually hung around a certain corner which she had to pass on her way home from school. He took great delight in making obviously obscene remarks. When she could stand it no longer, Marilyn told an older companion what was happening. The next time she crossed this street, her friend followed a few yards behind her. The boy began to annoy Marilyn, and in an instant her friend grabbed him, slapped him soundly and called for the police. A store-keeper came out and testified to the fact that the boy was lying in his claims of innocence. The fellow was let go with a stern warning.

In spite of the problems of moving from family to family and school to school, she was a good student, a gracious and decent girl. My mother and I sensed this, in the way that women will, which is why we were proud when she began to go with Jim. And believe me, if she hadn't been a fine girl, we'd have done everything we could to break up the romance, because Jim—

Well, let me tell you about him. From the time Jim Dougherty, bless his fiery Irish heart, was a small boy, he loved music and could fight his way through a whole school of tough kids. At Van Nuys elementary school he took up the violin and played in the orchestra. When he was 12 he joined two Mexican boys—twin brothers—in a hill-billy band. On Saturdays, they paraded thru town on a load of hay drawn by two donkeys, sawing out music and picking up two dollars apiece from their sponsors, the Wray Brothers Ford Company.

Later, at high school, Jim played smashing right tackle on the football team. He was the student body president and had the lead in every school play. One of his friends during school days was a young gas station attendant named Bob Mitchum. And among his leading ladies was the sultry Jane Russell, who received almost no attention at all because audiences were so enthusiastic about Jim's performances. Everything came naturally to Jim. He was a born leader. His music teacher, and Mr. Ingram the drafting teacher, did everything they could to get Jim to go to Santa Barbara college and become a teacher, and everyone predicted a brilliant career for the boy.

But not a bit of this adulation went to Jim's head. He liked to do things the hard way. In the summer he earned his own clothes by cleaning stables at a riding academy, mowing lawns and lighting the red lanterns over street repairs. He worked in the mortuary in Van Nuys. All

he lacked was the ambition to stand in the spotlight.

When he proposed to Marilyn, none of us knew about it until they returned with the ring. Jim was 21 at the time, and Marilyn not quite 16.

"Do you know what?" he said to me in amazement. "She wouldn't take the engagement ring I'd picked out. She said it was much too expensive, so we picked out a smaller set." I've never seen a happier girl after the engagement announcement.

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Most of the afternoon, during lulls in the hilarity, Jim strummed the guitar and sang "I Love You Truly" and "Always" to Marilyn, who was unusually pensive that day. Her only contribution to the fun was a quiet smile of pride—and six lemon pies. (They were dreams, and I never did get the recipe, which she learned from her mother.)

I recall that it was Aunt Anna (with whom Marilyn lived for some time) who had the wedding dress made. It was a lovely thing of eyelet embroidered organdy, and while a group of us were looking at it, someone brought up the question of who would give the reception after the wedding. Marilyn spoke up promptly and said, "The bride's parents are supposed to take care of that!"

"I know dear," one of the catty feminine neighbors said, "but you have no parents." I'll never forget the look of sadness Marilyn gave me. And I still detest the thought of that offending woman.

To this day I can close my eyes and see the wedding as though it were a part of last night's movie. Marilyn was the most gorgeous bride I've ever seen. The wedding was held in a lovely home of family friends on Bronson Avenue in Westwood. Their twin daughters were the ribbon-stretchers and my son, Westy, age eight, was the ring bearer, proudly carrying the wedding rings on a satin pillow. (Today he is at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, awaiting embarkation for overseas duty.)

Everyone seemed to be weeping as the "I do's" were said, except the bride and groom. As they kissed, Mrs. Anderson, who had kept Marilyn for awhile, exclaimed, "That's my baby! That's my baby!" I know that Marilyn was saddened because her own mother couldn't be present, but on that happy day she had a half-dozen mothers!

Then, after the moment of ecstasy, the fun started. My older brother, Marion, who never could resist a practical joke said that it would be a shame to deprive the public of a chance to see such a beautiful creature. (He didn't know how prophetic his words were.) And as a result, after the wedding pictures were taken, Marilyn was kidnapped!

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One day Marilyn asked, "Elyda, do you have to go through all this when you have a baby?"

I replied, "Yes, honey, you have to. If you want your own child you must bear it."

Without hesitation she declared, "Well then, if you do, you do. I certainly want to be the mother I was intended to be!"

On the evening of October 6, 1942, at six P.M., Marilyn left and made me promise to call her if anything happened. Denny was born the next morning at three, and when Jim and Marilyn arrived at seven, my new sister-in-law had a wee, pink and sprawling mite of humanity on her hands. She'd never handled a baby before, but her confusion soon changed. She took over exactly as though she'd been a trained nurse.

For almost a year, young Mrs. Dougherty was the happiest bride alive. Then, abruptly, Jim came home one night with the news that his draft status had changed and he had enlisted in the Maritime Service. They were separated briefly when he went to boot camp, but within a month he was back home with the news that he would be stationed at Catalina Island as an athletic instructor, and that, being a married man, a furnished apartment went with the job.

Now they were deliriously happy, for they could have their honeymoon, and Uncle Sam would pay for it!

While Jim was sweating it out with the new recruits, Marilyn did the shopping and cooking. In the evening, they danced with friends to the tunes from a new record player. And Marilyn, daytimes, seldom ventured on the beach. It was a re-occurrence of the trouble she'd had since early in her teens. She was just too beautiful. As one friend put it, "She can't help it that men's wives look at her and get so jealous they want to throw rocks!"

All this time Marilyn's constant companion was Muggsy, a mutt collie dog. She spent hours bathing him, grooming him, teaching him tricks. For those four delightful months they were inseparable when Jim was not home. (I mention this because old Muggsy played an important part in what happened later in their lives—and almost saved their marriage.)

Then came the day that Jim had to ship out. That weekend, Marilyn came to visit me. She'd no sooner stepped out of her car than a man, passing slowly in a convertible whistled at her and yelled, "Some shape!" Marilyn turned and yelled at him, "Move on, old man—go pick on somebody nearer your own age." And as she came up the walk, her eyes were filled with fury. That night we had a family conference and Marilyn tearfully urged mother, who was then working as company nurse at Radio Plane, makers of target planes for Air Corps gunnery practice, to help her get a job. Like many other young wives, she couldn't bear the thought of the endless lonely hours of inactivity. She couldn't find words of her own to explain to Jim, so in one of the first of her daily letters to him she simply copied the words of the song, "I Walk Alone." . . .

And Marilyn meant every word of it. More than one man at Radio Plane wanted to date her. Even in cover-alls she was lusciously feminine. But before long the word got around that Marilyn was walking alone—for keeps—until her man got home. All she thought of was working and making money to save for Jim and their future together.

I remember Mom bawling her out for working in the paint shop. "Honey," she said, "you'll ruin your beautiful hair—and all those fumes—it's just not good for your health."

But Marilyn persisted, even though she came home looking a wreck, until Mom finally settled the matter by going quietly to an official of the company, who arranged a transfer.

Marilyn never hinted that she knew what had happened, but the first thing we knew, she announced that she'd taken a modeling job. I asked her whether she'd told Jim about this. She replied simply, "Of course. I tell Jim everything."

About this time Radio Plane was planning the first company picnic, and the girl who sold the most tickets was to be crowned queen of the event. Marilyn was too preoccupied to enter into the event, but the men in her department took over, and she was elected hands down.

I'll never forget the day. When the ceremony of crowning the queen was over, Marilyn was so thrilled and touched at what her co-workers had done for her that she broke down and cried. Then, recovering her composure, she relaxed her almost chilly attitude toward the men with

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For almost a year, young Mrs. Dougherty was the happiest bride alive. Then, abruptly, Jim came home one night with the news that his draft status had changed and he had enlisted in the Maritime Service. They were separated briefly when he went to boot camp, but within a month he was back home with the news that he would be stationed at Catalina Island as an athletic instructor, and that, being a married man, a furnished apartment went with the job.

Now they were deliriously happy, for they could have their honeymoon, and Uncle Sam would pay for it!

While Jim was sweating it out with the new recruits, Marilyn did the shopping and cooking. In the evening, they danced with friends to the tunes from a new record player. And Marilyn, daytimes, seldom ventured on the beach. It was a re-occurrence of the trouble she'd had since early in her teens. She was just too beautiful. As one friend put it, "She can't help it that men's wives look at her and get so jealous they want to throw rocks!"

All this time Marilyn's constant companion was Muggsy, a mutt collie dog. She spent hours bathing him, grooming him, teaching him tricks. For those four delightful months they were inseparable when Jim was not home. (I mention this because old Muggsy played an important part in what happened later in their lives—and almost saved their marriage.)

Then came the day that Jim had to ship out. That weekend, Marilyn came to visit me. She'd no sooner stepped out of her car than a man, passing slowly in a convertible whistled at her and yelled, "Some shape!" Marilyn turned and yelled at him, "Move on, old man—go pick on somebody nearer your own age." And as she came up the walk, her eyes were filled with fury. That night we had a family conference and Marilyn tearfully urged mother, who was then working as company nurse at Radio Plane, makers of target planes for Air Corps gunnery practice, to help her get a job. Like many other young wives, she couldn't bear the thought of the endless lonely hours of inactivity. She couldn't find words of her own to explain to Jim, so in one of the first of her daily letters to him she simply copied the words of the song, "I Walk Alone." . . .

And Marilyn meant every word of it. More than one man at Radio Plane wanted to date her. Even in cover-alls she was lusciously feminine. But before long the word got around that Marilyn was walking alone—for keeps—until her man got home. All she thought of was working and making money to save for Jim and their future together.

I remember Mom bawling her out for working in the paint shop. "Honey," she said, "you'll ruin your beautiful hair—and all those fumes—it's just not good for your health."

But Marilyn persisted, even though she came home looking a wreck, until Mom finally settled the matter by going quietly to an official of the company, who arranged a transfer.

Marilyn never hinted that she knew what had happened, but the first thing we knew, she announced that she'd taken a modeling job. I asked her whether she'd told Jim about this. She replied simply, "Of course. I tell Jim everything."

About this time Radio Plane was planning the first company picnic, and the girl who sold the most tickets was to be crowned queen of the event. Marilyn was too preoccupied to enter into the event, but the men in her department took over, and she was elected hands down.

I'll never forget the day. When the ceremony of crowning the queen was over, Marilyn was so thrilled and touched at what her co-workers had done for her that she broke down and cried. Then, recovering her composure, she relaxed her almost chilly attitude toward the men with

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whom she'd been working and danced with every one of them.

"Gosh," a fellow named Bill exclaimed to me, after he'd been cut out, "what a girl!"

"I know," I replied. "Isn't it too bad she's married?"

"Yeah," he grinned ruefully. "All she talks about is 'wait until Jim gets home!'"

And when Jim did come home, Marilyn promptly introduced him to the whole gang at the next company dance. She made the complete rounds. "Joe, this is my husband, Jimmie." Then she'd stand there, completely lost in silent adoration of her man. After awhile, this routine began to embarrass Jim. He said to her, "Honey, after you introduce me, for Pete's sake start a conversation or something. Just don't stand there looking at me with those big eyes. People just don't understand!"

In those highly emotional days many hearts were broken. Service men came home to find their wives and sweethearts no longer belonged to them. When I read somewhere, a few months ago, that Marilyn had sent Jim a "Dear John" letter while he was overseas, I was furious. Marilyn never wrote such a letter, then.

Today, Jim has remarried. He has a lovely wife, three children, and is completely happy again, but his marriage to Marilyn did not crack up through jealousy and lack of faith to each other during war time.

NATURALLY, Marilyn was aware that other wives and sweethearts dated while their men were away, but she never did. Furthermore, she never gossiped about these situations, nor would she listen to gossip. Her whole life was wrapped up in her love for her husband.

The trouble that was brewing between them was a long way from the surface. When Jim came home, they had their own secret places to go together. Marilyn was lost to all her friends until Jim shipped out again. They were so completely happy that they didn't need anybody else.

The rest of the world, however, was beginning to need Marilyn. From the publicity that came from her being crowned Radio Plane Queen, more and more modeling jobs were forthcoming. Most of the time she could do these while Jim was away, but on one occasion Marilyn had some pictures to do at a turkey ranch. Jim went along and busied himself elsewhere while she was working. On the way home he kidded her about feeling like being married to a movie star.

Marilyn was very subdued when they came back to the house and went immediately to her room and closed the door. None of us thought anything about it at the time, until my son, Westy, rushed downstairs exclaiming, "Uncle Jim—Uncle Jim—Auntie is upstairs crying!"

Jim took the stairs two at a time. When he finally managed to calm Marilyn down he found out the reason for her hysteria. She had lost her engagement ring at the ranch and was completely heartbroken. This, and Jim's kidding had been too much.

Yet, in that quiet way she has, the tears were soon gone. Being a Christian Scientist, Marilyn firmly believed that they would find the ring. Imagine being certain you could locate such a tiny thing as a diamond in a field of several thousand turkeys. We all tried to convince her it was a lost cause, looking for the ring that might by this time be nestled in the tummy of a fat bird on the way to the butcher's, but she was determined.

The next day they went back to the ranch. They retraced every step Marilyn could remember they had taken, and believe it or not, came home with the ring.

Every time Jim shipped out, Marilyn went through a period of desperate loneliness. She and Mother became the closest of companions, going to the beaches and the movies together as she talked of her future plans. She was satisfied enough with the $40 salary, but as she said, "I don't want to work in the 'dope room' forever. (This was the room in which lacquer was applied to wings.) Jim will have to decide what he's going to do when the war is over, and if we're lucky, we'll have enough saved so we can have our own home and he can take plenty of time to choose the line of work that will really make him happy."

If memory serves me correctly, Mother told me about this the day before Marilyn was nearly killed in an accident. "I just love that girl," she said. "I never knew anyone more unselfish, but she is so lost in her own world that she frightens me."

The words could have been interpreted to have been a premonition, for the next evening I had a phone call. Marilyn was laughing, but there was an edge to her voice as though she was on the verge of tears. She'd been driving home from a modeling job in the little Ford V-8 she and Jim owned at the time. "I guess I must have been dreaming again," she said, "because I drove head-on into a street car. You should see our poor car. It's completely demolished!"

"But what about you?" I asked anxiously. "Are you all right?"

"Sure, honey," she replied. "All I have is a small bump on the head. I guess it's a miracle that I'm alive."

This was shortly before Christmas. Jim came home on leave, the war was almost

Jack Palance wore a built-up nose to look more romantic in *Sudden Fear* with Joan Crawford.

over, and they were all set for a wonderful holiday. Then Marilyn had a call from the model agency—a nice-paying job up in the mountains for some pictures to be taken in the snow. Jim wanted her to cancel out so the family could all be together on Christmas Day. Marilyn pointed out that if she refused to go, she'd not only lose this job, but others. It was a part of what you had to put up with in the modeling profession. Anyway, he could come along with her.

You know how it is with a man, sometimes. They didn't really need the money. He felt, and not without reason, that he'd look and feel silly tracking along after her, but Marilyn couldn't see it that way. Stubbornly, they argued, until Marilyn stormed out of the house.

That was the most miserable Christmas either of them had ever spent.

Now the rift between them began to widen. With the war over and Jim home to stay, the differences which seemed small in view of their love for each other began to grow to terrible proportions. Before any of us realized what was happening, they had separated. I like to think, sometimes, that if the war had not intervened, Jim might have gone on to become an outstanding actor, and Marilyn, his wife, could then have pursued the same profession. But then, that's just a sentimental sister, dreaming.

FROM the time of Marilyn's first movie offer, the die was cast. His ultimatum was that she had to choose him or Hollywood.

Marilyn was heartsick. "I love Jimmie so much," she told Mom, "but I just can't understand his attitude."

Mother advised Marilyn to do as she thought best, and no matter what she did, she would still be loved and understood by the family, who would always stick by her.

The divorce came in the fall of 1946. Marilyn went to Las Vegas, and when she returned we saw and heard very little of her. I know why. She blamed a great deal of the trouble on herself.

Jim was temporarily living at home the night the telephone rang. It was Marilyn. She was crying so hard I couldn't find out what the trouble was. She wanted to talk to Jim. A moment later, he rushed out of the house and I said a little prayer that this might mean reconciliation. No woman frantically calls a man she has just divorced unless she needs him, terribly.

The next day I learned that Muggsy, their ancient and lovable collie, was dead.

That moment when they faced each other in common grief over the death of their pet, the floodgates of emotion must have opened wide again to review for them their first pledge to love each other forever. But, if she cried her heart out in Jim's arms and asked him to come back to her, and he refused, I'll never know.

For when Jim returned home he never mentioned what had happened and, knowing him I wouldn't have dared to ask.

ALL this happened a little more than six years ago. For Jim's part, he found what he was looking for. He fell in love again. He found the type of work he wanted. It may be hard for Hollywood to understand the fact that he became a policeman and a darned good one. That he is happy as a public servant, and one of the best, is true. That he is a good father to the three children he loves so well, everyone knows. As his sister I can say that I am more than ordinarily proud of him.

You see, it is possible for a man and a woman to find new happiness after a first great love has failed. There is no reflection to be cast on either of these young people—Jim or Marilyn—for if any couple should penalize themselves with mental suffering for years after a marriage failure they wouldn't be normal human beings.

Marilyn and Jim, today, are young people to be proud of, even though they walk in widely separate paths—paths which have crossed only once to my knowledge since the final separation. That was on the day Jim was assigned to a studio lot where Marilyn was playing a bit part.

During the afternoon, Marilyn passed by and was surprised to see him there. They talked cheerfully for a few moments. Then Marilyn left to go back to the set. And as she did, a worker stared at "Miss Monroe" in her abbreviated costume. Like the nasty little boy way back in the days of her childhood, the fellow made a smutty remark. He must have been the most frightened man of the hour, because he was suddenly jerked off his feet in Jim's strong hands.

"Listen, you," policeman Jim Dougherty growled, "watch your language!"

"Take it easy, officer," the terrified guy gasped, "I didn't mean anything. Besides what's it to you?"

"Nothing," Jim snapped. "Except you'd better learn never to make cracks like that to a lady. And that girl's a lady—I was married to her for four years, and I know!"

That's the whole story. Perhaps if you told it to a movie producer he'd say it's too improbable to be good as a picture plot. But, no matter who she may marry—Joe DiMaggio or a man she may meet tomorrow, Marilyn Monroe has lived through as great a romantic drama as she will ever star in.

As for me, her ex-sister-in-law, Elyce Nelson of Anaheim, California, a plain housewife who never tried to write anything before—much less a screen play—I call the story, "Her One True Love." THE END

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Niagara.)

"we're not mad at anybody"

(*Continued from page 49*) draw from it some conclusions, to wit:

That Jean Simmons is a girl who packs some surprises.

That she is a lady of spunk and spirit.

That she can take care of herself.

That she's intimidated by no man. Check—and that includes her husband.

All this, of course, is contrary to a fairy tale cherished by a town which specializes in such, going something like this: Demure Jean Simmons is a beautiful damsel in distress, held in durance vile by a tyrannical ogre named Stewart Granger in a sort of Bluebeard's Castle high in the Bel-Air hills. Throughout the past two years a great many things have conspired to kick this fascinating fable along. But maybe right now is as good a time as any to kick it straight out the door.

Stewart Granger is no ogre, but a most attractive and fascinating man, deeply in love with his wife who, in her way, runs him as much as he runs her. Their house is no Bluebeard's Castle, but a beautiful Italian-style villa, too big for two, so they've moved to a smaller one. As for Jean Simmons, she is indeed a beautiful damsel, but not necessarily demure and certainly in no distress. She's crazy about her husband and, at long last, about her Hollywood career. In fact, Jack Dempsey had something there about those misdirected boxing gloves. Until lately the big punch in the Granger family has been swashbuckling Stewart while Jean, due to a protracted series of studio hassles, has remained under wraps without one released picture to her name. But 1953 is her year, and she's coming out slugging.

Jean shook herself loose as of last May 10. From then until August 15, working nights, Sundays and holidays, she established an all-time Hollywood record for marathon movie making. Jean finished three pictures in as many months. She collapsed from sheer exhaustion in the middle. But after 16 hours' sleep, bounced right back to work. As a result. *Beautiful But Dangerous, The Murder,* and *Breakup* are set to come at you—one, two, three—not to mention *Androcles And The Lion,* which she started two years ago February. And, if like most of the American public, you are still prone to picture Jean Simmons as a fragile Ophelia with weeping willow leaves in her hair, you're due for some surprises. You'll see her as a gay comedienne, psychopathic killer, and sophisticated glamor gal. In *Androcles* she plays the classic Shaw comedy so sexily that her leading man, Vic Mature, was moved to blurt one day as she strolled on the set in a gossamer gown, "Here comes the Barbara Payton of the Old Vic!"

It is true that Jean has handled both Shakespeare and Shaw with the greatest of ease before she'd turned 20, and collected four international film awards in the process. But she has also acquired a delightfully sexy face and figure, and a warm personality full of nerve and good sportsmanship.

Starting *Beautiful But Dangerous* for instance, Jean spent all one chill day being thrown into the icy mountain waters of the San Gabriel River. Beginning *The Murder,* she got her face slapped by Bob Mitchum's big paw all morning, and afternoon, for a bruised jaw but no complaints. And pushing off on *Breakup* she tumbled backwards from a ladder—the toughest stunt of all movie falls—scorning a double. It's a small wonder that when Jean departed from RKO a few weeks ago a hard bitten crew trio named "Army," "Sarge" and "Neal" sniffled like babies to see her go, thereby earning the tag of "The Mildew

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Sisters." But the tribute they paid Jean Simmons was even more sharp. "There hasn't been a gal like her around here," they swore, "since Carole Lombard." As any studio worker knows, that's the supreme compliment in Hollywood.

OF course, once a Hollywood star or pair of stars gets stuck with a legend any happenstance within sight or sound can be twisted to fan it along. It's been the Grangers' bad luck that since their wedding day, and even before, misinterpreted situations and events have unreeled to picture Jean Simmons as a pretty innocent, tragically abused.

One morning, for example, when Jean Simmons showed for work her eyes were red and puffy, obviously from weeping. The same morning her leading man had a difficult scene to make and asked for a closed set. Closed set, puffed eyes—the gossips caught that quick. That evening the Grangers read, to their surprise: "Jean Simmons was so upset from a battle with her husband the night before that she cried all day throughout her scenes." That she had. But crying scenes happened to be her job—both that day and the day before, and Jean is not the kind of actress who weeps glycerin tears.

There was the time after Jean's last birthday when Stewart bought her a small silver-gray Jaguar roadster and then, because she hadn't driven in Los Angeles' murderous traffic, he stuck at the wheel himself until Jean got her confidence. That rang out the news that: "Jean Simmons smashed up Stewart Granger's car and now he won't let her drive hers." Actually, Stewart sold his car to buy Jean's. It wasn't smashed by his wife or anyone.

If they go to Mocambo, don't hold hands, don't kiss, don't snuggle in a dance—which they'd never do in public—then: "The Stewart Grangers looked unhappy and sullen." Or when they enter LaRue and Stewart steers his wife to a table with a pat on the back, it's: "Stewart Granger spanked his wife in public." The night at Charles Vidor's party for Aly Khan, when Jean danced with Rita's prince for a long time, it was reported that: "Stewart Granger watched jealously every move they made." Jean's husband watched, it's true, but it wasn't jealousy, just pure fascination and as far as he could see there weren't many moves. "I can't understand," he told her later, "how you can dance that long and still not cover more than two yards of floor-space!"

Even as personal and sentimental a pledge as an engagement ring was good for headlines with the Grangers. Stewart gave Jean her enormous diamond in New York where she was appearing with *Trio*. When she sailed back to England, customs impounded it; that is, unless she wanted to pay a fabulous duty. Nothing could be more normal for a foreign bought bauble brought to any land—but the way the reports read you'd have thought Stewart was trying to smuggle in gems on his fiancée's fingers.

The child bride-aging Lochinvar stories are just as silly. It is perfectly true that Jean Simmons met Stewart Granger when she was a tender 16. But at that age she was already pretty mature. She had already been acting for two years, been in ballet school before that, and had lived through the big London blitz to boot. She didn't marry Granger until four years later, during which time they carried on a courtship which was fully approved by both families. Girls get married at 20 and earlier everyday in America. And, while an age-gap of 15 years between marriage partners is not ideal, things often work out very well—as they have with the Grangers, and incidentally with their best friends, Michael Wilding and Elizabeth Taylor.

Their wedding in Tucson, Arizona, two years ago this December, was intriguingly hush-hush—but again through no fault of Stewart or Jean's. That was arranged by Howard Hughes, then dickering for Jean's contract. It was his idea to waft them mysteriously to that desert city away from the prying press. They were dropped down in a city they'd never seen, and rolled up to a strange house whose owner they never met. Everything was there—flowers, champagne, preacher and witnesses—but the only person either member of the wedding knew was best man Michael Wilding who'd flown out from New York in response to their urgent telegram. After those bewildering nuptials, Stewart and Jean spent their brief honeymoon at an Arizona inn where a bodyguard patrolled to keep reporters and photographers at a distance. Such secrecy, of course, only launched a lot of dreamed-up yarns, and started the cloak-and-dagger legends of the Grangers' married life, wherein pale little flower-like Jean was trampled under Stewart's heavy boot.

The truth is, Jean Simmons is one of the most deceptive dolls in Hollywood. Although daintily molded, she cuts the water like a fish, bats a whistling tennis ball, water skiis, and could dance all night. Her sporting blood comes naturally because her father was a physical education teacher, and she started ballet lessons as a kid of 12. Nothing pale or pallid suits her in any department. Two oil portraits of her by the French artist, Domergue, hang on Stewart Granger's bedroom walls today. They were painted simultaneously and they show two completely defferent women. One is a mature, sophisticated actress; the other a tousle-headed girl with an elfin face and mischievous, laughing eyes. Both are packed with color and both are Jean Simmons, at times. But the impish girl is the Jean that Stewart Granger knows best, loves, lives with and looks after.

Once, before they were married, Stewart snagged a couple of tickets for a play-off game between the Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, and proudly told Jean he would take her to the very special contest. "You'll see Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams," he bragged.

"Oh?" she cooled him down. "I met Joe DiMaggio last night and Ted Williams—he's the quiet chap who reminds me of Gary Cooper, isn't he? They gave me tickets and both promised to hit home runs for me today." Which they did—Joe hit one and Ted two—while Stewart watched crestfallen, his thunder stolen.

The Grangers have been diamond fans ever since, and one of Jean's prized possessions is a baseball which Leo Durocher had the Giant team autograph for her. They seldom miss a game when the Hollywood team plays at home, screaming in overplayed British, "Oh, jolly good show—well played, topping, I say!" when their team makes a score, and, "Rum go! Hard Cheese!" etc., when the ump calls one foggy. They're ringside regulars too at the Hollywood Legion fights, where Jean sometimes slips down in her seat if the blood starts to fly, but usually yells as loud as her old man. The only thing she can't take is bull fighting. Down in Tiajuana, Mexico, to see Aruzza not long ago, Jean had to desert the ring when the matadors yanked out their swords.

BUT everywhere else a shrinking violet portrait of Mrs. Granger obviously doesn't suit her true style any more than the likeness of a truculent ogre becomes Mr. G. In fact, behind the innocent facade of Jean's round little face lurks a high humor and a ready wit which is sometimes cutting.

A while back, RKO's publicity chief called. "So and so," he informed her, naming a powerful columnist, "is calling from New York. She has a story that you're pregnant. Are you?"

"No," answered Jean.

"Anything to say?" he pressed.

"No," she repeated. "Oh, yes I do. I'm not pregnant but my poodle, Bess, is. Just tell her she's got the wrong pup." Only she didn't say "pup."

That's exactly the kind of thing Stewart Granger himself comes up with, when the ridiculous humor of a situation strikes him. You ask either of the Grangers a silly question—and you get a silly answer, no matter who you are.

Stewart Granger is a Scot who, in many ways, is as surprising and contradictory as his wife, Jean Simmons. He is not tactful. He is somewhat of a ham. He is hard-headed enough to argue a script or a scene with a producer or director when he thinks he's right, but there's yet to be a director or producer who calls him poison. He can drive a good business deal.

But Stewart is also an impractical romantic with a lusty hunger for life and adventure, a blithe spirit, an indestructible sense of humor and—believe it or not—a great tenderness. Physically, he is strong, six-three and all muscle; probably, by all male standards, the most handsome creature in Hollywood. Frankly, he is more handsome a man than Jean is a beautiful woman, which is really beside the point, since there is nothing on Granger's record to show he ever operated as a lady killer. In fact, one typically Hollywood item his needlers have been forced to pass up is this: Stewart Granger has never looked romantically at another woman besides Jean Simmons since he married her.

On the contrary, seeking he-man thrills has been and still is Stewart's prime hobby. He's the kind of character whose idea of a jolly good time is drilling a charging rhino at 30 paces, or sailing a boat in a tempest. In his hobbies he has exhibited little caution either as to his personal safety or the money they cost. He's had a country estate in England, "Watchers," where he raised horses and kept nine servants (which incidentally cost him less than a couple does in Hollywood). He's owned a yacht and he's made safaris in Africa—none of which are picayune projects. As a result, he's cheerfully used up all the money he's made seeking the good things of life. His money still runs through his fingers in the same dedicated chase. Although between them Jean and Stewart earn a small fortune each week when they work, he still refers happily to himself as "that broke actor from London"—but without a

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regret. A guy like that is seldom narrow or mean.

Jean Simmons, as a close friend says, worships Stewart. But their relationship, instead of being austere, is easy, humorous and bantering, in which Stewart delights to play an indulgent big brother role, and Jean a sort of callow kid sister. "If I call her 'Jean' or 'Darling,'" he's said, "you can be sure that I'm pretty sore at her. If it's 'you impossible little brat' we're having a wonderful time." "Pot-faced" days, as Stewart calls them, come along for the Grangers, of course, as with another pair who feel strongly about each other and therefore don't agree on everything. "After all," Jean will tell you, "we feel that marriage is two of the hardest parts ever played." But Jean plays it according to her natural character which, as another friend states, is that of "lover, not a fighter." Stewart plays his also naturally, as a love-protector; if sometimes he makes mildly like a guardian too, that's also natural with any husband who has lived a few more years than has his wife.

Not long ago Jean lost one of a pair of diamond-and-pearl earrings. A week or so went by before she remembered to report it to Stewart. "Give me the other," he said, "and I'll put in the insurance claim." She looked around. By then she'd lost it too. But if Stewart was exasperated at that girlish carelessness to the point of dealing her a swat on her levis, consider the way he gave the earrings and a few other prettys, including a gold watch, bracelet, etc, last Christmas time.

He'd collected the gifts and hidden them for the usual Chrismas morning surprise. But on the eve of the 23rd, Jean came home from the studio "pot-faced" and miserable because of the confused state of affairs in her contract mixup. Stewart thought of the surprise up in his drawer and didn't wait for dates. He trotted them out to cure the blues. Then next day had to hustle out and get some more for the 25th.

So if that wicked Mr. Granger sometimes treats his wife like a little girl, it's because he loves her and is perpetually plotting to make her tawny eyes dance. In fact, the only big mistake that can be charged up to Stewart Granger, since he married Jean, was inspired by just such a warm desire. That is the Bel-Air house they've lived in and will soon sell because she doesn't like it, even though Stewart suspects cheerfully he will lose a small fortune in the deal.

Much has been written about the "Granger mansion" and Jean's lonely days in what is usually pictured as a cross between Xanadu and the House of Usher. Actually, the Grangers' Bel-Air house is no larger than the hundreds which surround it—some 12 rooms on two-and-a-half acres. Except for the fact that it could stand an escalator down to the pool, it's a mighty pleasant place.

Stewart bought that rashly (and paid plenty) to surprise and delight his bride. It was all furnished and apple-pie when he carried her in New Year's Eve two years ago. But the surprise didn't work. Jean has never felt the place fitted her or felt at home there. The decor and furnishings weren't hers. The place was too big, needed too many servants who were too hard to keep, and she doesn't like servants anyway. Besides, about the minute they moved in, her career troubles began. So in her mind there's been a private hoodoo connected with the big place, although the dismal picture of Jean Simmons brooding alone there in echoing chambers beside a lonely fire is really overdoing it to a ridiculous degree.

It's true that a few weeks after they moved in "Jimmy," as she calls him, left on location and then flew off to Italy for *The Light Touch,* but at that point Jean was busy preparing for *Androcles And The Lion.* Too, she had as houseguests Peter Bull, Peter Glenville and Glenn Smith, three of Stewart's visiting British buddies, to keep her company, besides the Grangers' circle of Hollywood-settled London pals, Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, James and Pamela Mason, and others. "If you can be lonesome with three handsome young men as houseguests, I have no sympathy," Stewart Granger kidded Jean when he got back. As a matter of fact the houseguests did come in handy. Jean put them all to work cleaning rugs, polishing floors and washing windows for Jimmy's return.

The Grangers' new house is tiny compared to the first one, only two bedrooms, but just what they've always wanted, and they found it by poking around and peeking in windows until the nervous owners were practically forced to sell to get rid of the Grangers whom, by the way, they'd never heard of. And this one both Jean and Stewart like.

It sits atop a small mountain peak at the head of Coldwater Canyon with a circular view overlooking half of Southern California. Built by the famous architect, Byrd, it's a modern ranchhouse with big glass windows for the view and a large enough living room to handle the Augustus John and Matthew Smith paintings, the Tang horses and the Rodin and Epstein sculptures they've collected. Already Stewart has added a round swimming pool and a lanai. It took six months for Stewart to hustle around buying the expensive Robsjohns Gibbings modern furniture, choosing the drapes and such, which Jean, being busy at last, let him handle because he's artistic and loves that sort of thing anyway. "He picks them, I just criticize," she says, but Stewart has a different view. "If Jean doesn't like my selections," he explains, "we compromise. I take them back." Right now, everything's perfectly appointed except the bedrooms. They've got army cots in those.

The new place is even more isolated than the old one and the Grangers will live there—minus the servants—in about the same pleasant manner that they always have. That's casual style, with Stewart in slacks and T-shirt and Jean in blouse and jeans—and both of them usually padding barefooted about the place. Some nights they'll play canasta, read or watch TV and hit the hay early. "Just as dull as we're supposed to be," grins Stewart. Others, they'll roll down the hill in the Jaguar to the movies, some sports event, or to put Jean on a roller coaster at the Ocean Park Pier while Stewart tries to talk her out of just one more ride—she's a fiend for the things. On some week ends Stewart will fly off fishing down in Mexican waters and Jean will do nothing whatever. On others, there'll be pool parties where "The Chums"—almost all the British colony and a few native Hollywooders—will gather in sport clothes while Stewart hustles the barbecue food, because Jean can still barely fry an egg successfully. There'll be very few full dress Hollywood parties, and practically no night clubs if Stewart can help it, although sometimes just to keep Jean happy, he'll shuffle around a floor.

Really, if there's one valid criticism of the Stewart Grangers in Hollywood it's that they stick too close to their British friends. Outside of Sam Zimbalist and Mary Taylor, the Sidney Franklins and scattered others, they have few intimates who don't hail from home. But both Stewart and Jean are far from being snooty. Red Coats looking down their British noses on their colonial cousins. In fact, to both of them America is a dream come true, a fascinating, if often bewildering land of milk and honey which they've just begun to digest. For the London girl who spent much of her youth diving under a billiard table as the buzz-bombs crashed, and who still gets the chills and jingles when she hears a fire siren, who never spied a banana until she was grown up and went to the Fiji Islands to make *Blue Lagoon,* Jean still has to pinch herself occasionally to be sure the abundance around her is real.

The fabulous Farmer's Market is still the Grangers' favorite prowling place. The first time they visited it, right after their marriage, they went a little wild, piled up a cart with butter, eggs, tea, coffee, and things that are still rationed in Britain, even though they were stopping at a hotel then and had to give it all away. Jean still goes on perfume and soap binges, feeling guilty every time, and eats her morning toast dipped in bacon grease, from long austerity habits.

Just the same, it will seem good to return to England for Christmas, a dream the Grangers cherish at present, which may or may not work out. Because *Young Bess,* the picture MGM held for Jean two and a half years, will be shooting right up until about then and they may not have time to shave off Jimmy's beard and still make the plane. That's the first Granger family film duet in Hollywood, and Jean plays the role she's wanted all her life—young Queen Elizabeth, with dyed red hair and all. Stewart's Tom Seymour, who loses his head, both figuratively and literally, over his queen. "I'm the love of her youth, but not her *young* lover," he points out carefully. "Her *old* lover—just as in real life."

So, with her contract squabbles settled at last, her American debut set, doing a movie with the man she loves, living in a thrilling new house, and with other exciting events blossoming around her—such as a pregnant poodle and a red-headed hair-do, life assumes a rosy outlook at last for Jean Simmons in Hollywood. In fact, there's no reason at all why her second wedding anniversary, this December 20, shouldn't be a banner event—if only somebody would sail that tattered Little-Red-Riding-Hood-and-the-Big-Bad-Wolf story into the wastebasket where it belongs.

Both Jean and Stewart Granger have families in England for whom they're very homesick and hundreds of friends, too. And those things, hammered out in Hollywood long enough, get believed back home. Only the other day Stewart's mother wrote asking him, "What's happening to you children over there, anyway? Is something the matter?"

There's nothing the matter. After all, the Grangers have broken no laws, flouted no traditions, landed in no jail, nor got drunk, nor insulted anyone's mother. On the contrary, they've worked hard, made hits, tended to their own knitting, kept out of private scandal. If they are individualistic, free-wheeling, and independent—well, that's what America stands for, isn't it? Stewart Granger, being Scotch and Jean Simmons being English, are not the kind who will ever transmit their deepest feelings to anyone but each other. But I, for one, believe them when they smile, "We're really not mad at anyone—including each other."

So right about now, since all is calm and all is bright for Jean Simmons and her Jimmy, too, perhaps a little peace on earth and good will to the Grangers might be in order around Hollywood. It's that time of the year. END

. . . and everything goes crazy!

(*Continued from page 39*) need any more magazines here."

"N-no," he agreed, hurrying down the hall. "I can see that you won't—"

After the door closed, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis sank back to the floor and howled. Then Tony had an awful thought. "You know, Jan," he said, "we've got to watch ourselves. I'll bet that guy goes right out and tells everyone he meets that Tony Curtis is stark, staring, and out of his mind!"

"Well?" asked his wife, "aren't you?"

Despite his reasonable fears, to date no one has tabbed Tony Curtis for the looney-bin—although the Curtises have been recklessly routed to the divorce courts, lavish apartments and maternity hospitals by various weirdly dreamed up reports. Now after a year-and-a-half's experience as Hollywood's most spotlighted couple, sometimes Tony and Janet are inclined to think a nice, quiet padded cell might be a cozy and peaceful retreat.

"It started off crazy," says Tony, "—this marriage of ours, and it's still that way. But," he adds, "Janet and I are a little crazy, too. Maybe that's why we're still happy though married in Hollywood."

It was just 18 months ago this December that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh jittered nervously around Greenwich, Connecticut, waiting two hours for their nuptial ceremony, because Jerry Lewis had taken a sleeping pill and couldn't wake up in time. Then, after a jet-propelled three-day honeymoon in Manhattan, Tony had to run away on a picture junket with another girl, Piper Laurie. Janet traveled all by her lonesome home to Hollywood where there wasn't a home. When the lovebirds finally located a nest there wasn't anything to feather it with until Marge and Gower Champion came to their rescue with an emergency shower one Sunday afternoon. They grabbed the loot —towels, blankets, pillowcases and sheets —and used them that night when they moved in, whether Emily Post approved of their indelicate haste or not.

Since that hectic start Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis have collected—besides household necessities—a varigated assortment of worldly goods. One .22 rifle, two sets of German electric trains, one model submarine, two sets of golf clubs, four cameras, a brace of fencing foils, pair of boxing gloves, two French painting outfits, a piano, a TV-phonograph combo, two '51 Buicks, a toy French poodle, a king-sized bed and, as Tony puts it, "a very low bank account." They've also assembled a total of nine hit pictures between them—six for Janet and three for Tony—a case of shingles (for Janet) and hives (for Tony). But most memorable of all, and peculiarly precious to the Curtises, are the dizzy days that have piled up in those 550-odd they've lived as man and wife. And they seem to get dizzier and dizzier as time goes by.

Take the other morning, for instance. Janet awoke with the birds, gave a motherly pat to her mate's crinkled noggin dug deep and dreamless in the pillow, stepped out of bed and slipped on her pink chenille robe. Pattering carefully to the door for the morning paper, she pulled it open, gasped, "Oh!" and bounced back in surprise.

A disheveled 15-year-old girl with red-rimmed eyes extended the folded sheet. "Here's your paper, Mrs. Curtis," she said. "Now can I have your autograph, please?"

"What are you d-doing here?" stuttered Janet and then recovered. "It's rather early, don't you think?" she said as she scribbled her name.



"I want your husband's, too," stated the girl.

"Sh-h-h-h-h," cautioned Mrs. C. "My husband's asleep."

After Janet cooked her breakfast, she tip-toed out past the girl who had curled up in the hall and was now fast asleep. Should she go back, wake and warn Tony? No—he liked to sack in, she was late for work at MGM, and the girl would probably soon wake and drift off. A few hours later, a bright and chipper, shaved and showered Tony opened the door. He looked down, and froze.

"A body!" he gasped. With visions of cops, district attorneys, and headlines Tony bent down and looked again. She was breathing, and in her hand was the tell-tale autograph pad. Reassured, he lightly hurdled the sleeping form and was on his way. But that was only the start.

On her way into the studio, Janet encountered a bunch of fans who swarmed over her gushing, "Oh, Janet—we just know you and Tony are going to have the prettiest baby ever. When is it due?"

"What baby?" asked Janet.

They giggled, "Oh, you know."

"I don't know," sighed Janet, just a little sore. "I wish I did."

TONY had his own problems. First, he dropped by a male beauty joint to get himself a permanent wave for this *Houdini* thing. A second blow to his nerves, but he assured himself it was all for art's sake. At the studio they sealed him in a packing box and dropped it into a brimming tank of water. After they dredged him up he wobbled dripping to the phone to call Janet about a family matter. He told her that the low offer they'd made on a bigger apartment had been turned down. He considered that this was just as well because they had expenses enough already.

But on the set of *A Steak For Connie* where Janet lifted the receiver, eager ears heard her explode dramatically, "But Tony—I want to live in luxury! I'm a Hollywood star, aren't I? Think of my public. What's a few thousand dollars? It's only money isn't it?"

And at Paramount's end of the wire Tony cried, "You're so right, darling! Let us live recklessly, expensively, dangerously. I'll write the check even if it bounces." What that conversation really said of course, was, "Okay, let's skip it and stay where we are." But by nightfall one gossip column carried the news that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were "*really* in on the loot these days. They're moving into the swank, expensive Shoreham." Another queried, "Have Tony and Janet at last gone Hollywood?" Before the publicity offices closed, four magazines had put in requests for layouts of the Curtises in their new home!

They got together for dinner that evening at Chasen's and toying over a cocktail waiting for the lamb chops Janet lit a cigarette. "Put out that cigarette!" snarled Tony with his best Svengali leer.

"I'll smoke if I want to!"

"—and drop that drink!"

"You Brute!" hissed Janet.

"D-r-r-r-op it, I say! Sit up straight, fold your hands—and s-m-i-l-e!"

Janet dabbed her eyes tragically. "I've had enough," she breathed hoarsely. "You beast, you fiend! I'm going home to Mother."

Just then the waiter steamed up with the entrée. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis fell happily to their sheep bones after Tony had grinned, "Love me?" and got his laughing reply, "Love you." But when they got home the phone buzzed impatiently.

"Hello, Tony," said a columnist. "I'm printing tomorrow that you and Janet are splitting up. I thought it would be the nice thing to do to let you confirm it."

"Gee, thanks," said Tony, "sweet of you—what? Splitting up? Get outa here!" And slammed down the receiver. "How do you suppose," he asked Janet with a gasp of amazement, "people get crazy impressions like that?"

They finally got to bed, only to be routed out at midnight by a sloppy-joed miss on a scavenger hunt. They gave her a celery stalk. At three A.M. Jerry Lewis called from the east saying he couldn't rouse Patti and was worried. They took care of that and called him back. Things were really very peaceful until about 5:52 when Janet awoke with the house rocking, the china tinkling, the pictures flapping on the wall. She dived for Tony. "Earthquake!" she screamed. He only yawned and mumbled, "Just a settling shock, honey—or maybe just another rumor about the Curtises going round."

THE above saga is a fairly accurate sample of a 24-hour-span in the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis of Hollywood, and if you think it's confused and crazy you're only agreeing with Tony. But when Tony says "crazy" he usually means "wonderful" at the same time. That's how it is with "Tona-la" and "Tzc-a-la", as they call each other when nobody's around. Those are private endearment terms. Another one that influences their lives is "schtick-lok" meaning those crazy bits of business which Tony and Janet swing into at the slightest provocation, or even without it.

The strait-jacket scene was a schtick-lok, and so was the phone talk, and that Svengali scene at Chasens, too. They're seizures of impromptu nonsense that attack Tony and Janet Curtis because both are high humored, volatile characters, because both need a constant escape valve for the steam that their double movie pressured lives build up. The truth is, the Curtises can't resist schtick-loks any more than a kid can pass up candy, although they know that because of them a lot of those crazy marriage rumors which swirl about their heads are nobody's fault but their own.

But behind all the funny business there's a mutually devoted marriage as solid as Gibraltar's rock, although, admittedly not quite as serene. In fact, if you level down sensibly with Tony and Janet on the subject of rumors, and the more general subject of placid domesticity in Hollywood, Tony Curtis will shake his handsome head and grin, "Sure, I'm having trouble with my wife. But," he'll add, "she's having trouble with me, too. And you know why? Because we really love each other!"

If you think that's a cockeyed contradiction, Janet Leigh doesn't. She backs him right up, because neither member of that team has anything to hide. "Of course we have our disagreements and sometimes we have our fights," she'll say. "Who hasn't? I'll tell you who hasn't—people who don't live and love. Couples who don't care enough about each other to work up a real concern. Marriages where there's nothing there to raise a notch of blood pressure on either side of the house. Marriages that are dead and dull. And that's not Tony's and mine!"

It certainly isn't. Around last Valentine's day, for instance, Janet was going through the clothes in Tony's closet, which as anyone knows, is extremely risky business for any wife. But Patti Lewis had asked her to go horseback riding and she wanted a vest. Tony had eight sport vests (he collects them) and pretty soon Janet picked just the right one. As she hauled it out and started to try it on, she felt an object in the pocket. Eve had trouble with curiosity and Mrs. Curtis is one of her daughters. She pulled it out, unwrapped the tissue—and there was a beautiful lady's cigarette lighter engraved on the top, "To My Love."

"H-m-m-m-m," said Janet, puckering her brow. All afternoon she wondered. It was completely unreasonable, of course, but any psychologist will tell you that a normal amount of jealousy is an integral part of love. That night when Tony breezed in he could tell right away something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it is."

Then Janet blurted it out: "Who did you buy that lighter for?"

"What? Why, why—" The guy was stunned. Then light broke and he exploded. "You beautiful, you dumb, you darling, you stupid, you impossible dame! So you've got to snoop through everything I own! And you've got to pick the one safest hiding place in this house—a vest I haven't worn for two years! Who is it for? Three guesses! But just for that you're not gonna get it." She didn't either, not until enough days had passed for Tony to have certain alterations made in the engraving, which testified beyond any doubt that the pretty was for nobody but his wife, Janet Leigh.

THAT'S the kind of sure love symptom a wise story teller named O. Henry could have made something out of. So is what happened in Paris last year, where Tony and Janet celebrated Christmas on their European tour. They had ten wonderful days in Paree poking around for paintings on the Left Bank, sipping vermouths in sidewalk cafes, and exercising Tony's "fractured French" on the taxi drivers. One night, leaving a little Russian restaurant to visit an artist's apartment, they strolled through the old Seine section and in a tiny jeweler's window Tony spied a pair of old gold cufflinks (his weakness) which drove him out of his mind. But the place was closed. Janet made mental notes of landmarks and counted her steps.

Next morning, while Tony snoozed peacefully, she slipped out of the room, hailed a fiacre, jumped out at the landmark and paced off the steps until she arrived at the obscure little shop, haggled and bought the beauties. It was pushing noon before she got back and Tony was pacing the hotel room. He demanded to know just where the blue blazes she'd been.

"Out for a stroll," lied Janet, "getting some air."

"You're out getting air when we've got a million things to do!" blew up her mate. "Christmas shopping and Lord knows what-all. Heaven help me, I have married an idiot!" But Janet didn't mind. She had her secret. Christmas morning when Tony discovered it—well, he could have cut out his tongue.

If Tony and Janet Curtis live to celebrate their Golden Wedding Day they will undoubtedly still encounter mix-ups like those because two deeply devoted, emotional characters like them will never change. But meanwhile the marital adjustments of two attractive opposites go on day by day, settling their union more securely, but with little after-shocks as Tony chuckles, "just like that earthquake."

It's a little hard right now to imagine any girl tossing Tony Curtis out, but as Tony frankly points out, he was far from housebroken to model husbandry when he married Janet Leigh. Nor, he'll also confess, is he yet. But there's progress.

"I was a real Bohemian," he confesses, "just a big, healthy slob doing what I liked. If I got hungry, I ate; if I got sleepy, I slept. If I wanted to get up at four A.M. and go swimming, I went. If I had a buck, I spent it. No rules, no order, nobody else to consider in my habits. That doesn't

work when you're married," he grins. "That's why sometimes we seem a little crazy—even to each other."

That's the truest of talk from Tony Curtis. Because these differences in Janet and Tony stem straight from the contradictory slants you'd get as a free-wheeling, self-reliant tough kid roaming the Bronx —and a small town, Stockton, California, girl with set social patterns of ordered life. On top of that, Tony went through a war in the Navy to make him even more footloose-minded while Janet has undoubtedly accented her yearnings for stability because her first marriage was so unstable and helter skelter. But strangely enough, some of Tony and Janet's other early problems have been actually the same, although what they've reaped from encountering them are two totally different outlooks. Take money, which is an important item in any home. I remember talking that over with them one day.

"It's funny," said Janet thoughtfully, "how not having any money has affected Tony and me in completely different ways. Because I never had any I'm cautious, careful and thirfty about it. I worry about the bank balance. I want to pay my bills by return mail. Mrs. Cash-and-Carry, that's me. I'm Scotch, you know; maybe I'm tight. Anyway, I got in debt from a business venture with my first husband and it took me two years to pay off. That scared me. The other day, I saw a woman working hard at a small job right in this studio. Once, she was a star making $2,500 a week, in the silent movie days too when you coud pile it up and keep it. But she didn't save and now—"

"There you go," shrugged Tony, "a 25-year-old girl thinking like a 55-year-old woman. Now it's different with me. I was brought up to value myself, not a buck. I have no money vices. I don't gamble or throw it away. I hardly ever carry any of the stuff with me. But if I want a new suit and it's a $150 and I want to pay $50 a month to get it, why not? I'm not conscience-stricken. If I get a $30 pair of shoes and I want them, I buy them. I deserve them. I work hard for my money and so does Janet. Why shouldn't she buy that new Adrian dinner gown if she likes it and can use it?"

"Because," Janet answered him, "we can't afford it and I don't have a right to it. We could trade in our cars, too, and get a Cadillac—but we don't rate a Cadillac."

"Why not?" countered Tony, tossing his hands in the air. "Now, I don't need a Cadillac and I don't want one. But if I did there's nothing in the world to keep us from getting one if we can swing it. I'm not afraid of debts, because I'm banking on myself. I owe money now. Owe some to Janet I borrowed when my dad was sick. Owe some more for a $50,000 contract suit I settled for $4,000. But so what? I'm not worried. I'm young and healthy, and so's my gal!"

Actually Tony and Janet Curtis have no real money worries. They make enough, Janet at present more than Tony. They have formidable expenses and responsibilities, both of them, but they're getting along. Actually, too, Tony's no more a spendthrift than Janet's a miser. On a lot of things, in fact, he's closer with a buck than she is. The other day when a model submarine he bought and launched in Jerry Lewis' swimming pool sank to the bottom, Tony was outraged. He wrote the manufacturer demanding his money back or a new sub. It had cost all of $13. As for Janet Leigh's Scotch blood —you should see the watches, rings, cuff-links, tie clasps and things with which she's gifted the man she loves.

There is still no predicting events at "the Boarding House" it's true, but as Tony says, "we're simmering down slowly to a rational life," and Janet sighs, "at least we have meals to eat at specified hours and a maid to cook them." In fact, since starting *Houdini* together, with the same working hours, they feel like solid, respectable citizens.

There are still six keys out to their apartment. "All of them to men, not one girl, darn it," Tony complains. Among the men are Jerry Lewis, Danny Arnold, his funny-business writer, and Jerry Gershwin, the MCA representative who keeps track of The Monster. That pack of clowns, aided and abetted by some others, including one named Curtis, are likely to turn the Curtis menage into a three-ring circus at any hour of the day or night.

Coming home from a movie the other evening, Janet and Tony found Jerry Gershwin and his girl sitting on the floor watching television while Danny Arnold bounced on the sofa acting out some insanity gags he'd dreamed up for Jerry over the phone to New York. "Are we intruding?" inquired Janet politely. "Would we be *awfully* in the way if we came in?"

"Please don't worry your pretty heads about it," they were assured. "You kids are always welcome. We like you. Make yourself at home. Use anything you want."

Janet really adores such mad surprises and the individuals who create them, because she owns an oversized funny-bone herself and is happiest when the zany chums swoop down and charge up the joint. But even when she's there with only Tony, Janet Leigh is conditioned by now to all sorts of rather rugged mo-

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ments as the loving wife of a guy who gets lost in his screen jobs to the point of schizophrenia.

For months after *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and throughout *Son Of Ali Baba,* swords, sabres and scimitars whistled around their small apartment at the risk of life, limb, and the overstuffed pieces. Then Tony turned into a ring punchy making *Flesh And Fury.* He shadow boxed, skipped rope, taped his hands, batted his nose and trotted up and down Wilshire Boulevard doing road work in a pair of gym trunks. Since this *Houdini* business began—with both of them mixed up in the magic—Janet's had so many hoops passed over her body that she feels like a beautiful barrel.

Sometimes Janet thought she'd go off her rocker too if she had to "pick another card," when she's already picked at last forty-million. But the truth is she's really as wrapped up in Tony's interests, career and otherwise, as he is, and if he wants to saw her in half or nail her in a coffin and drop her over Niagara Falls, that's jake with her.

THE real hassles of the Curtis married life are much less spectacular—just the tiny clashes of daily living habits which any married man and maid who have progressed beyond the honeymoon stage will recognize at once.

Janet, for example, is convinced that Tony is undernourished and living off of a diet designed for pellagra.

When she scats away before he does she leaves notes by the breakfast table: "Eat this and eat *all* of it—or don't come home tonight!"

"Man, it's murder!" grumbles Tony, "to Janet a lunch isn't a lunch unless it's at noon; and a dinner isn't a dinner unless it's at seven—no matter how much I eat in between. She likes a farmhand breakfast, I can't eat eggs that early—and so I'm headed for rickets!"

There's the sleeping business—Janet's a six-hour girl, Tony's a 14-hour boy in the hay. Just when he's sinking into a cozy coma, she hears a rooster crow and gets up, soft footing it around but making enough commotion to penetrate his sleepy head. "Sometimes I could heave a shoe at her," Tony will grin, "but I haven't yet. Just maybe a slipper." And there's dancing—it's ecstasy for Janet but Tony doesn't dig the light fantastic on a crowded floor. And movies—Tony likes swashbucklers, fight pictures and murder mysteries; Janet goes for romance. You like coffee and I like tea. Janet's tidy, Tony's not . . .

The other afternoon Tony was reading. "Honey," he called, "can I have a glass of water?"

"Sure," said Janet, and brought him one. He took a sip and set it down, read on a while and reached for the glass. It wasn't there.

"Hey," yelped Curtis, "where's my glass?"

"Why, it's washed and put in the cupboard where it belongs," announced his wife.

"It doesn't belong there when I'm still drinking out of it!" reasoned Tony.

That night he hung up his sport shirt on a chairback by the bed. Next morning he reached his hand over for it. No shirt. "Where's my shirt?" he cried.

"In the laundry, of course," he got back.

Well, he's learning, as all husbands do. He's getting trained. "And I really don't mind," Tony confesses, " 'cause I love her so. Why, I even fill the cigarette lighters now and all kinds of things. Maybe I let a butt linger a minute or two in the ashtrays but honest," he laughs, "once we get our own house Janet won't fuss about little things like that. She'll have so much to do she won't have time to. Right now I let her revel in her household chores, let her get carried away with 'em. If it makes Janet happy—why not?"

Actually, both Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh know they couldn't live at this point without each other. If any doubts about that ever hung around they vanished up in the Rocky Mountains around their first wedding anniversary one day last June.

Janet was making *The Naked Spur* near Durango, Colorado, so Tony, who was free then, traveled there to celebrate the sentimental milestone with his bride. One day, when Janet rolled away with the picture company for some mountain shots, Tony hopped off the bus along the way with his trout rod. They arranged to meet at the same place in the evening, when the company came home.

At dusk she had the driver let her off at the appointed spot saying, "Go on, I'll walk in with Tony." Only after she'd looked around—there wasn't any Tony.

The canyon was silent and the sun was sinking. The shadows stretched and the dark pines whispered. Something slithered in the grass, something moved behind a bush, something howled. Janet was scared.

She clambered down the cliff to the trumbing stream and stumbled along the boulders crying, "Tony! Tony!" She called and called and she got a little hysterical. All kinds of horrible speculations raced through her head.

THEN she finally saw him—a tiny figure in the distance, standing on a rock in the middle of rushing rapids. She got there somehow, wet and dripping, her shins scraped raw from the boulders, but she didn't feel that or care. She climbed frantically up on the rock and, crying and laughing at the same time, grabbed her guy:

"S-h-h-h-h, Jan!" Tony cautioned. "You'll scare him. He's right under this rock!"

"I don't care what's under it," she chattered. "I want what's on it!"

"That's me, all right," admitted her mate, "but I just crawled out from under this rock myself!"

So even in tender moments it's sometimes a little crazy with the Tony Curtises. But it's also pretty wonderful. That's the way it has been for almost two years now, and I suspect that's how it always will be—crazy but with plenty of wonderful love and lovely troubles, too. **END**

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the men in my life

(*Continued from page 47*) to be the type that only a mother could love.

Not that I'm any prize haul myself. I have a temper to go with the color of my hair, and a lot of other faults which I won't enumerate because there isn't that much space. But when people want to know why I haven't found The Man, I can give them a lot of reasons.

The first date I ever had was a crunchy example. I was 11 and so was he, and when I asked Mom if he could take me to a movie she said yes. We were awfully young, but there wasn't any argument about it because our families were very friendly. He and I had gone to Sunday School together ever since we were old enough to know the truth about Santa Claus. It was a real date all right; he called for me and even paid my admission into the theater, but we'd no sooner sat down than he wanted to hold my hand. I thought the whole idea pretty silly—just a year ago we'd been breaking baseball bats over each other's heads—and with all the dignity I could muster, removed both hands from his reach. He managed, however, to get a thumb out of the collection, and held on to it with a death grip for more than two hours.

So you might say that my first date turned out to be a wolf, junior edition, and this type, junior or senior, has pervaded my life for the past ten years. A wolf isn't necessarily such a bad animal, but it's just the way they go about it. My first date, for instance, couldn't leave well enough alone. Two weeks later he invited me to a party, and when I got to his house I was immediately steered to a movie, where I paid my own way. I've always had a sneaking suspicion that it was his way of getting even with me.

THE idea that I liked men came to me pretty early in life. I suppose I imagined myself as sort of a huntress, because in adolescence I regarded every new date as an addition to my trophy room. This trophy room was purely mental, except perhaps for the little book in which these unsuspecting males got themselves recorded. I guess I was about 14 when I bought it and painstakingly inscribed on the first page, "The Men In My Life."

Half the "men" were under 16, and I ran out of pages by the time I reached high school. These were the days when I hadn't yet entered the world of Hollywood, and my dates were almost always my classmates, who in general continued in the same pattern.

There was one I was madly in love with. I used to walk out of my way in order to pass his house on the way to school, and sometimes he joined me. My strategy was particularly necessary because between his house and the school there lived a girl who had also set her cap for him, and I figured a two-block start on her was an outflanking maneuver. After I'd almost given up trying to win his admiration he finally asked me for a date. What happened? He brought his dog along. "Where I go," he said, "my dog goes." This was all right with me—I love dogs—but before the evening was over, Rover had bitten me twice.

Willie was one I didn't have to scheme for. He rode the same bus to junior high school, and he always stood up and gave me his seat and then carried my books for me. He was the perfect gentleman, but he was also fat as a squab and looked as though he might be my kid brother. He probably looks like Anthony Eden now, but then—well, a girl can't get romantic about a tub of lard wrapped up in knickers.

Willie's rival was a lanky, string-bean type of boy who followed me not only around school, but also in my neighborhood, which was far from his home. He never spoke to me, just followed in patient adoration. I felt awfully sorry for him, and one day stopped in my tracks and turned to face him. "Is there something I can do for you?" I said. He turned scarlet and swallowed until his Adam's apple was bobbing up and down like a yo-yo. "Why don't you come over to my house on Sunday afternoon?" I said. "We could play some records." He stammered an acceptance, and on Sunday showed up in a starched collar, his new suit and a pair of bright orange shoes that squeaked dismally when he walked. He didn't walk much; just sat in a straight, high-backed chair, and Mother and I spent two hours trying to draw some conversation out of him and make him feel at ease. It

arlene francis
your star shopper
for december



■ Hi! You certainly don't have to ask "What's My Line?" because one look tells you. It was really wonderful when Modern Screen asked me to help with your Christmas shopping because if there is anything I like better than Christmas, it's Christmas shopping. It always reminds me of the time when I had a little gift shop of my own in New York. I loved finding those small accessories with such charm and individuality, they seemed to say "for someone special." Now that I'm Mrs. Martin Gabel, wife and mother, I resurrect the "Gift Shop" at the Yuletide Season and scout the town for unusual things for my family and friends.

This year on my treasure hunt, I discovered some truly wonderful jewelry and to make the presents even more attractive, I am using some lovely Christmas wrappings and trimmings from Dennisons of New York.

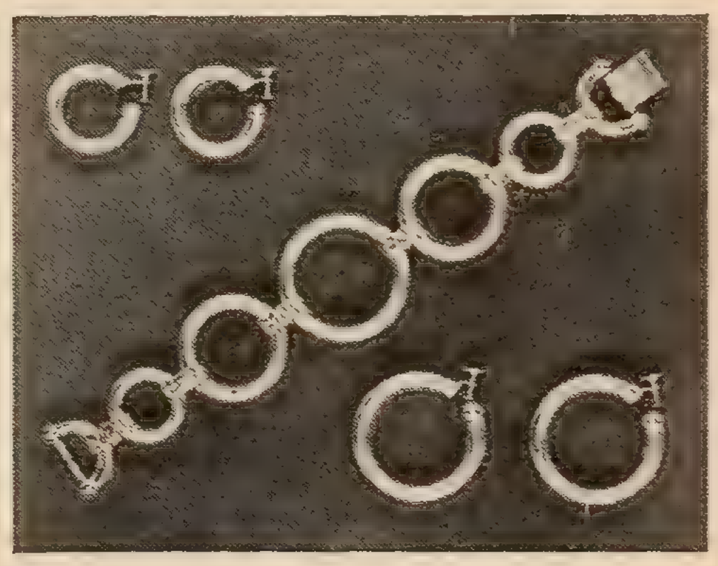
To avoid the last minute hustle and bustle, I started shopping early, combing the town to help you find gifts for your family and friends. Peter became so curious when I arrived home laden with bundles, that hiding them from him was quite a problem. After he was tucked in bed, I gave Martin a "sneak preview" of my booty and he was surprised that such beautiful gifts could be purchased for so little.

I know your friends will be as excited as mine if they should discover one of these charming gifts under their Christmas tree. Just order directly from the store mentioned below each picture—Merry Christmas and happy shopping!

Arlene Francis appears each Sunday night on "What's My Line?" over CBS-TV.



NEW COCKTAIL RING . . . PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! *This triple treat is the most versatile sparkler around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. $3.95 (tax included). Sanlys, Dept. MS-12, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



HOOPS ARE THE RAGE THIS YEAR *and here is an unusual ensemble of bracelet and earrings.—the very latest in costume jewelry from Fifth Avenue. Available in either silvery rhodium finish or gold plate.*

The bracelet is of graduated hoops, $3.60 postpaid—large earrings, $2.50 postpaid—small earrings $2.00 postpaid, matching necklace $7.50; all prices including tax. Order directly from Sanlys, MS-12, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.



RING HIM NOW FOR CHRISTMAS *with the wide sterling silver friendship ring and he'll reciprocate with its stunning, narrower matching twin . . . or surprise him and buy both, each with your own individual initials. In beautiful sterling silver, chased to give a smart link effect. Tiny price includes 3 initials, tax. His ring $3.50. Yours $2.50. Send ring sizes, initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-12, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing 54, N.Y.C.*



CAPTIVATING CHRISTMAS BALL EARRINGS. *You'll be gayer than the tree itself on Christmas morn, all fancied up in these adorable danglers. These ball earrings are miniature copies of actual traditional tree decorations. They're festive and completely fascinating. Choose from four dazzling colors to go with your party pretties—gold, green, aqua, red. Order a pair in each vivid shade, $1.00 pair. World Ideas, Dept. H-1 21-20 33rd Ave., Long Island City 6, N. Y.*



FOR ALL ABSENT-MINDED MEN *(and aren't they all) I think this dapper dachshund is a natural. Made for over-night parking (or even dead storage) my pet Rover has ample room for a ring, watch, keys, coins, bills and a wallet . . . a place for everything that's dumped out of a guy's trouser pockets onto the dresser. In glazed pottery, dachshund color, 6" long from tail to nose. $2.75. Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 620 M Madison Avenue, New York 22.*

didn't work; it was as though I had petrified him.

He was the only male on whom I had such a drastic effect. Most of my dates in Hollywood have taken me out a few times and then either joined the Army or married another girl. It's been more than three years now since I began working in pictures, and still my big moment hasn't shown his face. The selection of men in Hollywood is different only in that they are generally better looking and they drive flashier cars. But underneath, they are quite the same and present the same problem—that of meeting someone you like who returns the compliment.

I've gone out with a lot of men who aren't actors, but among the ones you'd know are Roddy McDowall, Tony Curtis, Vic Damone, Nicky Hilton, Ronnie Reagan, Dick Long, Scott Brady, Dick Anderson, an actor at MGM, and Jerry Paris, a New York actor. There's been Dick Contino and Jerome Courtland and Rock Hudson and Leonard Goldstein, the producer.

The Army took away Dick Long, who's now in Japan, and also Dick Contino and Vic Damone, who's just recently been released. Marriage took Jerome Courtland, Tony Curtis, and Ronnie Reagan. Scott and Rock are both wonderful men and fun to be with, but my dates with them have been mostly on suggestion from the publicity department, at premieres and so forth. Their interests lie elsewhere and there's been no thought of romance.

I still date Dick Anderson and Leonard Goldstein, and since the latter left Universal-International, my studio, I feel a lot easier about dating him because it used to be that every time I got a good role people thought it was because of his influence at the studio. Now when I make any progress there's no longer suspicion.

Some actors have a habit of talking shop from the time they call for a girl until they deliver her on her doorstep, and while I'm interested in the industry and its careers, I'd like a change of subject once in a while. Then there's Bill Thomas, a designer at the studio, and while Bill refrains quite admirably from *his* brand of shop talk, which is clothes, I can't help but get the feeling that he's sizing up and criticizing my clothes.

I won't deny that when I meet a man for the first time I size him up almost unconsciously as potential husband material. I think it's just instinct in every girl, and any female who claims to be above such thoughts is a first-rate fudger. Anyway I start summing them up, and then almost invariably there comes a hitch.

I recently met a man with a very forceful personality and right away I thought, "Here's somebody who's a real man and not a mouse!" Well, I went out with him about three times, and each time was like the last. He spent the evening making definite statements and then pounding on the table to emphasize the point that he was right, even if he was trying to prove that grass is really pink. You know the type—"*I* think this is the way it should be, and therefore this is the way it is."

Then I know a man who's the home-loving type. Every woman likes this kind of man, including my mother, who is always charmed by any man who tends to stay by the hearth. She's entitled to her own opinion, but *I* know that if I ever married this man, he would be choosing the wallpaper and arranging the furniture without even consulting me. And when I get married I like to think I'll be able to arrange the flowers and buy the face towels without any coaching.

Three years ago I went out with a man who was most attractive and a gentleman in very way. But he used to add up every dinner bill presented to him and usually argued with the waiter. He would figure the tip percentage down to the last nickel, and once he gave the boy at the Mocambo parking lot a quarter and asked for change. It would have been forgivable had he been on his financial uppers, but he was far from it. Now I don't approve of throwing money around carelessly, but I am embarrassed by unnecessary stinginess.

Not too long ago I was asked for a date by a man who had received a great deal of publicity around town. Through the grapevine I had heard about certain of his faults, but then he had his reputed good points, too, so I went out with him. It was the dullest evening I have ever spent. He had two subjects of conversation; (a) how much money he had and (b) the kind of drinks he liked. The rest of the chatter was devoted to a strange brand of small talk which was even less than unimportant. We were with a group of his friends, and when I turned to them for something interesting it developed that they talked like he did. The only way I can describe it—well, they just uttered strange and senseless noises, that's all. Nothing made any sense, and although much of it might have had to do with their own private jokes, I was left out of it as though I'd been on the other side of a six-foot wall. I didn't know whether to chalk it up to rudeness or stupidity or both, but needless to say I didn't go out with him again.

Sometimes girls dream they'll bump into Mr. Right when they round a corner some day, or that a blind date will develop into the big romance. Me, I'd rather know who I'm going out with before I accept an invitation. A girl in movies gets a lot of unsolicited attention from men she has never met. They see her on the screen, and if they happen to know someone who knows her personally they get her address or phone number, even if they live in Abercrombie, Alaska. Sometimes it's embarrassing to turn them down, particularly when mutual friends are involved, but if a girl does accept she almost always finds the same type: *Wolf*. For months I received long-distance phone calls from a man, then when he came to Hollywood on business and phoned again, I told him I was too busy to see him. But then when he learned I was scheduled to appear in his city during a tour, he grew even more persistent. To put an end to it, I made a date with him. "Call for me at my hotel," I told him, and could almost hear him drooling over the phone. When he arrived in the lobby I was waiting for him, surrounded by five of my friends, who proceeded to spend the evening with us. His perpetual expression was of a man who has just been stabbed.

I think there used to be an advertisement by a garter company which claimed that a woman wouldn't marry a man whose socks wrinkled around his ankles. On the face of it that's a pretty silly objection, but then a man who isn't well groomed in one respect is apt to be sloppy in others as well. I notice immediately whether a man's shoes are shined, his suit pressed and his shirt clean. I don't mean to be fussy about details, but I figure if I spend a good hour grooming myself for him, he can do as much for me.

As I said before, I'm not perfect, and I guess I'm certainly incomprehensible when it comes to the things I like about a man. I do a complete switch when it comes to promptness, because I'm never on time myself. I appreciate that a man on time for an appointment is showing consideration for the other fellow, but me, I'd rather a man be a little late. I suppose my obsession is a hangover from one man I used to date who was as correct as a Swiss-made watch. If he was to call for me at seven, the doorbell used to ring just as the radio announcer was ringing his chimes. And of course, at that point, I was barely out of the tub. That's why I liked dating in Mexico. They get so sunstruck down there that life moves slowly, and it's the only time in my life I've been ready for an escort, who invariably arrived at least an hour late.

I like men who are honest, even honest to a fault. I'd rather a man tell me my new hat is a horror, if he thinks so, than lie to be polite about it. Several times I've dated a Hollywood actor who's a very amusing guy—a character, I suppose—but he comes right out with his opinions and sometimes offends people because of his frankness. I've never been offended, simply because I like his sincerity.

Sense of humor is one of the first things I notice about a man, and it has to be pretty weird to match my own. I suppose I shouldn't admit it, but I'm always the first to laugh when somebody falls down. It's a corny kind of humor but I can't help it, and unless people hurt themselves, I'm likely to go into hysterics. I like men who can take a joke on themselves, and I remember one swain who went down a few notches in my estimation when I found that he couldn't. He had brought me home after a lovely evening and was walking down our front steps toward his car when he stumbled. He kept trying to get his footing which resulted in his almost spinning down the walk and then going flat on his face. My girlish laughter could be heard all the way out in Brentwood, but he didn't think it was at all amusing.

Another thing that regulates my degree of admiration is the way a man reacts to animals. I don't expect him to get down on the floor and have a wrestling match with my dogs, but I do like to see him pay some attention. I recall the first time I went out with one man—we spent about 15 minutes in the living room before we left the house, and although my dogs were sitting quietly in front of him, begging politely for attention, he didn't so much as look at them.

Manners make a big difference, too. Of course, now it isn't like the old days, when a date often would sit outside the house and honk the horn when he arrived. (I just let him sit there and honk until he finally gave up and had to come to the front door.) I go out with older men now, men who are established in life and mannerly as a matter of course. I don't mind somebody using the wrong fork—I probably do that myself sometimes—but I do dislike rudeness to others.

In my early teens I used to "grade" the men entered in my little book, and it's fun to look through it now and see why I liked a boy or why I disliked him. It's surprising, too, how closely I still hew to the same ideas and ideals, even though I'm older and more sure of what I like and want. I remember the first boy who asked if he could kiss me. I was in junior high school, and I was so confused I thought I'd die on the spot. I finally managed to say I thought we were both too young, an astute observation if ever there was one. These days I'm a lot more sure of myself, sure of handling difficult situations and sure of what I want in a husband. Maybe I'm asking for the perfect man, and maybe I'll end up with somebody who squeezes nickels, beats dogs, lies like Paul Bunyan, and never smiles.

But then I'm a woman and have my prerogative and I can change my mind about all these ideas, and *think* he's the perfect man. **END**

(*Piper Laurie will soon be seen in Universal-International's* Mississippi Gambler.)

a report on lana and love

(*Continued from page 30*) making of plans and promises. In her room across the lake there was a newspaper. And in the paper there was a story with a Las Vegas, Nevada, dateline which said that Mrs. Fernando Lamas had been granted a divorce from her actor husband, and that Lamas was now free to marry the girl of his choice, Lana Turner, the MGM movie star. Lana sat in the boat and thought about it. All she had to do was row to the shore, walk into a Nevada court, ask for a divorce from her husband, Bob Topping, and then find a justice of the peace and say "I do" with Lamas, the man she was admittedly in love with. That would be the end of a story that had been in the papers a long time, ever since she had started making a film called *The Merry Widow* with Lamas more than a year before.

That was all it would take—but it was a bigger step than the world knew. And Lana had to think about it—all alone. Away from all disturbances and influences, Lana Turner was making up her mind—and they say she made up her mind to be smart this time. She was in love, but she was going to be smart.

In general appearance Lana Turner is not much different than she was 15 years ago when she made her first movie at Warner Brothers. Her figure, with the help of a little dieting in the past few years, is still as curvy and exciting as it was then. Her face is still the tantalizing thing it used to be, with large dark eyes and a sultry expression, a full mouth and that overall appearance of a pout. In personality she is more reserved, not nearly as vivacious, but she laughs like she used to and cries when she is unhappy. Only in her mind is she really different. A lot has happened. Lana has learned that happiness and success do not walk hand in hand and that love, true love, doesn't always come to a girl just because she is the toast of the most fabulous town in the world.

Lana learned about men—and love—the Hollywood high-pressure way. Rather reserved, she was not the busiest girl at Hollywood high school in the evenings. As a classmate of hers put it: "She was so doggone beautiful that none of the fellows dared ask her for a date. She had that cool attitude even then—and the guys didn't know how to cope with her." Even though one or two lads got close enough to discover there was warmth beneath the chill, Lana never had the warm, hand-holding awakening to romance that is every teen-ager's birthright. Instead she was plucked from a soda fountain stool, poured into a sweater, and projected life-size on a Hollywood screen.

Every man who watched that screen edged forward in his seat. From the back row came a resounding "WOW!" In a couple of hours the word had spread that the sexiest blonde in town was toiling at Warners—and the chase was on. And these hounds could cope . . reserve or no reserve.

Any of the fellows who took her out in those early days will tell you that Lana was naive. She dated indiscriminately. She wasn't interested in the men, but in the places they took her and the times she was having. So she went out with anyone who promised something exciting and different in the way of entertainment. She was to be seen almost nightly at the Trocadero and the other fashionable night spots. One night it would be with a lad who could hardly dig up the price of the evening—and the next it might be a chap old enough to be her father. Lana was a gay one but certainly not romantic.

ARTIE SHAW was undoubtedly the first real love she ever had. Shaw was, at that time, the king of hot music. He was handsome and easy to be with. He was very literate. At any rate, a date with the clarinet player was filled with the promise of romance and intelligence—and Lana was no different from any other young girl of her age, she wanted Shaw, too. If you ask her today why she married him she will have difficulty explaining it to you, but at the time it seemed to be the thing she wanted most. She eloped on the spur of the moment and when the world woke up to its morning papers, Lana Turner was all over the front pages as the gal who got Shaw.

The marriage didn't last long. When it broke up as casually as it started, Lana Turner vowed she would never marry again; have more sense if she ever did; and stated that she had learned a lesson about love. Perhaps she thought she had.

As a grass widow Lana Turner lived her role to the hilt. She developed an expression of a mixture of complete concentration and adoration—and she seemed to turn it on every man she met. Her suitors flocked around by the score. There were tall ones, short ones, fat ones and old ones and they changed with the regularity of nightfall. It appeared that Lana was really earnest about staying away from love—except for casual explorations.

The newspapers, though, didn't believe her. Seldom a week passed by that her name wasn't linked romantically with one of the eligibles of the movies in the collums. Victor Mature was head man for awhile. This began at first as a publicity romance. Vic was coming ahead fast in the pictures and Lana was in the midst of

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a big sex build-up by MGM. Soon, though, Lana became more than a prop in the affair. She took a sincere liking to Vic—and then everything went wrong. One night, after a particularly bitter quarrel, she took off for San Francisco. Next morning Mature read headlines in the papers that stated: "Lana Turner To Marry Tony Martin."

Although this marriage never came off, Tony Martin was also one of Lana's sincere loves. She was completely captivated by the Martin male beauty and the way he crooned a love song. It is said that she was more jealous of Tony Martin than any man she ever loved. And she certainly clung to his good right arm at every opportunity.

Steve Crane, a Hollywood restaurant owner and erstwhile actor, was Lana Turner's second husband. Steve showed up in Hollywood out of nowhere and in a very short time, due no doubt to his good looks and quiet manner, became one of the most popular escorts in town. He met Lana at a party and, according to her friends, she fell completely in love with him on sight. Her later actions deny this, but that is the way the story goes. At any rate, before people knew what was happening, she had eloped again.

The early days of Lana's marriage to Steve Crane were properly idyllic. They lived normally. Fresh from the feverish pace of "bachelorhood." Lana seemed content to work her eight hours and come home to quiet evenings before a cozy fire. But this, too, vanished one day and the Cranes began to appear more often in public. People began to notice that Lana appeared restless. Steve was taken into the army shortly afterwards and absence didn't make Lana's heart grow fonder. A short time after his discharge, Steve Crane became Lana's second divorcé.

Unlike the more mature Artie Shaw, Steve Crane took the separation from his wife badly. Weeks of ineffectual tries at a reconciliation culminated in Steve driving his car off a cliff one night, in a reported attempt at suicide. That brought Lana around. She went to his hospital room and when he was well enough took him home. Then for a short period she seemed to have recaptured some of the bliss she had known in the first days of their marriage. But this, also, lasted just a few weeks—and Lana left again.

THAT was when Cheryl, Lana's daughter, came into the picture. On the verge of getting an annulment, on the grounds that Steve wasn't divorced from his former wife when she married him, Lana learned she was pregnant. She immediately called the whole thing off, had the baby, and then got a divorce. They say she really tried to be a good wife to Steve, but came to the conclusion that there was no hope. The break-up of this marriage had a very bad effect on her, she mourned a long time before she got back in the social swim.

When she began getting about again, Lana Turner, older and wiser than before, *really* tried to play the part of the gay bachelor girl with romance, but never marriage, on her mind. She went back to a former beau, lawyer Gregson Bautzer—and had quite a fling with him, if the gossip columns are accurate in their reports. Then she tried the field again. Her passion for Turhan Bey was the talk of the town for awhile. Then it was Rory Calhoun . . . Huntington Hartford . . . Robert Hutton and half a dozen other lesser known swains. Lana was on a merry-go-round.

Hollywood would have given you five to one just a few years ago that Lana Turner and Tyrone Power, a new divorcé himself, would marry; become the handsomest couple in Hollywood; and settle down and live happily ever after. They were inseparable. They had eyes only for each other when they appeared in public. In their spare time they were redecorating Ty's house for their home as soon as they took their vows. But one day Ty met a half-Mexican half-Dutch beauty named Linda Christian. He fell like a crippled Balloon and, so they say, didn't even tell Lana goodbye. At first she was heartsick, and afterwards furious. But there was nothing she could do about it. She'd been jilted. Lana Turner became Hollywood's symbol for a broken heart.

Bob Topping, Lana Turner's third husband, came into the picture at that time. Topping has a reputation for being a playboy. However his vast interests kept him busy away from the movie studios. This made him a different kind of a man as far as Lana Turner was concerned. She was terribly interested. Bob's courtship was along eastern lines. He had no glamor or handsome face. He just came calling like a business man dating a pretty girl. Lana liked it and dreamed of the future, imagining it would be just the same. They were married in an elaborate ceremony at the home of William Wilkerson, the publisher who had discovered her on the soda fountain stool years before. Lana knew that this time it was for keeps.

It's been said that Jane Russell should have a good singing voice —look where it comes from.
Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

Many say that Lana was completely happy with Bob Topping for a long time. Others remind them that Bob stayed in the east for more than a year, keeping her away from pictures, and that when he did come back to Hollywood he didn't want his wife to work in the movies. They contend this made her miserable. No matter which is true, it became common Hollywood gossip shortly after Lana and Bob Topping moved into their huge Holmby Hills mansion that there was more than the usual amount of discord in the house. Bob, they said, hated Hollywood and found escape from it in the family bar. At any rate, he was never a genial chap around picture people.

FOR a long time Lana Turner heatedly denied reports that she was not happy, and that her marriage was on the verge of collapse. Topping, now that we think of it, never bothered to deny anything. When they went out in public Lana seemed like a different person. She sat quietly at their table seldom talking to anyone—and when she waved at a friend or exchanged a greeting it was always a chilly thing. The town couldn't understand it. But Lana understood herself. She was doing everything in her power to save this marriage.

This writer happened to be present at the blow-off party. It was a charity affair at Mocambo. Lana and Bob had a ringside table, because Lana was slated to appear in the show. During the evening nobody saw the Toppings exchange a civil word. For the most part Lana and Bob just sat silently looking at everything but each other. Her heart was in her face that night—and even an amateur observer could tell that she was through. As her friends left they didn't go up to speak to her. They didn't want to look in her eyes.

While this is being written, Lana Turner is still a married woman, although it is suspected that at any moment she will apply for her divorce and marry Fernando Lamas. Actually, the only thing that is holding up the wedding, according to the best informed sources, is the matter of a property settlement with Topping. It seems he is bargaining to trade the jewelry he gave his wife (heirlooms, they say) for the title to the home they lived in. In the meantime Lana has been sitting out the waiting period prior to a divorce application at Lake Tahoe. She has been there long enough. Now all it will take is a few minutes before a judge to get her freedom back.

During this waiting period, Lana has been trying to find Bob Topping, hoping to serve him with a summons that will bring him under the jurisdiction of the Nevada courts. She has told her pals that after 15 years in the movies she is practically broke—and that all she wants from her former husband is the money she paid to maintain their home—and the house itself. But if Topping does not make himself available to her lawyers, or sign a settlement that is approved by the Nevada courts, Lana will have to walk away from him with nothing, not even a roof that she can call her own. That is the reason for the delay.

Fernando Lamas is unlike any man that Lana Turner has ever been in love with before. He is violently Latin. He is more handsome than any of her men—and is, like most Latins, much more attentive than any of the others. However, since he lived in South America, where a woman is not quite on a par with a man in marriage, there is some speculation that he might revert to his native type once the knot is tied. These are the things that Lana Turner has to think about.

At 32, Lana is a changed woman. She is much more proper than she used to be and seems to have tired of the gay life. Although she has been the constant companion of Lamas for nearly a year, they have not been seen in public more than a dozen times. And never in the hot Sunset Strip spots. It is believed that this time Lana really intends to live a sedate life, with home and fire and slippers after a day's work. She hasn't lost all of her zest, though. People she works with say she is just as much fun as ever on the set, but not as zany.

LAMAS is a mature man, too. He is not much older than Lana but he has an adult approach to life's problems and is not a playboy or a free spender. Although he has been married, he has not been working at it for a few years—and until he met Lana he had not shown any interest in the Hollywood girls. So fidelity can be chalked up to his credit. He is anxious, they say, to marry just once more and will no doubt keep away from the temptations that make Hollywood marriages such hazardous enterprises.

Lana Turner has thought of all of these things. This time she is going to be sure. Browned and healthy from weeks in the open, she has a clear mind and a hopeful heart. She's had time to go over the mistakes she had made in the past; to look into the reasons why it hadn't worked with Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Bob Topping—and why it hadn't come up marriage with Greg Bautzer, Vic Mature, Ty Power, Bob Hutton or the other men she had been in love with.

Yes, it was a day for thinking and meditation on life and love. The oar locks creaked and the oars slapped the top of the water as they bounced to the rhythm of the chop on the lake. The sun was bright and the wind fresh and the chill in the air exhilarating.

When Lana Turner reached for the oars and pointed her boat toward the shore and the cabin in the trees, she had it all figured out: No more tries at marriage. This time it would be for keeps. She'd let experience make her an expert at keeping a man happy—and at being happy herself. **END**

the quiet man

(*Continued from page 35*) or ten people we really love to be with."

"You like people, Bill," Brenda said.

"I'm not talking about the people I work with. I'm talking about our social life. Isn't it true that it's better to confine ourselves to the people we really love, to know them better, than to dissipate all this time on parties?"

So the parties—the big, lavish, meaningless parties—are out so far as the Holdens are concerned. And it's been a tough fight. Because in turning down invitations one is apt to hear, "Who does Bill Holden think he is?" Or, "Why, I remember him when he came back from the Army without a dime." Or, "I guess his success has gone to his head."

Well, who *does* Bill Holden think he is? Let's find out. Let's examine your "dreamboat" and discover what makes him tick.

Bill Holden is a most complicated young man. There were no show people in the Beedle family (William Beedle is his real name). There was not even a maiden aunt who longed to go on the stage. Bill's father was a chemist with a business of his own and he wanted Bill, the oldest son, to go into partnership with him. But Bill knew from the time he knew anything that he had to be an actor. "I felt by being an actor I could express myself better than in any other way. I like to see people amused and entertained and educated. I have a great yen for self-expression. Who knows why it was acting that seemed most right for me. Something in my childhood? Maybe. I don't know what it could have been. Why acting rather than writing or painting? All I know is that this is what I wanted. This, it seemed to me, was the only thing that could satisfy me."

He began to act at the Pasadena Community Theater when he was 19 and he never thought about the money such a career might bring nor the personal glory. He has never made a splash, hired a personal press agent, anything like that.

He had the burning drive for acting, the aspiration. So it was surprising that when he married Brenda Marshall, a very good actress, he could countenance her retirement. The only thing you could suppose was that Brenda—or Ardis, which is her real name, and that's what Bill calls her—did not have the big drive.

"But that's not true," Bill says. "Why, just think of her. A kid from Texas who wanted to be an actress so much that she went to New York, lived in those wretched brownstone flats on 21 dollars a week, when she could make 21 dollars a week, studied like a fiend with that great teacher Ouspenskaya. Oh yes, here was a girl with the burn for acting. I think what happened was that she simply found something that was more important to her—our home and the kids."

Being married to Bill Holden is not the easiest job there is. He is extremely high-tempered. Small things annoy him. Stupidities annoy him. If the soup comes on the tabel luke-warm, he's apt to blow up. (He doesn't like anything lukewarm.) But Brenda understands him and he understands her. He knows, for example, when she gets the itch for acting. Despite the fact that she strung along with his belief that, "if you aren't with your children during the formative years, you suffer an emotional loss," she becomes restless every now and again and wants to stand in front of that camera.

In 1947, when Bill was making a movie at Columbia, Brenda played opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith*. The picture was filmed at Paramount, Bill's home lot, and Brenda used his comfortable dressing room. It seemed like a very good arrangement. But when the picture was finished Brenda said, "Never again. I didn't realize how much I missed the kids."

But in 1949 she got the itch again and made a film with George Montgomery and once more she said, "Never again." During the past year she has done several radio shows with Bill.

THERE is no friction between these two because of Brenda's giving up her career. When they were in Europe recently it made them both laugh when people would crowd around calling, "Bren-*da* Mar-*shall*. Bren-*da* Mar-*shall*." They knew her much better than William Hol-*den*. To the European, Bill was an upstart newcomer in films and Brenda, whose pictures they were still seeing, was an established star.

Bill's biggest dream is 'to make a picture with Ardis.' "I think," he says, "we would work well together." Brenda would like this too. Although the marriage is a solid one, their working on the screen together would give them both a kind of security. And security is vitally important to Bill Holden.

His earliest memory is of the peaceful security of his home. The Beedle family lived in a small town in Illinois. At the back of the comfortable house there was a farmyard. This was not "the farm," which was out of town. This was merely a place where there were chickens and a couple of cows and a little white dog. Bill remembers being put out in this yard to take a sun bath, and watching the chickens and the cows and the dog. That's all. It merely shows that his first memory was a happy one.

But he knew insecurity a little while later and this was the most impressive mo-

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ment of Bill's impressionable childhood.

Bill's father went to California and was out there for a year. Although Bill's mother did not tell the boy why the father had gone, he was sensitive enough to know that something was wrong. All the other kids had fathers in the house. And now for a year there was just the mother, Bill and the baby. Bill now knows that his father was away for financial reasons.

Although he was only four years old at the time, he can still recall the emotion he felt there in the Los Angeles railroad station when he saw his father again and knew that the family was to be a family once more. The mother. The father. The boy. The baby. It was the happiest moment of his life when the father opened the door of the home he had made for them in California.

Since his earliest memory is of a pleasant barnyard and his most impressive memory has a happy rather than a frustrating ending you might assume that this is a completely calm, completely controlled young man, but one of his outstanding characteristics is his quick and violent temper which lashes out at human frailities. He has no time for a person who makes the same mistake twice. But there is one thing about Billy's temper. You always know exactly where you stand with him. He is not expert at concealing his emotions. If he thinks you're wrong, you'll know it right away. By the same token if you please him, he is quick to show his appreciation.

MOST people have been disillusioned. Especially actors who run into their share of fair-weather friends, people who pretend to be charming and pull the dirty deal. But this is how Bill Holden feels. "I am too much of a cynic basically to be disillusioned. Not because of any lack of faith in people or situations. A cynic can never be disillusioned because he does not expect perfection. It can anger him when he does not find it, but it can't disillusion him. You see, I fall somewhere between the optimist and the pessimist. I have always tried to see both the good and the bad points of every situation. I think I am more down to earth than either the optimist or the pessimist because I look both ways."

If you ask his friends who Bill Holden thinks he is, you'll hear one thing again and again. "Bill is a hypochondriac. He's always imagining that he's sick." And, "Bill is the worry-wart of all time. Golly, that boy just makes up things to worry about."

So you ask Bill about this. Is he or isn't he? And this is the answer you'll get. "Perhaps I am a worrier," he'll say, "but how do you define the word *and* the degree so that you can say, 'This person is a worrier' and 'That person does not worry?' We'd all be fools if we didn't worry some. I've always believed that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and when vitamins were first put on the market in commercial form I took them. They made me feel good. I don't think this makes me a notorious pill-swallower, and I don't know whose business it is if I want to take vitamins. I'm not a hypochondriac and I've never had anything the matter with me."

Ask him what he fears and you will hear, "I don't fear anything except God. My philosophy has changed many times. I only know as much as that which is behind me. I don't know what's ahead in experience. So my philosophy may change many times before I die. I hope it does. Otherwise, how do I progress? How do I revitalize myself?"

How does he revitalize himself? And how does he live with himself and his regrets? For he is human enough to have a profound and passionate regret.

He lost his brother in World War II. That was the baby who was a part of the family scene at the train. Bill feels that he failed him. The boy wanted a picture of Ardis and Bill and the kids, and Bill, who did not know he was going overseas so soon, neglected to send it to him. "Did I say I failed him?" Bill asked. "I didn't fail him. I failed myself."

THERE was the time they could have met in Texas. Both boys were in service. Both boys had leaves. Bill could have met his brother whom he had not seen for quite awhile. Instead Bill spent his leave doing a radio show to promote the sale of war bonds. "But," Bill says, "you cannot live your life with these regrets. It is selfish. If my brother had lived, it would not have occurred to me that I had failed him by not sending the pictures—that's just normal neglect. It would have seemed right that I sell the bonds rather than see my brother. But it is also a good thing to take stock of one's behavior, to ask while people are still living, 'What can I do to make people more comfortable?'"

For Bill Holden has a profound dedication to life. You have to know him very well to learn what he wants from life, because, as he says, it sounds so corny. But if you really want to know who Bill Holden thinks he is you have to know his secret wish. It is simply this: He wants everything to be better. "And if that's corny, make the most of it," he says. "Personally I think wanting everything—and it's everything, mind you—to be better is the divine wish."

Bill went on. "I like to see people enjoy themselves—and I don't necessarily mean in night clubs and other so-called places of amusement. I like to see people participating in a project—making a movie, for example, the crew working together as a unit, the cast and the director seeing eye to eye, enjoying the work. Or people together in a community project or together in family life. That's how I think people really enjoy themselves."

Beside this, Bill has two ways of enjoying himself. He has recently put in a swimming pool at his and Brenda's home and it thrills him to "see the kids develop, watch the litle bodies grow stronger day by day. They are all going to turn out to be real good swimmers." And then there is the pleasure he knows during "time spent in good conversation with good friends."

Although Bill Holden is a young man, he is intellectually and emotionally an adult. He grew up when he got out

easy money!

No matter how many shopping days till Christmas, you'll want to get busy when you read this and latch on to some of the free and easy money we're giving away. All you have to do is read all the stories in this December issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Corinne Calvet
- ☐ American In London (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ What Really Happened To Mario Lanza
- ☐ A Report On Lana And Love (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Hedda Hopper Spikes Those Betty Grable Rumors
- ☐ They Call Him The Quiet Man (Bill Holden)
- ☐ Shelley's Greatest Secret (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ . . . And Everything Goes Crazy (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ What's The Trouble, Esther? (Esther Williams)
- ☐ A New Love For The Queen? (Barbara Stanwyck)
- ☐ Cowpuncher's Castle (Gene Autry)
- ☐ The Men In My Life (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ "We're Not Mad At Anybody" (Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger)
- ☐ The True Life Story Of Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ Return Of Faith by David Wayne
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jonathan Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

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_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

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of service. Then he found himself, as he says, "artistically and financially bankrupt." He was an actor without a job. He was a husband and the father of three children without money. In any man's language this is a situation, but Bill knew what he must do.

He had to grow up and grow up fast. Was he to get a job, any job to make some money to support his family? What could he do? Except for one summer when he was going to school and had worked at his father's chemical plant he had never done anything but act. How was he equipped to earn a living? Yet he was "artistically and financially bankrupt." He put art first. He knew he had to put his artistic house in order or he would be unable to survive.

He saw that there was a kind of renaissance in the art world. Everything was more factual. Films were nodding to the documentary. Television was able to report an event while it occurred. Bill knew he must ride with the change in his world. What he had known about acting before he went into Service was now old-fashioned. So he studied to change his entire approach to his job. And by bettering himself artistically "the financial thing," as he says, "took care of itself."

He did not fly off in all directions. He knew he was an actor. To make himself a better actor would, he felt, assure financial success. At least he knew that he had to give it a go thoughtfully and soberly. But he says, "Nobody does a job with bootstraps alone. You need help along the way. I got that help. Willy Wilder, that fine director, asked for me in his pictures and contributed immeasurably to what success I have. Others helped too. For no man is an island and without the sincere help of others there can be no real success." Bill loves people. He likes to work with people as part of a unit. He is not a rugged individualist.

But the funny thing about Bill is that for all his lofty feeling for art the thing that makes him really laugh is slapstick comedy. He roars at The Three Stooges and the beatings they take. And Martin and Lewis. Wow! Once, shortly after he got out of the Army when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, he went into a variety show in downtown Los Angeles. A couple of knockabout comics were on the stage. Bill laughed so much that an usher tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to pipe down. Others in the audience couldn't hear what was being said on the stage. He came out of the theatre happy and refreshed.

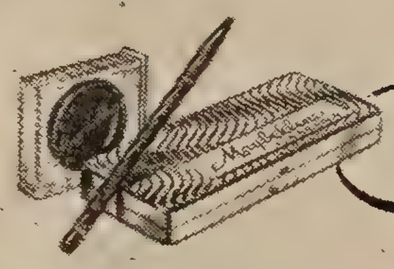
ALTHOUGH Bill knows and understands classical music, he is crazy about New Orleans jazz. He has a huge record collection of this type of music, and when he was in New Orleans not too long ago he bought himself some bones. Brenda says one of the funniest sights of all time was Bill learning to rattle those bones. He would get off in a corner of the house and, his brow furrowed, concentrate on the bones as if he were studying nothing less than the Einstein theory.

He rattles the bones very well indeed because he has perfect rhythm. Just watch him move and you realize his sense of rhythm.

But Bill does not impose his talent for bone playing on his friends. He is no exhibitionist. When he comes into a room full of people he has no desire to be "a character." If, however, he likes the people in the room and the feeling is warm and friendly and he remembers a story he thinks will amuse, he can be the funniest guy in the world. He tells a story very well and can set his friends off into howls of laughter when he feels like it.



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But laughter is not the end and aim of this young man's life. He changed much of his thinking while he and Brenda were in Europe. "You need a month in Europe to adjust to the new way of life," he says, "and then you need a couple more months actually to live and to realize that what we think are such important problems in Hollywood lose their importance. That's good."

Early in the European stay Willy Wilder was there too. He telephoned the Holdens to say he had planned a day. Bill said he was beat and could not get up early enough. Wilder jumped on him with all four feet. What he said about getting the lead out is unprintable. So Bill and Brenda went on the tour and now Bill says, "It was one of the best days of my life," and he has learned that you cannot miss a day of life because life is something to explore, to search out, to experience and to know thoroughly.

There are no actorish trappings about Bill. It took him forever to make up his mind to buy a Cadillac. He knew the car had a good motor but it seemed so ostentatious. It's not that he cares what people think of him, but he cares what he thinks of himself. For there is absolutely and positively nothing phony about him.

The way he has managed to become a real father to his stepdaughter, Virginia, brings a lump to the throat. Since he feels no difference between her and his own children, she is given the security of a father and it has been his and Brenda's chore to guide the child through the perilous days of adolescence. He is a good father. Not a mushy father but a good friendly parent.

Not so long ago Virginia wanted to do something that Bill felt she would regret later. He explained to her why the laws for minors were made, i. e. because only mature judgment should be brought to bear on a mature step. So he asked Virginia to sit down and write out everything she had believed a year ago and then to list everything she believed today. She was amazed to discover how her point of view had changed and Bill was then able to point out that if she had changed so much in the past year it was inevitable that she change as drastically in the coming one.

BILL HOLDEN is an exciting, interesting, intellectual young man. He is complicated but not confused. Brenda summed him up when she said, "He is like a guy walking three straight lines. When he's in the right lane he will veer to the right. When he's in the left lane he'll lean that way. But when he's walking down the middle where he's supposed to walk—well, that's when he really walks straight." **END**

(Bill Holden can be seen soon in Paramount's Stalag 17.)

cowpuncher's castle

(*Continued from page 46*) decided upon is early California in style—thick adobe brick walls, exposed beams, great stone fireplaces, wide balconies, and red-tile roofs. They asked their architect, however, to take a good many liberties with the traditional California-Spanish design, because for one thing Gene insists upon rooms that are light and sunny. This is why the southern or garden exposure of the house features floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room, the bar, and the dining room. The master bedroom also boasts three large glass doors which open onto a balcony and second-story sundeck.

"Before we had the house built," Gene recalls, "I had only one request. I wanted to be able to stand in the center of the house and see through all the other rooms. Roland Coates, our architect, told me he could work it out, and by gosh! he did. That fella's worth every cent we paid him."

Gene's wife also had one special request. Having had 20 years of experience living with Gene's constantly growing wardrobe of boots, hats, show clothes, and everyday Western suits, she said to the architect, "I know this sounds foolish, but I really think we need one whole room for Gene's clothes."

That's what she got. In the Autry residence there is one room, the size of a large bedroom, 17 feet square, which contains nothing but closets full of Autry clothes. One wall closet is filled with some 96 elaborately embroidered rodeo shirts; another contains three dozen hats and 24 pairs of boots. The fourth wall has a lavatory and a three-way mirror, while in the center of the room stands an island of additional storage space. It houses, among other conveniences, a steam cabinet, a tie rack large enough to hold 200 ties, and a five-foot stack of drawers.

The flooring in this room consists of cork squares. The wardrobe doors are natural wood and the linen draperies are beige and brown. A tailor who once visited the wardrobe estimated that Autry's clothes are worth somewhere around $35,000. "With today's prices," he says, "the replacement figure might hit as high as $50,000."

Since the Autrys have no children, they decided upon a moderately-sized residence. "Our architect told us," Mrs. Autry recalls, "that if we built a large place it would lose the warmth and homey atmosphere we were looking for."

"Funny thing about building a house," Gene himself says, "but as the construction progressed the house seemed to get larger. I remember when the concrete was first poured. The rooms here seemed awful small. Then when the frame went up, the rooms seemed bigger, but not too much. After the plaster was added, however, they took on a good size."

IN SELECTING color schemes for the house, Mrs. Autry had the help of an experienced decorator named Everett Sebring. She explained to Sebring that she wasn't at all timid or conservative about colors. "I want plenty of yellows and reds and greens," she said, "but I want them to blend." Sebring listened sympathetically, then made the sound suggestion that she choose her color tones from the surrounding foliage. She agreed. The yellow in the kitchen and dining room is the faded, mustard yellow of Acacia blossoms. The greens are grey-greens identical with the color of the dusty leaves on the liveoaks; and the reds are strong and as bright as a geranium.

Once a color was established in a room, that same shade was repeated in other places throughout the house. In that way the eye doesn't jump from one color spot to another, and there is a flowing color continuity.

Ina Autry also explained to her decorator that she wanted her house furnished in comfortable Western, but not in the strictly ranch-house style the movies term Western. "We want to use our Frederic Remington paintings and bronzes," she pointed out, "but let's not have any Navajo rugs or mission furniture. They belong out on the ranch."

Sebring agreed completely. Since his clients had money, he commissioned the best furniture-makers in California to design some simple but distinguished furniture for them.

The Autry bed, their dining room set, their heavy oak pieces in the library and bar—all these are custombuilt and cost a pretty penny. Gene is extremely fond of the library because it holds many of his sentimental trophies, the most favored of which is an antique bronze of horses. It was given to him by an elderly Boston lady, because, as she explained to him, "You've given my children so many years of clean and wholesome entertainment."

Gene's youthful fans expect him to stay out of the kitchen which is a woman's workplace, and while he does, even in his own home, this is especially difficult since the Autry house boasts one of the best-equipped kitchens in California. There's a service porch with a Spanish tile sink especially constructed for setting up flower arrangements. There's a pantry complete with an extra refrigerator, shelves well stocked with party-size copper chafing dishes, coffee urns which hold two gallons and more, and loads of barbecue equipment. The kitchen proper contains two stoves, one gas and one electric, yards of counter-work space, and an island of free-standing sink which allows two cooks to work simultaneously in one kitchen or one cook to do two simultaneous jobs.

When Gene is at home which isn't often he likes best to have 20 or 30 friends in for a barbecue supper. At these parties he serves the Autry special, a boned-out New York cut of beef which weighs between eight and ten pounds. Along with the meat go corn pudding, potatoes au gratin, green beans and cheese, a salad mold, hot gingerbread and ice cream. And everyone is expected to have seconds.

At one such party recently, an old friend of Gene's who remembered him as "a barefoot, cotton-chopping farm boy" and later as a freight handler on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad in Oklahoma, said to Mrs. Autry. "I remember your husband when he couldn't get a job as a cowhand. How come after all these years, he winds up with a beautiful home like this and all the money he needs?"

Ina Mae looked across the lawn to her husband. She saw an actor-singer-composer-rodeo-star-and-business tycoon, whose yearly calendar calls for six full-length motion pictures, 26 TV films, a weekly radio show, composing 15 songs, recording another two dozen for Columbia Records, three nation-wide personal appearance tours and periodic visits to supervise his holdings. She counted up his purely tangible assets which include a chain of Texas movie theatres, a flying school, three western radio stations, five ranches, and two cowboy music publishing houses. She remembered him as she'd met the shy young man in 1932. She mulled the old cow-hand's question over for a few seconds.

I'LL TELL you, Jimmy," she finally said, "Gene owes his success to his catnaps. You'll notice when he appears to be listening to a record he's really sleeping for two or three minutes. He even dozes off when the conversation lags or between takes on the set. Every time he sleeps for two or three minutes, he dreams of some money-making idea. That's how come we own this house."

The old-timer looked at Mrs. Autry with a quizzical eye. "Don't rightly know, Ina Mae," he said, "whether I believe you. I been sleepin' fer well nigh onto 60 years, and I ain't earned a plug nickel yet." **END**

hollywood report

(*Continued from page 12*) photographer about it, but explained to your correspondent that the reason she won't let her three-year-old Benjy pose for photos is because she doesn't want him to grow up just being "Olivia DeHavilland's son" . . . Katie Hepburn didn't endear herself to the cast of her London play, *The Millionairess,* by ordering them not to talk to her offstage.

ODDS BODKINS:

Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield threw a party for their agent, Henry Willson, who was sailing a few days later on the Ile de France to visit another of his clients, Rock Hudson, in Europe. The climax of the party came when John stripped down to his swimming trunks in front of his guests (including Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, Marie Wilson and Bob Fallon, Susan Zanuck and Arthur Loew, Jr., Cy Howard and Katy Jurado, and Donald O'Connor) and jumped into the pool, whereupon Corinne placed a cake that was a replica of the Ile de France on John's hands. He swam from one end of the pool to the other underwater, bringing the "ship" safely to port at Henry's feet . . . Jan Sterling and Willard Parker got along beautifully while making *Rock Grayson's Woman* at Paramount, in spite of the fact that Willard's married to Virginia Field, who once was married to Jan's Paul Douglas!

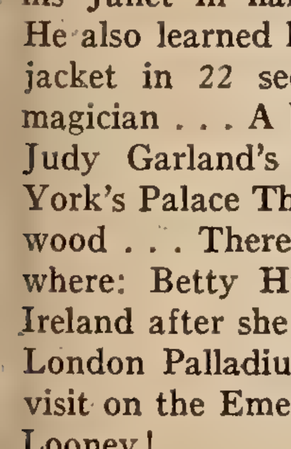


Hudson

Everyone's been complaining about how FAT Shelley looked in *My Man And I.* Only consolation is that she plays an alcoholic in the picture, which might be her excuse . . . Aggie Moorehead tinted her hair to match exactly the carrot color of fiancé Bob Geist's crowning glory. Sounds like a new His-&-Her fad! . . . While co-starring with Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* Jane Russell expects to enlist Miss M. in her Sunday School classes . . . Tony Curtis learned how to saw his Janet in half for their roles in *Houdini.* He also learned how to wriggle out of a straitjacket in 22 seconds flat for his part as a magician . . . A bootleg long-play recording of Judy Garland's 45 minutes onstage at New York's Palace Theater is floating around Hollywood . . . There must be a joke in this somewhere: Betty Hutton will take a vacation in Ireland after she plays a vaudeville date at the London Palladium. Two of the towns she will visit on the Emerald Isle are called Dippey and Looney!

FUNNIES:

Cathy Crosby, Bob's daughter, asked her daddy to take her to see Rock Hudson. Said Bob, "What part of the country do we visit to dig up THAT species?" . . . Pinky Lee calls Weepin' Johnnie Ray's fans "sobby boxers" . . . Simile: As unorganized as a handful of clothes hangers . . . Jane Wyman received a letter from a fan in Sing Sing prison: "I loved your performance in *The Blue Veil.* It's the best thing I've seen in three years, three months and eight days" . . . When an actor "blows up" on one of his lines in a television movie the director seldom orders a re-take but for reasons of economy moves in the camera and picks up the line from a new angle. So when Guy Madison fluffs his dialog on the *Wild Bill Hickok* set, Andy Devine shouts, "There goes Guy, stuttering himself into a closeup again!"



Wyman

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

It will be many a moon before Alan Ladd forgives the cruel, beastly person who poisoned Alan's favorite dog, Jezebel. Here's what happened: Just before he left for Europe Alan's home was being haunted by a crackpot fan who wanted one last look at the star before he sailed. Jezebel chased the fan off the grounds. A few days later, after Alan had left, the fan came back and dropped some poisoned meat on the grounds. And Alan's prize boxer ate it and died . . . Incidentally, keep your eye on Carol Lee Ladd and young Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans, whose brother is married to Colleen Townsend. This is the most hush-hush romance of the year, but one of the most serious. Bill rushed all the way back from his African missionary chores to meet Carol Lee before she sailed with Alan and Sue.



Ladd & Jezebel

MGM's prize bait to lure Deanna Durbin back to Hollywood: the starring role in *Kiss Me, Kate* . . . There would never be any dissension in the Donald O'Connor household, believe me, if somebody would recognize the acting talents of Gwen, his wife, and make her a star too. This is a familiar plaint, isn't it? I think it's called Careeritis . . . Warners went all-out to get the *Topsy And Eva* script after Betty Hutton bowed out of her Paramount contract rather than co-star in it with Ginger Rogers. Warners decided they would like the same property, which is the biography of the fabulous blonde Duncan Sisters, for Doris Day and Virginia Mayo.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Esther Williams donated a complete king-size swimming pool, specially equipped for training blind children to swim, to the Los Angeles School for Visually Handicapped Children . . . Dick Contino, with 16 weeks of basic training under his belt, spent 21 days on furlough in Glendale and Hollywood before shipping out . . . Cary Grant arrived for his first day's work with Deborah Kerr in *Dream Wife* at MGM nervous and shaking. The usually suave, sophisticated Cary seemed out of character. I asked him what was wrong. He explained he has ALWAYS been that way at the start of every picture! In fact, for this one he couldn't eat his dinner the night before and couldn't sleep a wink all night!



Grant

Guess what Joan Crawford, Ruth Hussey and Claire Trevor talked about while dunking their lily-white shapes into the Alisal Ranch swimming pool? Pediatricians, allergies and diets, in that order. Sounds more like the Champaign-Urbana Faculty Wives' Club than Hollywood, doesn't it? . . . Roy Rogers put up the financing for a religious film being produced by the Reverend Mal Boyd.





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what really happened to mario lanza

(*Continued from page 29*) behavior could be traced to the fact that he and his pregnant wife Betty, had separated. The morning that particular item broke in Los Angeles, Betty was serving Mario his breakfast coffee—Lanza drinks breakfast coffee at noon—in bed.

Still other columnists insisted that Mario had left his wife and children and was living with his parents, Antonio and Maria Cocozza, in the $27,500 house he had bought for them in the Pacific Palisades.

At the time this particular rumor was gaining currency, Mario and Betty Lanza were trying to work out a deal with Nancy Sinatra for the purchase of her large home. The Lanzas detest the French chateau-type house they currently occupy in Beverly Hills—and were anxious to buy the estate which Frank Sinatra in the more halcyon days, had purchased for his Nancy.

Nancy sees no sense in maintaining a large overhead—after all, it is only reasonable to assume that Sinatra's alimony payments will soon approach the minimum—so Nancy has been trying to sell the large house and move to smaller quarters.

She asked Betty and Mario $175,000 for her home with the furnishings. Certainly, Sinatra paid a whole lot more for the setup, approximately $250,000—and while Mario was willing to close the deal at that price, Betty refused.

"If I'm going to pay $175,000 for a house," she said, "I'd just as soon have one built, and get everything the way I want it."

"But it takes so long to build," Mario insisted. "Why don't we buy this and get it over with?"

"I'm sorry," Betty said—she's a very practical girl, Mario's Betty—"I think it's too much money—not only the original cost but how about the upkeep? We'll be supporting gardeners for life."

Mario, who usually has his way about most things, finally agreed that under the circumstances, he and Betty would be better off renting a place.

THE following day Betty and Lloyd Shearer, a writer friend of the Lanzas, were spotted riding around Beverly Hills, Bel-Air and Brentwood, inspecting various houses for rent.

While this was going on, Mario, who hates house-hunting, was relaxing out at Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley, at John Carroll's ranch. Lanza is an inveterate horse-lover and can spend hours each day riding, feeding, and just fooling around with horses.

Mario spoke with Carroll about his suspension by the studio, filling him in on certain details. Carroll advised Mario to return to the MGM fold. Betty then phoned Mario to tell him that Shearer, too, felt strongly that Mario should settle his differences with the studio immediately. Before it was too late.

Mario said he was coming home in a few hours and had definitely made up his mind. He was going to make *The Student Prince*.

The following afternoon he drove to MGM, called on Eddie Mannix, the general manager, and Dore Schary, vice-president in charge of production—and overnight there was a complete change in the publicity.

Lanza was no longer nuts. Lanza was no longer flying to New York to see Nick Schenck, president of Loew's. Lanza was no longer leaving his wife. In fact discussions were under way and it looked very much as if Mario and *The Student Prince* would roll by the end of September. That night the 24-hour detective-watch at Lanza's home was removed.

Who hired detectives to trail Lanza during his studio dispute, no one is saying—but there undoubtedly was a careful watching of his every move.

Anyway, Mario promised the studio executives that he would return in a week for the final solution of all problems.

What were these problems? In contrast to *Because You're Mine*, his previous film, the story-line and dialogue of which he had vociferously decried, claiming they were juvenile—Mario had praised practically everything about the advance preparation of *The Student Prince*. He had recorded the musical selections which he himself termed, "Some of the best I've ever done." Of the script, he said, "I love it. I think it's great." Of Ann Blyth, his leading lady borrowed from Universal at a loanout figure of $50,000, he had said, "That Ann is a great trouper. I'm lucky to have her."

What then was wrong?

LANZA will not come right out and say it, and neither will the studio—but it is no secret that Mario and Curtis Bernhardt, the man scheduled to direct *The Student Prince*, saw eye to eye on practically nothing with regard to the film.

Bernhardt allegedly had certain definite ideas of how and where Mario's singing should fit into the script.

Mario reportedly felt that Bernhardt should be directing some other picture, perhaps a drama, that a musical was a little beyond his ken, even though Bernhardt was a European of considerable knowledge and musical background, and had directed that famous musical comedy *The Merry Widow*.

There are some who say that the studio was prepared to transfer Bernhardt to some other production—after all, stars have had directors removed willy-nilly from their pictures for years—in fact many stars refuse to sign for a film unless they have approval of the director in advance—but apparently even the suggested removal of Bernhardt from the production didn't seem to satisfy Mario.

It was then suggested in other quarters that for some strange reason Mario was afraid to go ahead with *The Student Prince* Bernhardt was just an excuse.

The story spread that the only anodyne for Mario's attack of stagefright or camerafright or pre-production nervousness was money. He wanted a big fat bonus from the studio, various sources intimated, pointing out that the tenor from Philadelphia was really broke, having lost half a million in oil and mining speculations

I SAW IT HAPPEN



After seeing the world premiere of Two Guys From Texas, *I attempted to get the two guys' autographs. I easily got Jack Carson's, but just as Dennis Morgan took my fountain pen and began to write, his car started up. "Maybe next time, Texas," he said. To this day I wonder if Dennis Morgan still has my fountain pen.*

Sandy Kahn
Denton, Texas

This happens to be pure baloney. Lanza is not broke. As Sam Weiler, the business manager who broke with him several months ago said on his return to Beverly Hills recently, "Mario has a nice six-figure bank balance. In addition, his recording royalties continue to flow in."

Mario had told the studio executives that he would be back in one week's time to settle all the details and to guarantee unconditionally his good conduct in the future. He was scheduled to show up on a Tuesday.

Came Tuesday and no Lanza. Was he sick? Not so sick that he couldn't go out and plunk down $6,000 for a high speed racing car, a violet-colored custom-made Muntz Jet that hits 160 miles per hour on the open road.

Came Wednesday and no Lanza. Was he indisposed? Not so indisposed that he couldn't trade the old family Cadillac for a 1952 model, costing $5,200.

The studio phoned, wired, sent messages. Mario still refused to come in and discuss the final details of his reformation.

A high echelon meeting was called, and the entire case was reviewed before the studio decided to file suit against Mario.

It was recalled that after Mario had finished recording the songs for *The Student Prince*—this was in August—he was both tired and upset—tired of working long and arduous hours, and upset because his friendship with Sam Weiler, his patron and business manager, had come to an end.

In fact, Mama and Papa Cocozza, who have been accused of spoiling Mario in his youth, called upon Dore Schary.

"Mr. Schary," said Papa Cocozza, "you have been very kind to Mario, and we're grateful, but the boy is very tired. He needs a few days' rest before the picture starts. Is this possible for you to arrange?"

Schary, who is basically a kind and generous man, flashed one of his toothy grins at Mama and Papa Cocozza, "Of course, it's possible," he said. "How much time does he need?"

"One week would be perfect," said Papa Cocozza.

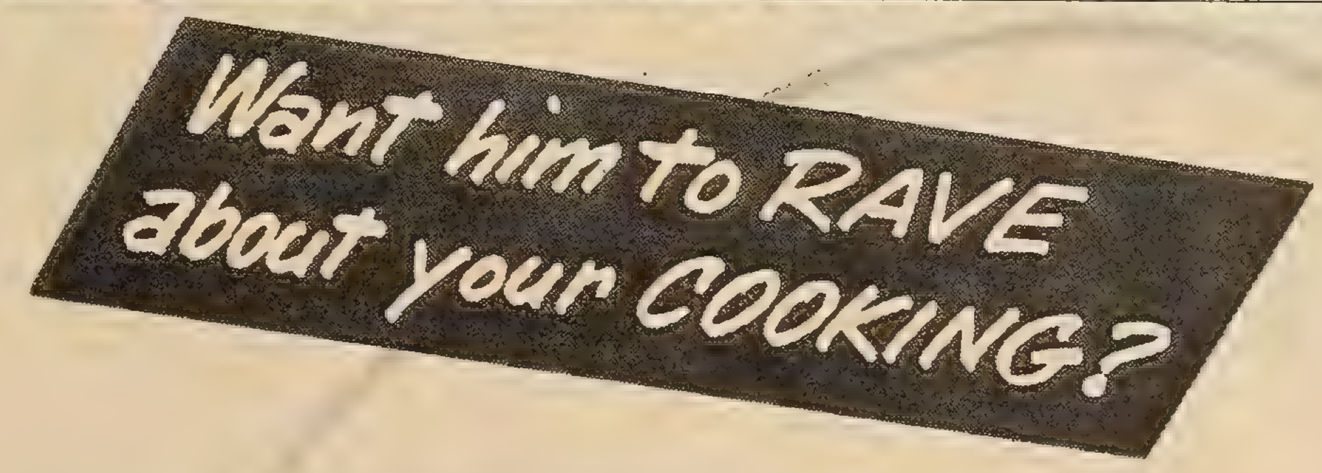
Schary got up. "I'll tell you what," he said to Mario's parents. "You tell Mario I want him to take two weeks. How's that?"

Mama and Papa were overjoyed. They thanked Schary profusely. What an understanding man. What a wonderful executive! They raced to Mario's house and told him the good news. Mr. Schary was giving him two weeks off—he should rest, take it easy, start the picture relaxed and refreshed. Mario was beaming and happy. When he's happy he eats.

The two weeks passed. Mario was notified that *The Student Prince* would roll on August 23rd. Mario refused to appear. The studio threatened to ban him from his radio show since they controlled his radio rights. Mario showed up at the wardrobe department on a Thursday. His broadcast went on the air Friday. It was his last broadcast. The studio put its corporate foot down. Mario became $5,200 poorer each Friday. That's how much his radio program brought in.

Two weeks passed—two weeks in which the studio announced the possible cancellation of the film; the gossipmongers insisted Lanza was off his rocker, fighting with his wife, living in New York, living with his parents, eloping with a new girl, and all sorts of ridiculous and incredible stories. These bad guesses faded into nothingness when Mario and the studio agreed to kiss and make up by way of talking about the possibility of getting a new director and amending





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certain clauses in Mario's basic employment contract. If he worked more than the six months it calls for in 1952, the overtime would be deducted in 1953.

But once again the incredible Mario refused to show up at the studio to discuss these problems. Nor would he send word. He just didn't feel like it, didn't feel up to it.

Friends who talked to his parents were told that Mario had suffered from these "bad-boy spells" before, but never had they lasted this long. Mama and Papa Cocozza were genuinely worried. They spoke to their beloved boy. Mario was adamant. He wasn't going into the studio until he felt the time was ripe, and the time wasn't now.

In the meanwhile by the process of osmosis the studio came around to the realization that Mario was being completely unreasonable. It ordered the law firm of Loeb & Loeb to draw up the necessary legal papers. The accounting department would tell the lawyers exactly how much Metro had spent in preparing *The Student Prince.*

WHILE the legal beagles were getting ready to throw the book at Mario, an announcement wafted over from London that Mario's last film, *Because You're Mine,* had been chosen for the royal command performance. When Mario heard this, he beamed. "It's the most marvelous thing that ever happened to me," he said, whereupon he called up the girls in his office on South Beverly Boulevard and issued a stand-by order. Stand by to close the office. Mario was thinking of taking his whole family, his whole office staff to London for the command performance.

Less than 24 hours later, the owners of MGM, Loew's Inc., filed a $5,195,888 breach of contract against Alfred Arnold Cocozza (Mario's real name) charging him with refusal to sing in *The Student Prince,* and demanding that the court issue an injunction preventing Mario from performing services for any other person or company pending settlement of his contractual difficulties with the studio.

The complaint specifically asked $695,888 in special damages, claiming that amount as the cost for the film's preparation and $4,500,000 in general damages for the loss of prospective profits.

At the time Lanza heard the news of this legal suit, he was sipping a fruit punch in the Bel-Air Hotel suite of Freddie Matsuo, one of his Hawaiian friends, who a few years previously had booked the Lanza concerts when Mario sang in Honolulu.

MARIO laughed when he heard the news. After all it's flattering to be sued for more than $5,000,000. In his mind, however, he debated several possible courses of action to take.

He could move his whole family to England. That would be a little tough, however, because Betty is expecting a third child in December and wants to have it in the U.S.

He could give up making motion pictures which, after all, brings him a good deal less revenue than his concerts and recordings.

He could move his family to Honolulu, cut down on his expenses, live on his recording royalties.

He could make peace with the studio and start *The Student Prince* all over again.

He could fight the studio in a long drawn-out legal battle; maybe win; maybe lose. In any event it was doubtful if any court in the land would issue an injunction in an effort to deprive him from making a living.

Or he could go to see a doctor and find out what was really bothering him.

As we go to press, Mario has not as yet made up his mind. **END**

happy talk

(*Continued from page* 55) they will do when they get to Hollywood, Doris and her husband, George Weidler, parked a trailer in a vacant lot in the San Fernando Valley. When they put out feelers for work, they had to trust to the kindness of a nearby store for a telephone communication in case an offer of a job came through.

Doris, of course, had that famous smile even then. The broad grin with the white teeth was a trademark, and she was able to flash it on no matter what the situation. But if you had known her then, you'd have seen that in repose the smile seldom appeared. And as the weeks went by and no sign of even a night club date appeared, let alone the movies, the smile appeared less and less often.

A FEW months after she had been in California, a crisis suddenly confronted Doris. Her marriage to George, which was her second try at wedlock, was no go. Nothing went right. George was not staying with her as much as he should have. They were too poor, even for the skimpy budget they had set for themselves. So one night Doris walked away from the trailer, and took a small room in a low-priced Hollywood hotel.

The chance she had been waiting for came shortly after that. A call came from her agent, a fellow by the name of Al Levy who obviously had a faith in her talent that he shared with no one else. He called her at the hotel when she was at her lowest ebb, almost at the bottom.

"Meet me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "We're going out to Warner Brothers."

Doris was facing a mirror as she took the call. She saw reflected a tall, rather plain girl with corn silk hair, a nose too small, and worst of all a face covered with freckles. She didn't think it was a glamorous picture.

"Warner Brothers!" She said. "What for?"

"We're going to make a test, Dope," said Levy.

"A test!" said Doris. "You sure you've got the right girl?"

"Just be ready," said Levy, and hung up.

The next morning Al Levy swung Doris Day through the front gate of the Warner Brothers Studio and she felt like a fool. She was making a big mistake she thought, walking into an obvious insult. Who would hire a girl like her for the movies?

The test was made by Michael Curtiz, the director who at that time was the toast of the town for his recent picture, *Casablanca.* He put Doris through her paces. In spite of his consideration and tact she was sure he hated her and was just too polite to offend her. She admitted later that she thought for a time that there was no film in the camera. Why waste film on somebody who was quite visibly not the type.

Doris left the studio with a sigh of relief and vowed she'd never set foot in another. She tried to get the whole thing out of her mind and went back to the daily grind of trying to line up a deal

with a band, or get solo singing engagements. She was truly astonished a few days later when Levy telephoned her again and said they were wanted at the studio.

"Horrors," she thought, "they probably want to make me pay for the money they spent on the test." Levy took her straight to Curtiz' office. The director sat behind his desk and looked at her a long time without speaking.

"Have you ever had any dramatic experience?" he asked finally.

"No, sir," said Doris.

"Hmmmm," said Curtiz. "Very good. Have you ever taken lessons in acting?"

"No, sir," said Doris.

"Good. Good," said Curtiz.

Then he turned to the agent. "People," he said, "are going to say that I am crazy, but I will sign this girl to a personal contract and give her the leading role opposite Jack Carson in the picture I am preparing."

Doris sat ashen-faced and listened. She was sure she was not hearing right. Then she got up from the chair and walked from the studio in a daze. When she got home, she sat alone in her room for hours, not even answering the phone, trying to figure out what strange trick life was getting ready to play on her now.

Now, this is not a story about how Doris Day became a star in pictures. That has been told many times. But it is proper to repeat that while she was a smash hit from the beginning, and that after awhile Warner Brothers bought her contract from Curtiz for a pretty penny. She's been their top star ever since. But all of the time the smile was a prop, the cheery attitude a fake. Doris Day was not really happy down deep in her heart.

If you'll remember back to those days, you'll recall that Doris was pretty much a play girl. She spent most of her time with Jack Carson, a fellow who likes nothing better than an evening on the town, in the night clubs and with gay companions. When they weren't working, they rested up during the day and made the rounds at night. Neither of them could have been called excessive drinkers or dissipaters in any form, but they lived a gay existence. Although the whole town thought they were in love and would some day marry, they themselves never thought they were even mildly in love.

By the time Doris Day was ready for happiness she had had everything else she wanted. She was a big star, used to the adulation and the big money. She radiated confidence that it would go on forever. But inwardly she was filled with doubts. She was like a person attending a costume party in a get-up that she really didn't belong in. Accepted, but knowing that the whole thing was a gag. When she was alone at night, before she went to sleep, Doris used to lie awake and count her blessings and evaluate her shortcomings. It was in those hours that she grew frightened and dreaded the

One difficulty facing fiction writers is naming their characters. They can never be certain that someone will not claim that his name has been used for an unpleasant character and threaten a lawsuit. One Hollywood studio solved the problem. Its carpenter, Frank W. Josephson, has, for the last 14 years, rented his name to the company so that some other Frank Josephson cannot bring an action. His name appears in screen divorce suits, tagged to dead bodies and unsavory characters.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

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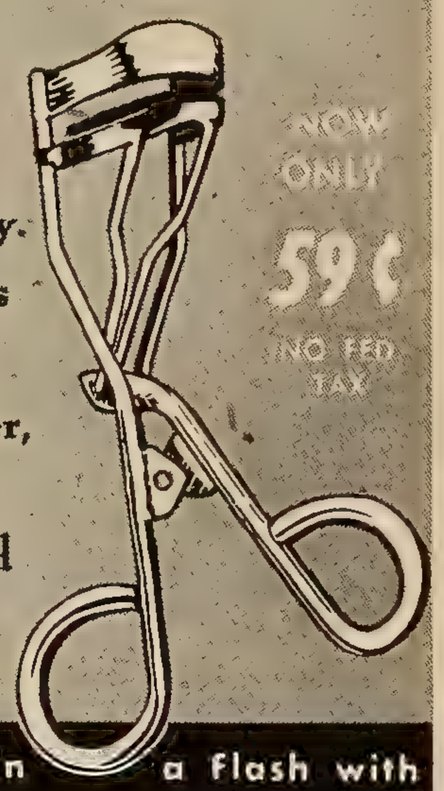
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thought of what tomorrow would bring.

The salvation of the old Doris Day, and the birth of the new, came about in a strange way. She hadn't seen her husband for quite a while. They were divorced, held no grudges, but neither did they share confidences. One day he called and said he had a couple of things they ought to talk over. Doris agreed to meet him.

Doris has said since then that seeing the transformation in George Weidler was one of the big shocks of her life. George, the fellow who lived for the kicks of today, the lad with the often sad and worried look, the boy with no taste for responsibilities of any kind stood before her and looked like a stranger. He stood erect and sure of himself. His face was serene and purpose was in his eyes. When he spoke he said something. Just what he meant. And his kindness in dealing with the mutual problem they faced was as surprising as his changed appearance.

Their business concluded, George was about to go, but Doris wouldn't let him.

"Something's happened to you," she said. "I don't know what it is, George, but something's happened to you that I wish could happen to me. You're strong, and I always thought I was the strong one."

George smiled and sat down again. "Would you like me to tell you about it?" he asked.

"Please tell me," Doris begged.

They sat and talked for a long time. George had discovered a religious science —that maybe wasn't altogether a religion or a science—but a way of life. He had found it when he needed it most, and it had made him happy for the first time that he could remember. Doris wanted to know how she could get to know about it and he told her, told her how to approach it, where to read about it and what it would do for her. She walked away from that meeting determined to get off the Hollywood merry-go-round and look for some of the peace she had thought she'd find if she ever got financial security.

A number of things that happened to Doris after that seemed to impel her toward a state of peace. Small things at first, but all part of a pattern that was to change her life completely.

THEN she received a blow where it hurt most. She developed a bad throat, and she earned a living with her throat. She went to a doctor and had an examination. There was nothing very dangerous about her condition, he told her, but she would have to remain silent for a long time and later on an operation might be required.

In the cold light of day, when Doris left the doctor's office, she took stock of herself once more and decided that rather than agree to the diagnosis and curtail her work—which was the only thing she really loved about her life—she would fight it out within herself. She trembled a little as she got into her car and lit a cigarette with nervous fingers. Suddenly she looked at the cigarette. And then she threw it as far away as she could. She has never smoked a cigarette since. She whipped the trouble with her throat, and it has never returned.

The same thing happened with liquor. While she was never a heavy drinker, Doris Day was like most people in Hollywood, a slave to the cocktail habit. Cocktails before lunch, maybe, and a cocktail before dinner. If she had to meet someone late in the afternoon, it was, naturally, for cocktails. As she began to find peace easier through her study of the new way of life she had discovered, Doris came to the conclusion that the cocktail was an enemy of the calm she wanted. She decided at a cocktail party one afternoon, after looking at what was happening to the rest of the people there, to put down her glass and she has never, to this day, lifted another.

The third thing that happened to Doris Day during her search for peace was a man. She had long before stopped making the gay rounds with Jack Carson. And, to tell the truth, she was lonely. Although she had always dealt exclusively with Al Levy in her agent's office, she had met another young fellow who was a partner there by the name of Marty Melcher. Melcher was a tall, rather esthetic type of fellow, quiet and not too friendly. One day Levy was out of town and he asked Melcher to escort Doris to a radio program she was booked for.

After the show Doris and Marty went to a restaurant for a bite to eat. They sat and talked for quite a while, and Doris was quite taken with the quiet manner of the man. And Marty was a bit more cordial than usual. They both wanted to meet a second time, so they did the day after. That was really when they had their first serious conversation. Doris told Marty about the new thing she was finding in her life. And he told her that he had been in a very unhappy state because of a separation from his wife and was seeking the same refuge.

It might have been decided that night that Doris Day and Marty Melcher would be together forever, but, of course, neither of them knew it. They did know, though, that they thought alike and were kindred souls in a strange environment. They met again and again. Soon the gossipers were saying they were in love. If they were, they didn't know it, but they did know that they had a common purpose, to achieve the serenity they knew possible in their spiritual life.

At a cocktail party, Hymie Fink took a photograph of a well known starlet. Then he said to her: "I'll send you a copy of the picture. Would you like it mounted?" "Oh, that would be wonderful," replied the starlet, "I look so much better on a horse."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

A LOT of water has passed under the bridge since that day. Now Doris and Marty are married, after one of the most casual courtships known in Hollywood. There was never any of the mad chasing that is so common in Filmtown when a man is after a girl. They just sort of drifted toward one another. They found not only comfort but solace in one another's company—and peace in their mutual search for something and someone to believe in.

Now, there is nothing in life that can hurt Doris Day. She is one of the best-adjusted actresses in Hollywood, and there is no better wife and mother. Her home is a haven for the friends they want. They are the staunch confidants of practically all of the kids in the neighborhood.

Those visitors to the set of that Warner Brothers musical thought they were seeing a great example of control when they saw Doris Day go through a work-a-day experience that had everyone else in the company tearing at their hair. But they really were not. They were just watching a girl work who has found peace, a true, deep, abiding peace.

Doris Day will go a longer way than she ever might have before. You see she knows herself completely, and she knows exactly where she's going. **END**

(Doris Day will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' April In Paris.)

hedda hopper spikes those betty grable rumors

(*Continued from page 33*) turned down pictures, like practically all our stars do, but had never been officially suspended.

Six years ago, I remember, she bowed out of *No Wedding Ring* without arousing the ire of the studio. However, refusing to do a picture was so unusual for Betty that I visited her in her Coldwater Canyon home just to ask what gave with the girl. Betty was anything but uncooperative. Technically she was still on the job. The house was filled with utter confusion. Two fan magazine writers and several studio photographers had beaten me there. Flash bulbs were popping merrily all over the place. Sundry people wandered through the house seeking backgrounds for more pictures. A poodle bounded around with little Victoria.

Betty herself was busier than the proverbial one-armed paper hanger with the itch. She was answering questions, posing for camera boys, and keeping a weather eye on Vicky all at the same time. She considered this part of her job, and was glad to do it.

"Betty," I said, "practically every comic wants to play *Hamlet*. Every song and dance girl wants a crack at a straight dramatic role. Why did you turn down the opportunity?"

"For a very simple reason," she replied with a laugh. "I've spent 12 years learning how to sing and dance. I know musicals better than any phase of show business. My exhibitors want them; my fans expect to see me in them. I have no ambition to become a Sarah Bernhardt—praise be! So I want to stick to musicals."

THAT made sense to me, and evidently to the studio also. Betty wasn't punished. But time passed; conditions changed. Last year Betty balked at doing *The Girl Next Door*. This time, to the surprise of all of us, the studio put her on suspension, which means she was taken off salary.

I was out of town at the time; and one of my staff members, thinking the incident routine news, called Betty to check on what had happened. She explained that she'd just finished a film on Tuesday and was scheduled to start the new one the following Monday.

"I did not refuse to do the picture, because I hadn't even read the script," she added. "I'd been on call at the studio for 18 straight months. I needed a rest and asked for time off before starting back to work. I was told I could have the vacation, but that I'd be suspended if I took it. After being at 20th for 11 years, I was hurt by the studio's attitude. Then I was asked to promise to do another picture four months later. My reply was: 'As long as I'm being taken off salary, I'm not promising anything.'"

When that appeared in my column, the studio blew its top. I didn't know it at the time, but 20th was right on the verge of making drastic cuts in its executives' salaries. The lot was as jumpy as a fox in a forest fire. June Haver took over the picture; but she was injured while making it. The film hasn't been finished yet.

Learning the furor that Betty's statement had caused, I asked Darryl Zanuck for the studio's side of the story. He was ired by Betty's attitude. Twentieth had been good to Betty. She was kept on full salary while she had both of her babies. Usually when a studio learns that a star is expecting, she goes automatically on layoff until after the baby is born.

With theaters closing, I also had to agree with Darryl that the movie industry was in a state of emergency; we were fighting for our professional lives. And it behooved everybody in the industry to chip in and do their part.

Betty, however, stuck to her guns. She remained on suspension for a year and got a big kick out of her vacation. She and Harry indulged in their favorite pastime, following the races. And strangely enough during this period their horses hit a winning streak, which meant more to Betty than an Oscar.

She was taken off suspension to do *The Farmer Takes A Wife*, with Dale Robertson. "I had a wonderful time making that one," Betty told me. Then along came a picture, *Blaze Of Glory*, which was supposed to star Richard Widmark and Shelley Winters. But before a camera could turn on it, somebody tipped me that Shell had been to see an obstetrician. "Uh-uh," I said, "the gal's expecting." I checked for verification and printed the story. I'll bet Shell could bite my ears off for that. She wanted to do that picture badly; but gathering news is my business; and Shell would have endangered herself by making the film.

It's a strenuous picture, being directed by a rough and ready guy, Sam Fuller, who believes in a lot of close-ups and the use of no doubles. The girl gets pushed around through the whole story; and in one sequence takes a terrific beating. Sam wasn't going to take a chance of having Shell injured. Betty Grable replaced her. This time she definitely refused to make the picture, and was again put on suspension. Jean Peters replaced her. "It's the greatest part I ever had," she told me. "I play a sexy moron who falls in love with a pickpocket." Jean, who's as healthy as a young colt, can take anything dished out to her in the way of physical punishment.

NOW the rumors began to fly. Betty Grable was tired of picture making; didn't care about her career; had gone temperamental; Zanuck was going to lower the boom on her, but good this time; Marilyn Monroe had been brought in as a threat to the blonde queen of the lot; Betty was peeved because *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* had gone to Marilyn rather than her; Grable had figured that she'd grown so powerful she could do as she pleased; she was still afraid to tackle a straight dramatic role. These were just a few of the conjectures that floated around town. Seeking the truth, I went directly to Betty. She was not bitter over the suspension, having expected it when she turned down the part.

"I think I've lasted in this business by not doing pictures that are not good for me," said she. "My fans expect to see me in a certain type of film and I try never to let them down. In *Blaze Of Glory*, I was to play a B-girl who picks up men in bars and works for a fellow traveler. Can you see me doing that? I don't think my fans would want to see me in that kind of a role. I've never played a character on the screen that I would be ashamed for my own children to see—or the children of any other mother either. Then, too, the picture was to be made in black and white; so many of mine have been in color that I may have become spoiled."

"You weren't afraid to tackle a straight dramatic role?" I asked.

"No," she said. Then she pondered the question. "No, I'm really not, though two of my most dismal failures were pictures in which I played dramatic roles. And, of course, my biggest successes have been musicals. Let's face it, Hedda. Very

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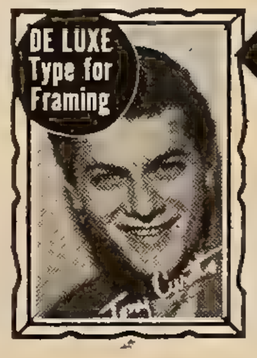
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little acting is required of me in most of the films I do. However, I'd welcome the opportunity to play the kind of parts Carole Lombard used to do. But I suppose nobody believes I can do comedy."

"No plans of retiring then?" I asked.

The question startled her. "Oh, no," she said. "I love working in pictures. In fact, with Harry on tour and the children in school, I'd like to be making one right now."

I wanted to know if there was any feud between her and Marilyn Monroe.

"Absolutely none," she said. "A lot of people think I'm jealous of Marilyn; but that's not true. I was told *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was bought for me; and naturally I wanted to make the picture. Who wouldn't? Marilyn got it. That's her good fortune. When Judy Garland bowed out of *Annie Get Your Gun,* I was dying to take over. But 20th wouldn't lend me. Do you realize that in the 13 years I've been with that studio, I've never made a picture off the lot?"

I hadn't, but it's true. And the girl who's in a position to ramble around town gets the plum roles, as no studio can have all the good properties. Betty Hutton, on loan-out from Paramount, had her career revitalized by *Annie* for example. In order to have more freedom to pick and choose, Betty's asked 20th to release her from her contract. But the studio won't do it. Who wants to let go of a gold mine?

And just what makes this gold mine click? That's the question that has long puzzled us. She's quietly skipped most of the usual formulas for movie success. Betty, while having a healthy respect for her fans, does not cater to them like Joan Crawford, for instance. She has her fan clubs, however, and a surprisingly great number of feminine followers. Girls who wrote to Betty in their teens grow up, marry, and become mothers; but they still correspond with Grable. "The reason women like her," one of her friends told me, "is that she looks like a square shooter. She's the kind of girl with whom about any woman would trust her husband. You couldn't say that about Marilyn Monroe."

When Betty's working in a picture, she's all business. But away from the studio she likes to be just Mrs. Harry James. She used to accompany Harry on his band tours; but fans wouldn't let her alone. She wanted to be simply another wife. But if she didn't make a personal appearance, get up and take a bow or sing, people thought her snooty. So in order not to offend them, she decided to skip those tours with Harry.

Betty's no glamor girl when you compare her to Marlene Dietrich or Rita Hayworth. She dresses simply but well. When she goes out, she wears no make-up except a little powder, mascara and lipstick. I've known Betty for many years; and she seems ageless. Her figure has remained exactly the same for 12 years. The onepiece suit she uses for rehearsals has never had to be altered a fraction of an inch. Yet she never diets. When she's rehearsing dance numbers, she eats like a famished horse—particularly candy. Betty keeps her skin fresh, firm, and unwrinkled by frequent applications of cream and oil. George Lane, her studio make-up man, says she presents only one minor problem. Her nose was once broken, leaving a tiny bone slightly projecting. When that part of her face is high-lighted, the nose-bone requires special make-up.

Betty doesn't consider herself a real beauty. Nor do I. Yet during World War II, 20th had over two million requests for pin-up pictures of her from servicemen. I know, because my office was constantly flooded with letters from GI's wanting Grable's picture. Somehow she meant home to the lonely men in foreign lands, because she's the standard concept of the all-American girl. She's the "beautiful blonde" about whom all men dream and which most women envy. Yet she'd never win a "Miss America" contest. Hollywood is loaded with girls more beautiful than she. Go on any set where a big musical number is being shot; and you'll find dozens of them. They're playing extras.

Her looks help, but that is not the answer to Betty Grable's appeal. And she'd be the first to admit that she's no great shakes as an actress. When the Harvard Lampoon picked her as "the worst actress of the year," she wired the magazine, "You're so right." She can be a show-stopper with her warm vitality; but putting her in a picture with a Greta Garbo or Olivia De Havilland would be murderous. Dan Dailey has done several pictures with Betty, and I asked him what the girl had that kept her so popular.

"Warmth," he said. "You know, in real life Betty's shy and does not reveal her true personality. I've always felt that what we see on the screen is not the actress, but Betty Grable herself. She has the greatest natural gift for dancing that I've ever found in a woman; but she's never fully developed it. The same applies to her acting. You know why? Making motion pictures is strictly a business with her. She likes the money and does enough on the sound stages to get by in a big way. But her chief interest lies in buying the family groceries and washing the faces of her children."

I'm inclined to agree with Dan. I asked why she didn't make personal appearances. "Lack of confidence, I suppose," she replied.

"Lack of confidence!" I echoed in disbelief. "You've been with bands and on the stage."

"But that was long ago," she said. "If I had to walk out on a stage now, I'd be terrified. I've been blamed for not playing benefits, and that's the reason. I know people would expect me to be as good as I am on the screen; and I wouldn't be. I don't want to disappoint anybody."

As for being a homebody, Betty certainly is. At present she has no secretary, business manager, nurse, cook or chauffeur. She does have an agent, a girl to take care of her fan mail, and a man to handle her taxes. "I learned to do things for myself when I was young and I still like to be independent," she explained. Marie Brasselle (mother of film star Keefe) has been Betty's hairdresser for 12 years and knows her about as intimately as anyone outside her family. "She doesn't want anybody to wait on her," says Marie. "She won't even let me carry her script. Betty doesn't like flattery either. If she looks especially good, I tell her so. But she'd hate for anybody to tell her that every day."

Betty is stern with her children when they do wrong; so they have become models of behavior. When not working she takes care of them herself. Betty prepares their breakfast. They have a salad for lunch; and at night mother and daughters dine out.

The Jameses do little entertaining. They both loathe night clubs. Betty got her fill of them in her younger days; and Harry has to work in them. Occasionally they do a night spot to catch the show of a pal like Joe E. Lewis. "With two children, we have enough entertainment at home," says Betty. Many movie stars feel that they must be seen in public gatherings to remain popular. Betty defies the idea. About the only place you

see them regularly in public are race tracks. They both love horses; have six racers and four brood mares of their own. "The nicest present Harry ever gave me," says Betty, "was a three-in-one affair—a mare in foal with a second colt trotting by her side."

I'm surprised at the number of men who don't consider Betty sexy; but I can understand their viewpoint. Sultry, languid, lazy Marilyn Monroe can get more sex in the shrug of her shoulder than Grable could in a hula dance. Yet when the current storm over Marilyn is over, I'll still have my money on Betty. Some psychological factor in the public mind makes it accept or reject a movie star. Bob Mitchum served a term in jail and came out to find his career unaffected. John Agar did the same thing and practically wrecked his.

Their deeds may be perfectly innocent as, for instance, getting married. Betty's movie career suffered not at all by her becoming a wife and mother. I doubt whether Marilyn's could withstand such. There's a difference. Betty represents entertainment. People associate her with bright lights, music, crowds, gaiety. She's the girl men like to take out dining and dancing—everybody's girl friend, but nobody's girl. But smouldering Marilyn is the type with whom men like to be alone. She's associated with dim lights, soft music, an open fire, champagne in an icy silver bucket. Marriage would likely destroy that concept. Doubtlessly Marilyn will wed, knocking the cream off her publicity pie, while Betty continues dancing on her merry way.

GRABLE is smart enough to know that the workers behind the camera can make or break a star. Good lighting, good makeup, good wardrobe are essential to the success of any actress. And Betty never forgets the people responsible for them. "When she's working," says Marie Brasselle, "she has gallons of hot coffee on the set for everybody all day long. She discovered that a crew member liked fishing; so she sent him to a sports store to pick out anything he liked as a present from her. She knew her wardrobe girl was fond of pretty clothes. So she sent her to Sak's to pick out some new dresses for herself at Grable's expense. She learned that I didn't have a television set, and gave me a beauty.

Dan Dailey calls her a 50-50 girl. "Whether we were doing a dance number or acting a scene together," says he, "she never tried to top me. She gave me as much as she took."

Betty's often been accused of being temperamental and moody. At times when I meet her, she'll sit down and talk my ears off; at others, she'll have practically nothing to say. "She's not moody," says Marie. "She's sensitive. And her silence is likely due to something entirely unrelated to you. If she's hurt, she clams up for a couple of days. But she gets over it." Another factor that gives her a reputation for temperament is that she believes in punctuality. She likes to get to work on time and quit on time so she can get home to her family. Directors often wish to stay over time to finish a particular shot. Betty doesn't like the idea; so she blows up. "Temperament," say people working with her. "The great Grable. Who does she think she is? Garbo?"

BETTY thinks no such thing. At six o'clock in the evening she ceases being an actress and becomes a mother. So there you have her. Of herself she says, "I'm a good, dull girl." As an actress and singer she's but mediocre as talent goes. She's not the best dancer in the business; nor is she the most beautiful girl. Her private life is far from glamorous. But she's one of the greatest boxoffice stars in motion picture history. Why? I'll tell you her secret. She started studying dancing at the age of five and began working professionally at 11. She knows show business and how to dish it out. That's it! **END**

shelley's greatest secret

(*Continued from page 37*) months ahead of him. Vittorio and I had dinner with Elizabeth and Michael the other evening. She looks wonderful. The boys talked European theater and we talked babies. I can't get a thing zipped up any more and Elizabeth advised me where to get maternity clothes. But I don't know. I'll wait. We had a lot of laughs."

The executive from the studio smiled appreciatively. Shelley's interior decorator, who was passing through, nodded pleasantly to everyone and headed for the room tentatively designated as the nursery. Mrs. Rose Schrift, Shelley's mother, brought her a cup of tea and warned, "It's hot." Naturally, Shelley took a sip anyway and winced. She always has to find out things for herself—that much she hasn't changed. "It's hot," she agreed.

That day, for instance, nothing had seemed to work out right about the apartment, including the Japanese gardener who again doggedly showed up at dawn to noisily water the plants despite their protests. ("Why does he have to sneak up on them in the dark?" Shelley asked). Besides this, and the fireplace's need for modernizing, the water heater had made ominous noises, the shower leaked. ("How do you fix a washer?" Shelley had phoned the plumber.) The pipes of the hot air heating system needed cleaning. ("Do they send a furry little cat through the pipes?" Shelley wondered.) A man came to deliver two bags of fertilizer nobody could remember ordering. Someone else bought venetian blinds which didn't fit; and a neighbor who knew Shelley dropped in and told her the other neighbors on the street thought her husband was crazy.

THROUGH all this Shelley remained serene, only mildly interested about the household disruption involved and just casually amused about the neighbors.

"Vittorio only *sounds* crazy," she said. "He is rehearsing for his plays in Italy and he has to get back his old voice power because they don't use microphones even when they play in those old Roman amphitheaters to audiences of 50,000 people. He does vocal exercises every day till the windows rattle. Up the street there is a neurologist, and every time he hears Vittorio he grabs his surgical kit in the hope I'll call him over to operate. He thinks Vittorio will make a fascinating case."

"Doesn't it bother you?" she was asked.

"Uh-uh," Shelley replied. "The only thing that bothers either one of us is the door. It squeaks when Vittorio is trying to study his plays. He yells about it, and I pour oil all over the hinges, but there is always a little squeak I miss."

"What's happened to you, then?" came another question. "Where is the good old Winters temperament? I heard you didn't even get angry when 20th Century-Fox phoned you in Mexico that the picture you were to do with Richard Widmark had been cancelled. And that, they tell me, was before you even knew yourself you were going to have a baby."

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Shelley smiled blissfully. "It's physiological, the doctor says," she replied. "The glands pour something into the blood and then you don't care what the score is. It's a good thing the studios can't get hold of the stuff. I didn't know the baby was on the way in Mexico, but it was. That's why 20th's notification didn't bother me. I'm having the first vacation I have ever had since I was 12 years old and I love it. I'm even taking naps now. Me! I never even sat down before during the day. And nights? I used to be a real nightclub girl. Now Vittorio has to hit me on the head to keep me up after dinner . . . he should dare to try!"

"Well, after the baby is born you'll be your old self again," her friend ventured.

Shelley thought a while. "I don't know. I've got ideas now I don't think I'll forget afterwards—a brand new way of seeing things. I'm beginning to feel that a career is not all of life. If you keep dwelling on it it becomes everything, but that kind of everything can be pretty empty."

THAT's how it is with Shelley. Her personality adjustment to approaching motherhood is intriguing everyone, including Shelley herself. She is proud of the fact that three times during September she got new picture offers and was able to turn them down without the least personal dither and without automatically canvassing a dozen and a half of her friends for advice. She was tempted by one of the offers, a chance to play opposite Dick Basehart in an independent production entitled, *Cry Tough.*

"If you take this role and start the picture you will have to finish it, and in your condition this might prove difficult," Vittorio warned.

"You mean I've got to face the facts of life?" she asked.

When he nodded she decided. "Okay, life wins . . . I won't even start."

Shelley's new mood seems to embrace Vittorio as well, so that he too appears surrounded by an aura of gentle reasonableness. This helps wet down the dust of any conflict that does arise. One arose about their travel plans. Vittorio had his heart set on Shelley accompanying him to Italy in October when he returned for a five-months engagement with his play company there. Shelley was to stay right through Christmas and then return to Hollywood so that the baby could be born in the United States. Vittorio was to follow in April when his show closed, bringing his mother along. But her doctor advised Shelley not to attempt the trip until November, and when she reported this to Vittorio he couldn't understand it.

"Why?" he asked. "You get on a plane, you sit, and then you are in Rome."

"The doctor says it's not wise to travel until the fifth month," she told him.

Vittorio waved a deprecating hand. "Italian girls who are going to be mothers must be tougher," he declared. "They go anywhere anytime."

Shelley just nodded agreeably. Then Vittorio demanded to know whether she was going to do what he said or what the doctor said.

"What the doctor said," she replied.

Vittorio opened his mouth as if to pronounce some ultimatum . . . and then incipient fatherhood must have taken control of him. "Good girl . . ." he said. "We have to be careful."

There was also the question of Shelley holding to some sort of diet. Her doctor didn't want her to put on more than 20 or 25 pounds during pregnancy, and she had already gained 10 by the beginning of the third month. Vittorio, however, claimed that in Italy mothers-to-be gained up to 50 pounds and nobody cared.

He produced a pencil and paper and did some figuring. "You think not?" he asked. "If by the third month you have already gained ten pounds, and you are hardly started yet. . . ."

"Yes?" prompted Shelley, pretending she didn't know what he was leading up to.

"I am afraid you are having this baby on the Italian plan," he said.

THE mysterious ailments which sometimes affect expectant fathers as well as mothers had not bypassed Vittorio before he left Hollywood. For one thing, he suffered from indigestion, something new for him, and he claimed it was a sympathetic reaction to Shelley's condition. He began to complain when he noticed that she was making a habit of popping from bed right to the kitchen the first thing every morning. "It's like a track race every morning with you," he said. "Why?"

She told him that her doctor had advised eating immediately after arising to settle her stomach and prevent nausea. Vittorio smote his chest. "Why didn't you tell me before?" he demanded. "Me too. I have been having heartburn ever since we found out about the baby."

The next morning he beat her to the kitchen. The day after that, when she went to take some vitamin pills her doctor had prescribed, Vittorio followed right behind. He flipped a whole handful of the pills into his mouth before she could stop him. "They're not for heartburn," she told him.

"That's all right," he said. "I am interested in American medicine generally."

Their original idea of buying the duplex apartment was to live in the ground floor apartment themselves and rent the upstairs apartment for income. But right from the first Vittorio began to discourage possible tenants. When Shelley asked him why, he reminded her that his mother would be with them. "It will be a good place for mother to live and a good place for the baby," he said.

"But won't you want the baby to be downstairs with us?" she asked.

Vittorio looked as if he couldn't understand her. "What for?" he asked. "There is nothing you can say to a baby until he is five years old."

Shelley laughs this off, of course. Baby is going to stay very close to mama and papa, the way she sees the parental program. What has bothered her is the probability of the child's speaking Italian.

"If this is the case, you won't be able to talk with him at all unless you learn Italian," Vittorio has teased.

Shelley is taking no chances. She is studying hard. She has also obtained the University of Chicago recommended "Great Books of the Western World," in 54 volumes, and intends to read every one of them.

"Anything my kid wants to know, from Homer to Tennessee Williams, I'm going to be able to tell him," she says.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One afternoon as we were playing baseball, we noticed a beautiful brunette watching us. Only after talking to her for a while did we discover that this friendly person was Jane Russell, who was living in Columbus while her husband was stationed at Fort Benning.

Sybil Powell
Columbus, Georgia

To get time for this, she has quit working on a sweater for Vittorio which she has been knitting for five months and which is still one sleeve short of being all finished.

EVEN if some of Vittorio's ideas are a little hard to take, all in all he is making a fine prospective father, according to Shelley. Although he was born in a home where a nurse attended his wants from infancy on (and still does when he visits his own family), he forgot all about this the day they moved to their new place.

"He started off normal," she said. "He refused to get out of bed when the movers came in the morning. But afterwards he made a great finish, even washing the dishes and taking out the garbage."

Their worst day, she says, came the afternoon they both went to her doctor to discuss the money end of parenthood. The doctor wanted to know Vittorio's income for the past five years so he could establish an average on which to base the fee. When Vittorio heard what the fee was to be, Shelley saw his lips moving in the way they do when he is mentally converting dollars into lira. From the expression on his face, it looked to her as if he was up into the millions of them. After they got home, Shelley made him a drink and he became fairly philosophic about his fate.

"Still," he said, "births in America and births in Italy are entirely different phenomena. In Italy if you want a baby it is merely a matter of love. In America you have to be deaf to your heart until your bank book says, 'Okay! Go ahead and have a baby!' "

"Except if you are an Italian in America," murmured Shelley.

No, at this writing Shelley is about the calmest girl in Hollywood. When Farley Granger heard about her good fortune, he came over and brought flowers. After he left Shelley said, "Gee, he's a nice guy. It's a shame Vittorio and he can't be friends." (Vittorio is the one who is doing the balking.) Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well," she commented, and you knew *that* was not going to bother her either. **END**

(Shelley Winters can be seen in Universal-International's Untamed Frontier.)

what's the trouble esther?

(*Continued from page 41*) broke into a wide grin, and said, "There's no truth to it at all. Ben and I have never been happier. Maybe we quarrel once in a while, but who has time to fight? We're both too busy."

Ben, who was once a radio announcer and consequently talks with great fluidity, was a little more detailed in his denial. "Esther and I," he explained, "have read so many of these darn items about ourselves, they don't bother us anymore. You know why they print this stuff, don't you? They've run out of things to write about us. After all, pick up the front page of your newspaper. You don't read anything about Mr. and Mrs. Glutz celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. That's not news. You read scandal about divorces, law suits, murders—those are the things that sell newspapers—not happiness.

"Esther and I happen to be happily married and well-adjusted. I'd say as well as any couple in town. Is that worth any kind of a story? You know the answer. Of course not. But run something like Esther Williams and Ben Gage are breaking up—right away it's hot stuff.

"If there was anything wrong with our marriage, I mean seriously wrong—if it were going on the rocks—I'm the kind of guy who would level with you. But it isn't. Ask Esther. Ask her mother. Ask anyone. The trouble is that these columnists have done all the stories they can do about a happy marriage. Now they've gotta concentrate and dig up a little dirt."

BEN'S explanation sounded rational. "Only," I asked, "why should they pick on you and Esther? Why don't they pick on someone say, like Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, or Bob and Dolores Hope? Is there a possibility that many members of the Press don't like Esther? A year or so ago the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted her the most uncooperative actress of the year. Are these stories of your breakup examples of wishful thinking?"

Ben thought for a moment. "I honestly think," he said, "if you asked the membership of the Hollywood Women's Press Club if they'd made a mistake about Esther, they'd say yes. Quite a few of those girls resigned after that wacky nomination. Esther is as cooperative with the Press as circumstances permit. Don't take my word for it. Just ask about town."

I did exactly that, and from what I can gather, the Press feels that Esther Williams is a pretty good scout. "She'll give you as much time as she can," one reporter confided, "but to her the most important thing is her family, especially her two kids. Her one regret in life is that she can't spend more time than she does with her boys. She's always late for appointments, and she may be a little overanxious about earning a buck—but she's a whole lot more normal than someone like Ava Gardner who's a real mixed-up dame, or Lana Turner who has about as much judgment of men as a mink. I think you can say this about Esther. The newspapermen genuinely like her. The newspaper women, however—I think they've got green eyes.

"The one trouble with Esther is that she's a success. It's a national hobby, taking potshots at a success, especially when the girl had nothing to begin with. Esther's story is one of those rags-to-riches yarns. No one criticizes the son of J. P. Morgan. Such a kid is born to the purple and no one ever accuses him of being money-mad, aggressive, selfish, egotistical, and inconsiderate.

"Let someone like Esther come along, a kid who never had an extra buck as a child, and right away a lot of other girls resent her success."

A HOLLYWOOD newspaper girl who's been covering the goings-on in movietown for more than six years had a different explanation for the oft-repeated rumors concerning the eventual unhappy denouement of Esther's second marriage.

"Look," she said, "let's start on the premise that all single girls are jealous of married girls, and all women insanely jealous of beautiful actresses. Let's shove that premise aside and concentrate on Esther. I've done quite a bit of research on Esther, and I've come to the conclusion that she's a pretty domineering sort of girl.

"I don't think there's anything necessarily wrong in a girl being dominant. After all, we're just the result of our inheritance and environment. It so happens that Esther's mother is a pretty domineering woman herself. I remember asking

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people in Inglewood, where Esther was raised, about her family. They all told me the same thing. Esther's mother was the driving force. Her father was a poor sign-painter who found the going pretty tough, that is financially. Esther inherited her mother's drive, her mother's forcefulness. She's a plain-speaking, hard-working girl who calls a spade a spade.

"It's her industry, her money, her earnings, her career which in large part is responsible for the family holdings. For example, Esther and Ben own the Trails, a restaurant out on Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles. It's done so well that Esther and Ben are expanding it into a drive-in. They also own a metal fabrication shop, half-a-dozen houses down in the desert which Esther built in the first place so that her asthmatic brother would have something to look after, another house in Acapulco which they rent out, and I guess some sort of royalty deal with a bathing suit manufacturer. At one time they also owned a filling station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica; I'll never forget the night they opened that station. They had searchlights and Keenan Wynn on his bicycle and they were giving away tanks of free gas to other Hollywood stars.

"I happened to stop by another filling station in the neighborhood, and the youngster who was running it was choked with bitterness. 'That Esther Williams is a pip,' he complained. 'She only earns $100,000 a year, but she's gotta open up a filling station and take away my business. I know it's a free country. Anyone can open anything. But somehow, I just resent it. I resent it, 'cause I know she doesn't need the money. It's just another sideline to her, while to me it's my whole living.'

"Esther and Ben gave up the filling station, but my whole point in telling you about their holdings is this: Esther is the dominant wage-earner in her family. Ben looks after their various interests. He had a small run as a singer on the radio, and as an emcee on television, but he abandoned show-business.

"It may be unfair but he is regarded more as Esther Williams' husband than as Ben Gage. He knew this was bound to happen when he married Esther. He knew she wasn't going to abandon her career and let him become the family bread-winner. He went into the setup with his eyes open.

"I maintain that eventually he is going to regret having left show business. After all, he's tall, he's handsome, he's got a lot of sex appeal. If he were willing to struggle a little, who could tell what heights he might achieve? He's given up whatever chance he had in show business to look after the joint family holdings. These may expand to include 5,000 different restaurants, but Esther will always be the power behind the throne. Eventually, and mind you, this is my own personal opinion, I think Ben's male vanity will assert itself, that unconsciously and gradually, he will resent Esther for depriving him of the chance he himself failed to take in show business. Do I make myself clear?"

I MULLED over my informant's opinion for a good while. "You don't mean to say," I questioned, "that on the basis of this analysis which may be faulty you have been running breakup stories about the Gages?"

The newspaper girl looked at me and sadly shook her head. "It's very simple," she explained. "History repeats itself. I've yet to see a happy marriage out here where the wife was infinitely more successful in her career than her husband. In those marriages that do last, either the wife or the husband must abandon one career. Lots of times a man will marry an actress and become her manager in which event he not only becomes her husband but also a paid employee. Sid Luft and Judy Garland are a case in point. Rosalind Russell also has a husband who helps produce many of her pictures. Tom Lewis has just organized a television company which will star his wife Loretta Young.

"I maintain that the masculine ego resents being placed in a subsidiary role and that eventually it will revolt—maybe not in all cases—after all, a question of character is concerned—but in most cases. The reason many gossip columnists keep predicting the demise of Esther Williams' marriage is a simple one. Through her ambition and industry she is more successful than her husband. I don't say this is a fault, a crime, or anything. I merely say it's dangerous. Why don't you talk to someone who knew Esther when she was first married to that struggling young doctor?"

I searched around Los Angeles and had no trouble in finding several persons who knew Esther when she was the young doctor's wife. One of these persons remembers Esther when she lived at 8722 Orchard Street in Inglewood. In fact, she attended school with the actress and says that Esther today is a far better wife, more mature, more intelligent, more philosophical than when she was married to the young doctor who was more interested in research than in making money.

A Hollywood screenwriter was outlining to Sam Goldwyn and others a story treatment he had about the 7th Cavalry. Goldwyn frequently seems absorbed in something other than that which is being discussed. The screenwriter, trying to recapture the producer's attention, said, "Of course, you're familiar with the details of Custer's Last Stand?" . . . "Sure," Goldwyn replied, "Custer lost."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

"Look," she told me. "I think Esther Williams is wonderful. I've heard an awful lot of stories of how she values money above everything and all of that baloney. It's not true. She has a good common sense of values. In her scheme of things, money is important—but she was raised without very much of it—and she never knew an easy childhood. I can vouch for that because I lived in the same neighborhood.

"I remember when she worked in a local store selling underthings on Saturdays and during vacations. I remember when she was a stock girl in a department store on Wilshire Boulevard, earning $80 a month. She and her sister used to save admission to the public swimming pool by counting out towels.

In high school at the beginning she was pretty unhappy. She was tall and gangling and none of the boys made a play for her. Towards the end, however, she began going around with some of her brother's friends and getting elected to various school offices, and by the time she got out she was pretty darn popular—but she never had it easy. I think she was 15 when the Los Angeles Athletic Club became interested in her as a swimmer. They sent her out to Des Moines, and I think she was 17 or 18 when she won the 100-meter free style event. But as she once told me, 'You can't earn money as an amateur athlete,' so she gave up swimming and got a job in the department store. That's when Billy Rose offered her $40 a week to swim in his World's Fair Aquacade.

"She turned it down telling him, 'I can't give up the security of my job for $40 a week.' Rose finally came across with $125 a week, and Esther took him up on it.

"While she was swimming with Johnny Weissmuller, Sam Katz, a producer at MGM, and Johnny Hyde, he was the agent from the William Morris office who later discovered and developed Marilyn Monroe—tried to get her into the movies—only Esther wouldn't listen. That's what I mean by common sense. She knew she'd had no dramatics training, and she couldn't see what use she'd be in the movies. She told them no, and after the Aquacade, she got her same old job back in the department store over on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Johnny Hyde used to bother her every month or so to come over to see L. B. Mayer—he was head of MGM, you know. He wanted Esther to have an interview with Mr. Mayer. He felt strongly that Esther could be turned into a big box-office attraction. Esther went with him one day—she was 19 at the time—and Mayer's first reaction was, 'My, but you're tall.' Esther said, 'I certainly am,' and she tried to leave his office, but Mayer ran after her and said, 'Wait a minute, young lady, you're not that tall.' He liked her face and her figure, and he took a chance. That's how Esther became a movie star.

"Now when she married this young doctor, it wasn't a case of running away from parental authority or anything like that—it was love, or what Esther thought was love. I don't see any sense in mentioning his name, do you? Ben gets absolutely livid, you know, when anyone mentions his name or even the fact that Esther was married before. I don't know why, but he certainly does. Anyway, it's no easy job being a young doctor. It takes years before you start earning a decent living. I think Esther would have put up with the early struggle and everything else, but she just fell out of love. Luckily she fell into a career almost at the same time.

"You ask me if I think there's any possibility of a breakup in Esther's present marriage. Right now I'd say definitely not. Esther and Ben are both on a solid plane. They know what they want out of this marriage. It's a family, and they're building one. Esther wants a girl, and next time out she'll probably get one.

"Ben may kid around a lot, and because he's so big he's always a target for jokes and wisecracks, but really, he's an awful good father. The other morning he took little Benjie down to the Hill and Dale Nursery, and I'm telling you the both of them looked real cute. Esther is as hard-working an actress as you'll find in this town. Being a wife, mother, and actress is no easy job. At the end of a day she's really all in. But she always has time for the sick and the handicapped, like teaching little blind children to swim and performing for the paraplegics.

"I read those gossip items from time to time about Ben and Esther—but I also see a lot of these two kids, and I can tell you their marriage is working. Insofar as those darn gossipmongers are concerned the trouble with Esther Williams is that there's no trouble. She's happy, Ben's happy, the children are happy—and that's all there is to it."

AND that's all they have to work on, those gossip columnists who, for some perverse reason refuse to believe that any family can be happy in Hollywood. And refuse to allow anyone else to believe it either. **END**

(Esther Williams will soon be seen in MGM's Million Dollar Mermaid.)

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